THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 196, Number 50

JUNE 14, 1924

5c. THE COPY

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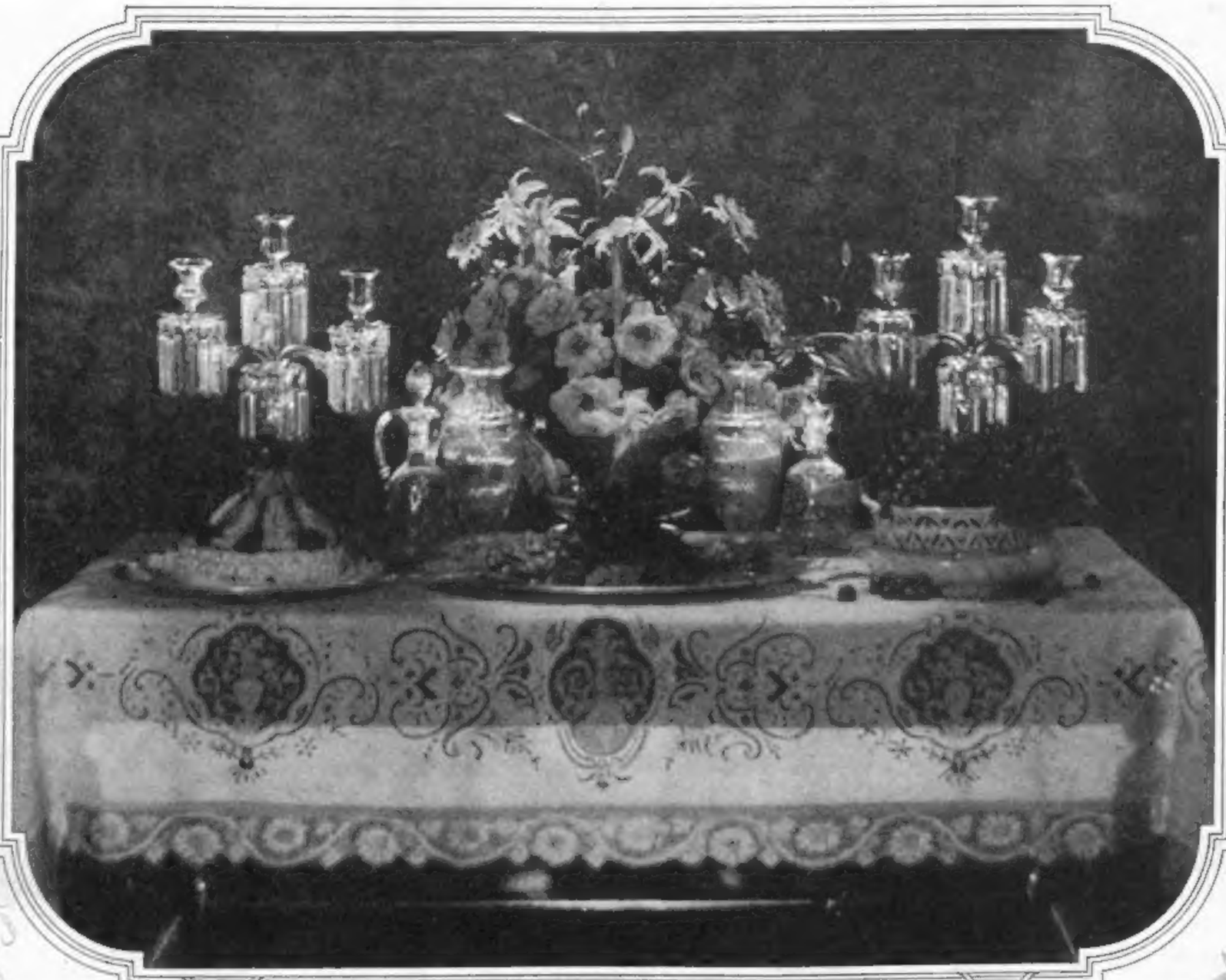

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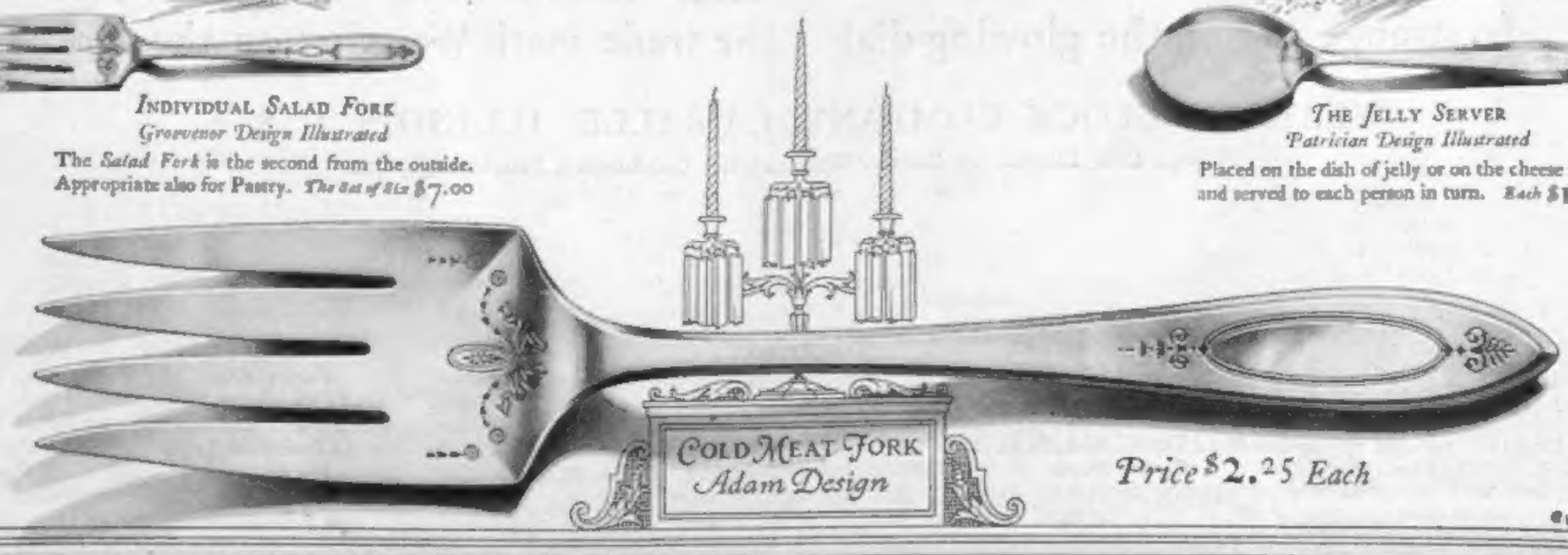

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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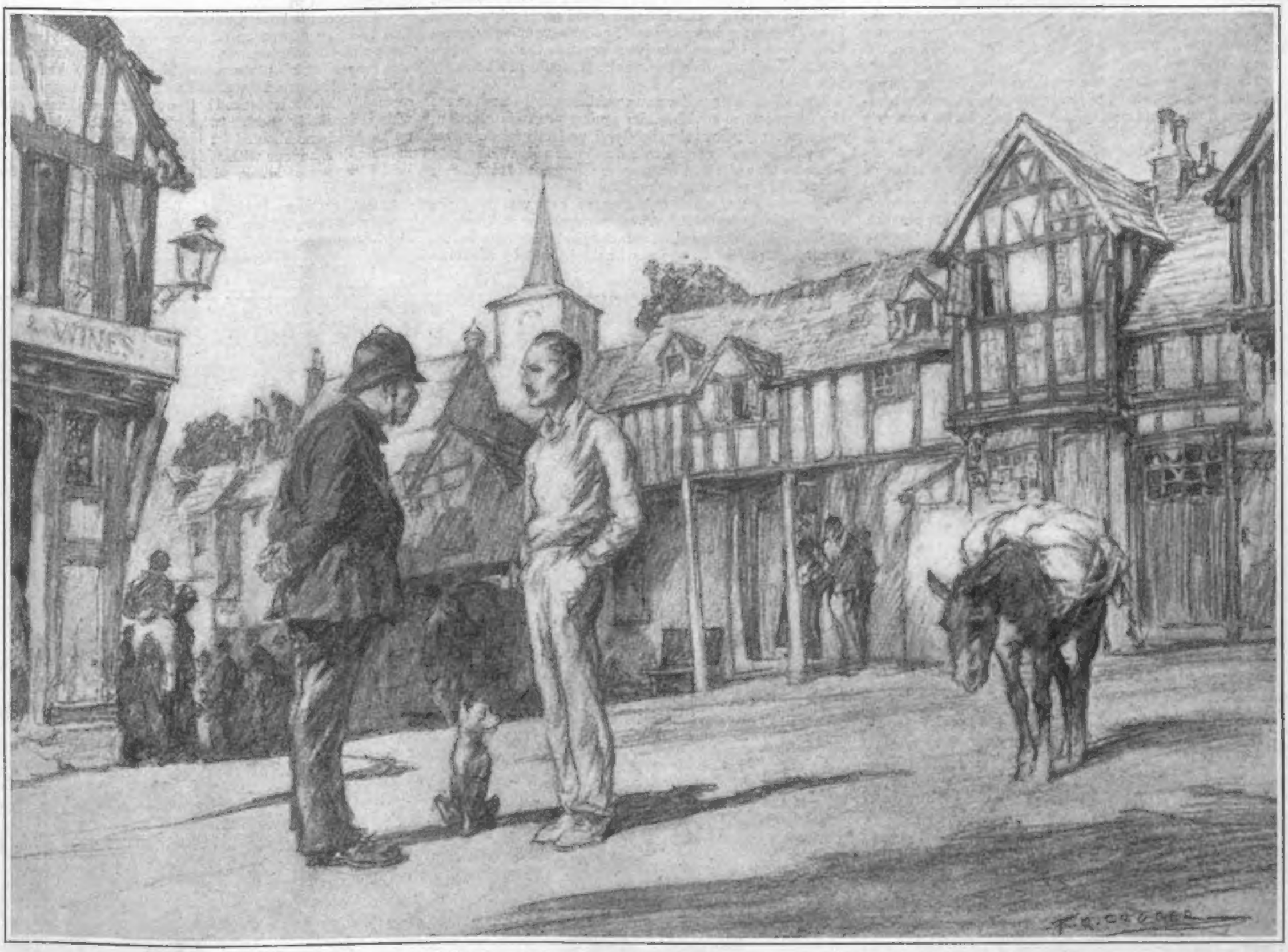
Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 196 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JUNE 14, 1924 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 50

THE PYRAMID OF LEAD



The Policeman, a Heavy-Faced Man of Middle Age, Studied His Questioner for a Second or Two. "The Coroner's Jury Is About to Inspect the Scene of the Recent Tragedy," He Said Importantly

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE bareheaded individual in gray flannels, gray woolen sweater and travel-stained gym shoes, who, in the company of a small silver-gray donkey of extremely gentle and sedate appearance and a very brisk three-legged semi-terrier, had encamped for the night in the old sun-baked gravel pit which they were now preparing to leave, cast one swift comprehensive glance around the site of the camp and addressed his companions.

"All is well, my littles," he airily observed, rolling a cigarette as he spoke. "We have left behind us neither orange peel nor broken beer bottles, and there are no greasy paper bags, bits of old newspaper, crusts of bread, ham bones, pieces of fat or apple cores to render uninviting this very attractive and homy little gravel pit. That is as it should be."

He moved to the gray donkey and put a few finishing touches to the arrangement and fastenings of the pack she carried, comprising a very small tent, some jointed bamboo poles and cords, a few light aluminum utensils, a roll of blankets with clothing inside, a fishing rod and various light sundries likely to be required by a gentleman on a sleeping-out tour. Then he stepped back and surveyed his handiwork with an air of modest pride.

"Freely I confess it, my braves, that I can pack a donkey efficiently and neatly. Yes; everything in its place, and with the weight—such as it is, Patience, my dear—evenly distributed about your upper anatomy. Evenly and so securely that there is nothing at all to prevent you from gamboling or frisking like the young lambs of the downland."

He waved an airy hand.

"Indeed, if you wish to have a little gambol or a small frisk, donkey, help yourself. For by the favor of the gods there is no hurry. And Plutus would love it"—he glanced around in search of the semi-terrier—"if it should prove that he has not really buried himself alive, but only looks as if he has."

He crossed to a hole in a soft sandy place in the bank from which protruded the minute and extraordinarily abbreviated tail of the semi-terrier.

"Wag it, Plutus, if you are still conscious!" he called. Plutus wagged it.

"Ah, he is not yet suffocated, nor has he captured the rabbit which used to live here but moved a month ago," said the hatless gentleman whimsically.

"And since you do not appear to desire to caracole or gambol at all on this beautiful morning, Patience, I suggest that we make a start."

He led the way to the exit from the gravel pit, the small gray donkey trotting close behind him. At the roadside he paused, considering his route.

"Southward, I think, Patience, for I have an instinct that to the south lies adventure, and adventure is what we seek. Ten days now have we wandered the byways, but nothing has occurred. We have encountered no ladies in distress, nor have we found villains engaged in villainy, conspirators occupied with conspiracy, plotters plotting or planners planning. The world grows good and the countryside even more tranquil and peaceable, Patience mine."

He was talking as much to himself as to his donkey.

"Not thus was it wont to be in the early days of our wanderings. Then, turn where we would in our everlasting study of humanity, we found ever good work to our hand and hoof. Now"—he pretended to sigh deeply—"one is tempted to believe that all neighbors live in loving kindness side by side; that people no longer quarrel, schemers no longer scheme, criminals no longer crim—so to speak. Still, let us go south toward our happy hunting ground of old time; to the New Forest and the sea beyond the forest. Yes, the south."

Thus airily prattling, the gentleman in the gray jersey headed, at an extremely leisurely gait, along the lane leading south, one hand resting affectionately on his donkey's neck.

Those with whom he had come into sufficiently close contact during the past few days to render an exchange of names necessary had learned that this friendly-eyed, easy-mannered, youthful-looking person, whose speech seemed ever to be a curious blend of whimsical jest, mild paradox and kindly intent, was named Prosper Fair, and that he was spending a few of the sunny summer weeks wandering about on tour. To those who invited more detailed explanations—ambitious young village policemen, for example—Mr. Fair would freely explain more fully:

"You are astonished that I, an able-bodied man, should care to drift thus as it were aimlesly through a holiday in a land so full of special holiday attractions at excursion prices as Merrie England; and I confess to you, friend, that there are times when I, too, am intensely astonished at that. Yet it is so. I suspect that I have a spot of gypsy blood. It may be so, though no investigation of my ancestry that I have yet made has revealed any slim, black-eyed, olive-complexioned beauty fresh from the tents of Romany marrying into ours—quite frequently a most respectable family.

"Concerning, friend, the sleeping out. Observe that it is certain that one must sleep in or out. There is nowhere else to sleep. For the present I am making it out, with these, my ass and my remainder of a terrier. You explain that in the conduct of your duties it is necessary to inquire if I have visible means of support. I confess, friend, that I have these—several of them."

He would then produce a roll of notes almost big enough to choke a buffalo. But by this time the inquirer would have satisfied himself that this Prosper Fair person was not the kind of quarry at which one could profitably pounce. For all his easy manner and extremely unassuming raiment, there was a vague and elusive suggestion that here was a man with whom, upon the whole, it would not be really wise to take liberties.

The enterprising policeman would usually become aware of an inner voice advising him against precipitate action, and another glance at the cool, level, perfectly friendly eyes of Mr. Fair would corroborate that inner voice. He would advocate that Mr. Fair move on and proceed to set him an example of how that was done.

Save to the thick-witted, Prosper Fair was very obviously a young man of good breeding, serene and equable temperament, whimsical nature; compassionate, charitable, sympathetic and courageous withal; trusted by his small donkey, which was not such an ass as she looked, and quite obviously adored by his triple-limbed terrier, terrifyingly named Plutus.

Many a time had these wandered far afield in company, and various were the adventures which had befallen them. But this present tour had been in the nature of a failure so far as adventures were concerned. All had been peaceful in all places and at all times, and though the tour had been joyous, it had also been without thrills, save for the thrill which mealtime brings to the outdoor wanderer.

"A quiet tour, Patience mine," mused Prosper aloud as they passed at an extremely leisurely pace down the lane; "but deep down within me, donkey, I feel stirring an instinct, a premonition of adventure. I have had many premonitions in my life, Patience—most of them wrong—but never one quite so intense or convincing as this of which I am now conscious."

He glanced round.

"Plutus appears to have left himself behind, rapt and absorbed in his frenzied and murderous-minded search for last month's rabbit. Let us give him a small shock. He is overprone to leave himself behind, I believe."

He and his donkey stepped off the road behind a huge oak trunk and waited.

A few seconds later the three-legged one dashed wildly into view, an expression of overwhelming anxiety on his earth-stained countenance. Just before he reached the tree concealing his partners he checked himself violently, skidding a little, and stared back. Then turned again and seemed to listen. He looked both worried and alarmed, and whined anxiously once or twice. Then suddenly he threw up his head and shouted for help. It sounded like a dog barking, but anyone with vision could see that really the bold Plutus was calling, with marked uneasiness, for his companions:

"Hey, Prosper—Patience! Where are you? Can't you wait a minute for a chap? Where are you, darn you? Hey, Prosper ——"

(Continued on Page 123)

A Girl Was Sitting on These Steps, Gazing Dreamily Before Her. She Could See the Pyramid of Lead, Squatting Heavy and Gray and Monstrous Away to the Right

HORSE SENSE

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

"Chet's Got Work to Do Tomorrow. He Can't Set Talking All Night," She Retorted. "He's Coming to Bed Right Now"

CHET McAUSLAND'S hour of rising was not that of the farmer of tradition. He did not get up before dawn, nor even at dawn. His eighty-acre farm on the shoulder of the ridge above Fraternity was sufficient to supply his simple needs without putting too heavy a strain upon his time or his strength. The lower end of the pasture was well grown with oak and beech and rock maple, furnishing him more firewood than he could use. His meadowlands, though it was years since they had been seeded down, cut a plentiful supply of hay. His small patch of garden stuff supplied his table with fresh vegetables and his stock with squash and beets and turnips as a variation of their hay diet. His ancient orchard produced enough apples year by year to fetch a moderate amount of cash money; and when it was necessary to do so he augmented this sum by selling a cow and calf. His needs were few; he had time for fishing or for gunning, according to the season; he combined a reasonable thrift with a definite enjoyment of the routine of living; he was never in want, nor ever surfeited; and a wise man might have envied him.

So, as has been said, he rose at his ease, at a reasonable hour; and he lit the fire in the kitchen stove and then attended to the barn chores while Mrs. McAusland prepared their breakfast. He was usually busy about the barn for the better part of an hour. There were chickens to be fed; there were three or four cows to be milked and turned out to pasture; the tie-up had to be cleaned; and finally it was necessary to get the old horse to his feet in his stall, pull down some hay for the creature and make him comfortable for the day.

This horse—like most very old horses, his name was Charlie—was an animal of some individuality. Chet had bought him thirty-two years before. He was at that time known to be a two-year-old; his tale of years had therefore reached the impressive total of thirty-four. Chet was quite definitely proud of Charlie; the horse's age alone gave him a certain eminence. He was a sagacious creature, of a reddish chestnut color, not seriously sway-backed, rather under the ordinary stature of farm horses, and with a mild and twinkling eye. In spite of this amiable glance, he had a habit of taking a nip with his few remaining and sadly yellow teeth at any member left incautiously near his manger. Chet attributed the beast's extreme age to the fact that he had never run at large in a pasture.

"I've seen a many a horse ruin itself, cavorting around and rolling and jumping fences," he was accustomed to explain. "So I've always kept old Charlie stalled. That way he's always ready and willing when there's any work for him to do. As good a working horse as I ever see."

As a matter of fact, the reason why old Charlie was never pastured was that the pasture fence was a mere sham, a struggling strand of barbed wire along the top of a crumbling wall. It sufficed to delude Chet's unambitious milch cattle into thinking they were prisoners; but Charlie had a roving spirit and it would never have restrained him. Rather than repair the fence, Chet kept Charlie in his stall, and the horse throve on the confinement.

If it is true of a horse, as it is said to be of a man, that he is as old as he feels, then Charlie was still a colt. His manners, on the rare occasions when he was harnessed to a buggy, were not of the best. He was decidedly skittish and uncertain; liked to run at a stiff-legged and painful gait; would shy at the least pretext; and was, or pretended to be, helplessly afraid of the humblest automobile. To see Charlie bolt when an automobile confronted him was a spectacle sufficiently astonishing.

The creature had one other habit which might have been called a vice; or say, rather, that he suffered one particular misfortune so frequently that it assumed the aspect of a habit. Charlie was forever getting cast in his stall.

The first occasion on which this happened came in Charlie's twenty-first year. Chet came out of the house to the barn one morning, to find the horse lying on his back, legs in the air like those of a penitent puppy, head languishingly on one side, weight resting against the side of the stall, apparently helpless and dumb with weariness. Chet was concerned; the horse seemed so apathetic he feared that it was sick. He got a crowbar from the shed and inserted it between the creature's hindquarters and the wall of the stall and pried the horse away; he did a similar service at the other end of the animal's body, and finally helped Charlie to his feet. Charlie rose with a scramble of hoofs, shook himself, bit Chet on the arm and fell to work on the scraps of hay remaining in the manger.

Chet, reporting the incident to Mrs. McAusland, said, "Thought he was gone for a while. He acted kind of doped like. Well, Charlie's getting old. I'll have to put him away one of these days."

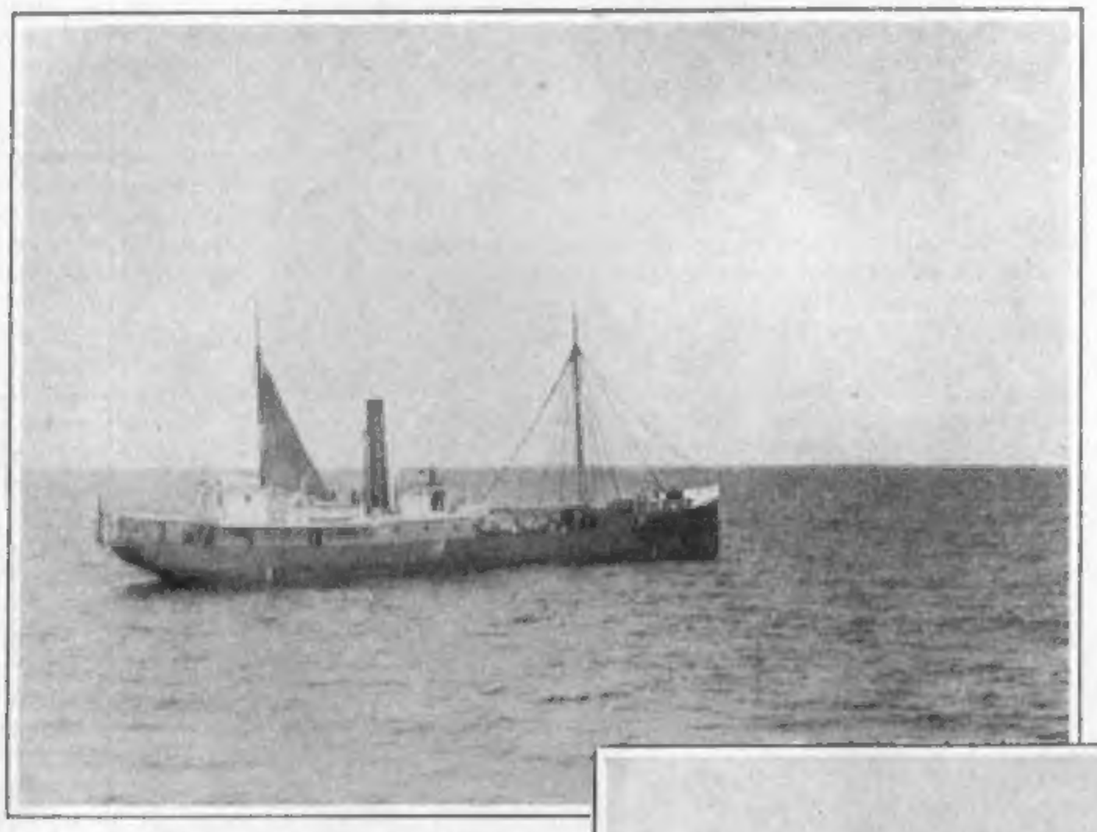
And his eyes wearied with wistful sorrow, for Chet loved all the live things in his charge, and put off as long as possible discharging them from this existence to another one.

But Charlie, who had been old and near the end of his string ten years ago, was no worse, nor any better now. The only change perceptible was that after that first experience he became cast more and more frequently. He never created a disturbance, never awoke Chet in the night by his struggles to regain his feet. But Chet, coming to the barn in the morning, would find Charlie on his back, feet all in the air, forefeet together and hanging limply like a puppy's, hind legs sagging apart, long neck outstretched along the floor of the stall and head lolling on one side.

(Continued on Page 90)

THE RUM CHASERS

By a Former Officer of the Patrol

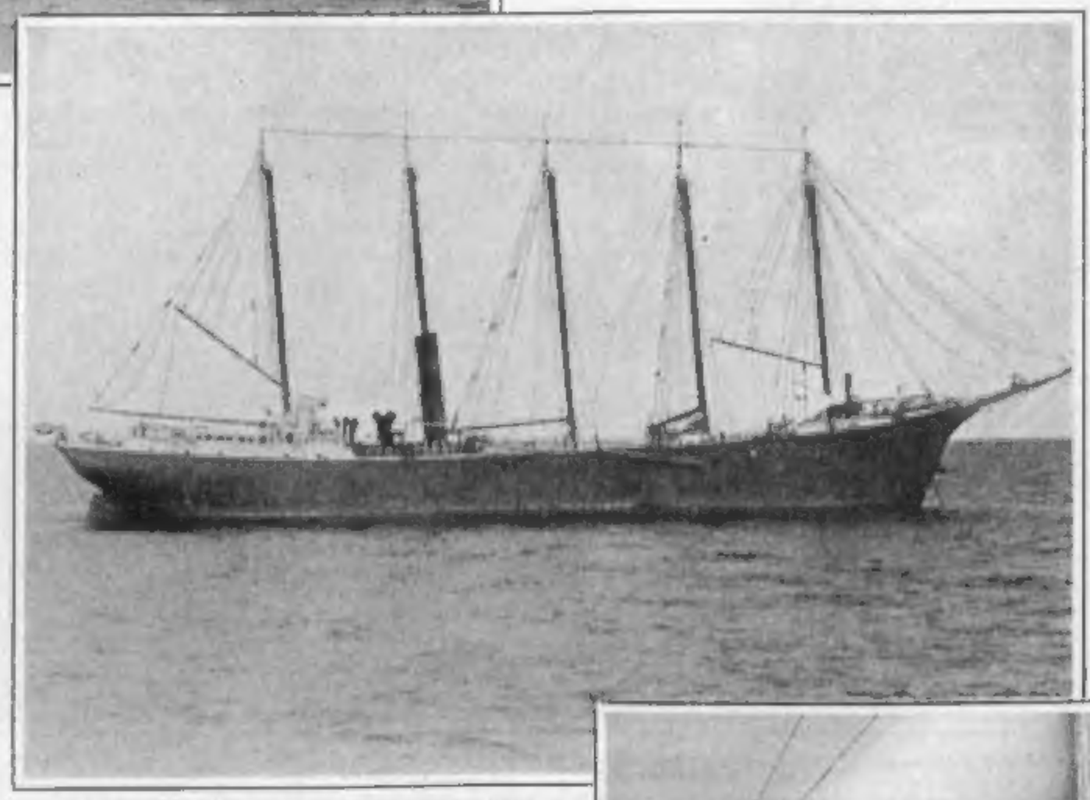


Snapped From a Rum-Runner Chaser

WHEN the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was passed by Congress, it was realized by the country at large that there would be many bitter and violent opponents to this newborn legislation, many and continuous violations, and that its enforcement not only would be a great expense to the Government but would require constant vigilance, drastic measures and almost herculean efforts to accomplish.

This realization, however, was generally confined to the activities of our own countrymen—in other words, to the individuals directly affected—and did not take into consideration the attitude of the citizens of our foreign neighbors, the effect it would have on the revenues of those countries, derived from the exportation of liquor to the United States, which had heretofore been such a reliable source of profit; nor did it contemplate the action the foreign individual would take to continue and perpetuate this highly lucrative trade, especially when the prices were doubled, trebled and even quadrupled, with no diminution in the demand from our thirsty Americans whose parched throats refused to accept the mandate of Congress.

Since we have prohibited liquor from being brought on our premises, our foreign neighbors in America and in Europe are permitting their vessels to bring it to the very thresholds of our territorial waters. England, France, Spain, Italy, Canada and other friendly nations, whose flags are flying from the mastheads of those vessels at anchor off our coast from Maine to Texas, though they do not officially or legally authorize their ships to bring liquor to the shores of our modern Sahara suffer them to do so. It is an undeniable fact that there is a rum fleet, more or less permanently located in plain view from our beaches, disposing of its cargoes at sea—cargoes which are consigned to specific ports. In some cases this is being done with the knowledge of and without interference from home governments.



The French Auxiliary Schooner Gerbe-ville, Lying To Off the Territorial Limit

Evading the Law

TO THOSE of you who are skeptical in regard to this, arguing that our late Allies would not perpetrate such a wrong on a friendly nation, let me familiarize you with the details.

In the first place all merchant vessels carrying merchandise from port to port of civilized countries must comply with certain customs laws which are international. Among those provisions are the requirements relating to entering and clearing vessels upon arrival at and departure from ports.

When a vessel is bound from a port her master must first obtain a clearance, submitting a manifest of the cargo, showing to whom consigned and the port at which it is to be unladen.

Upon arrival at the vessel's port of destination the master must enter his vessel at the customhouse and discharge his cargo. Before departing the master must again obtain clearance for his vessel, submitting a new manifest of any cargo received on board or, if having no cargo, stating that the vessel is returning in ballast.

This procedure is obligatory, and any master who fails thus to comply with the customs laws is subject to heavy fines or other penalties.

The first time I viewed the rum fleet off the coast of Long Island the questions immediately germinated: How is it possible for these vessels thus to evade their own laws? How can the masters account to the customs officers at their ports of destination, when they make entry, for the cargo shown on their manifests and which is not on board, it having been sold at sea?

I did not know the truth then or even suspect it. This is how it is done, my informant being the master of one of the vessels of the rum fleet: The master of a foreign vessel, having on board a cargo of liquor and wishing to join the rum fleet, say, off Long Island, New York, will clear for one of the colonies after submitting the manifest and making proper clearance at her port of departure. When proceeding to sea the vessel's course is not shaped for her port of destination, but for Long Island, where, upon arrival, the anchor is dropped and she is prepared to remain until she has disposed of her cargo to the rum runners, consisting of small craft of every description—even hydroplanes.

So far as the master is concerned, his voyage and that of his vessel is ended, and she is as far from her port as she will get on this cruise; the vessel will not go to the port to which her cargo is consigned.

In the meantime, having been kept informed in regard to the vessel's sailing date, the owner or agent located at the port of destination will presently receive the ship's papers by mail.

Armed with the papers, he will appear at the customhouse, many hundreds of miles distant from where the vessel is then located, and, producing the documents, will inform the customs official that he is there to enter the vessel and to pay duty on her cargo.

While the business is being transacted the official may or may not casually ask where the vessel and her cargo are, but if so it is merely by way of conversation and is not official; he knows where she is, and he knows equally well that the owner or agent will not tell him.

The Expenses and the Profits

ONE of the stereotyped replies to this question is: "Well, sir, it was this way: The vessel ran into a stiff gale on her way over, and we had to dump her cargo overboard, but rather than have any delay I'll just pay the duty and let it go at that. At the same time I'd like to get a clearance for her return home in ballast."

"Sure," replies the obliging official. So the duty is paid and the clearance granted.

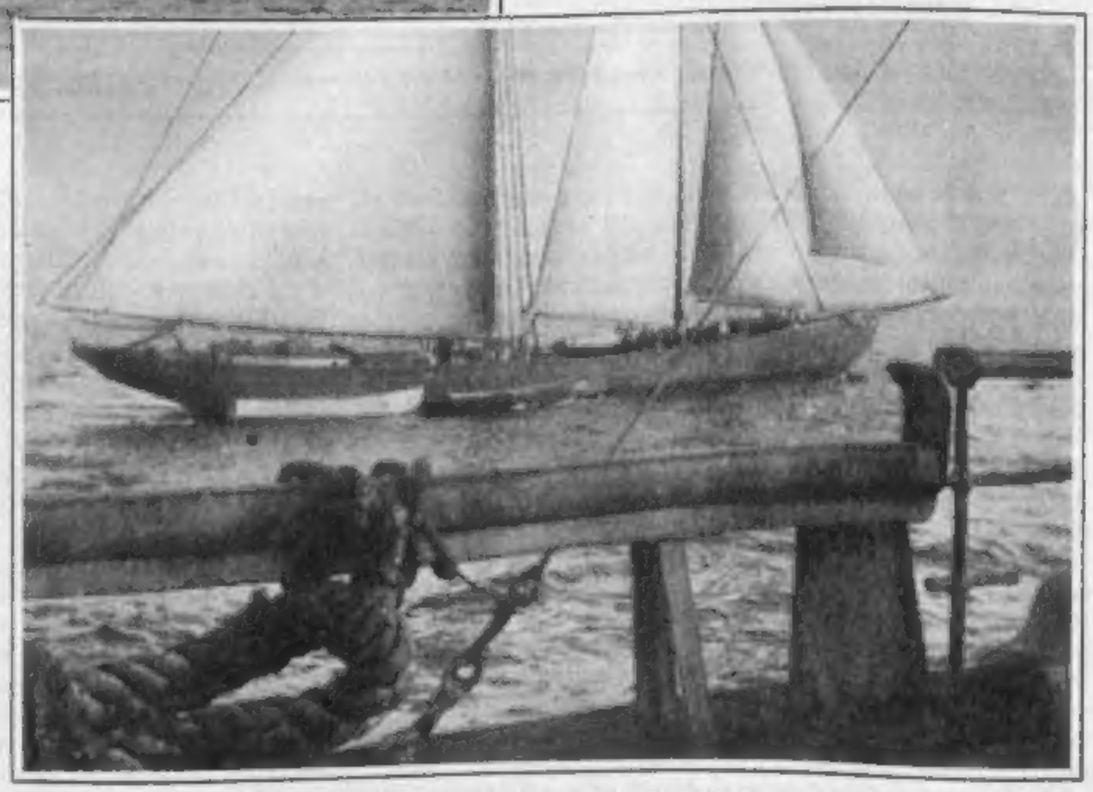
Apparently all is regular and the provisions of the customs laws have been complied with; but the ship's agent, the customs official and his government are perfectly well aware that the vessel and her cargo are somewhere off the coast of the United States conducting a thriving business, and that not a drop of her cargo will ever enter the port to which it is consigned.

Thus the master is at liberty to dispose of his cargo on the high seas or at any other place he may desire, so far as his government is concerned.

Moreover, the cargo will be disposed of at a profit netting the owners approximately one hundred per cent, or about two hundred per cent a year, since the vessel can make at least two trips per annum. Think what these figures mean!

Take the case of a small schooner carrying a crew of fifteen men, her only expense being the upkeep of the vessel and the pay and subsistence of the crew. She takes on board, say, a cargo of five thousand cases of liquor for which is paid ten dollars a case, or a total of fifty thousand dollars, which is a fair price. At the end of six months she returns home in ballast, she has disposed of her cargo of liquor at forty dollars a case, or for the neat little sum of two hundred thousand dollars.

Allowing the vessel the excessive sum of fifty thousand dollars for the charter, upkeep of her equipment and for the pay and the subsistence of her complement, the owners net a profit of one hundred per cent, or one hundred



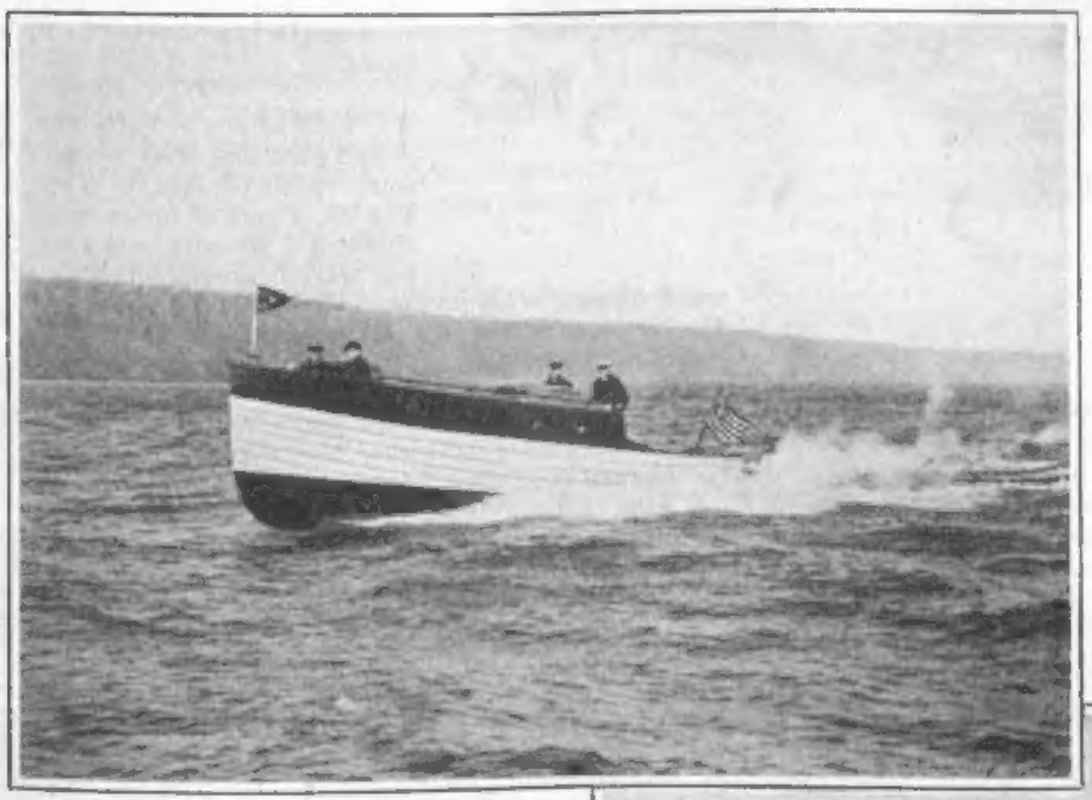
This Photograph Shows a Rum Runner Alongside a Canadian Vessel

thousand dollars on the investment of one hundred thousand dollars.

The venture is not hazardous, the demand is at fever heat and the profits are sure, provided the sales are conducted on a cash basis. Is it any wonder that recruits are added daily to the rum fleet?

We were at the customhouse making entry and clearance of a vessel when I digressed to convince those who are faltering that there is big money to be made out of this very aged but recently rejuvenated profession, and that the truth of the old adage, "It is an ill wind which blows nobody good," still holds and might be modified to "It is an ill wind which blows everybody good and plenty"—meaning those who pay the bootlegger.

The simplified method of paying the duty on a cargo of liquor at the port of destination without the necessity of producing either the vessel or the cargo is beneficial not only to the shipowners but also to the customs receipts; for since these ports are now clearing houses, so to speak, for all the liquor exported by sea to the United States, the returns have been multiplied and remultiplied, their good friends of the Stars and Stripes being the benefactors who are swelling the customs receipts when they pay the bootlegger, who pays the rum runner, who pays the master of



One of the New Type of Coast-Guard Speed Boats Which are to be Used as Rum-Runner Chasers, on a Trial Trip

the rum vessel, who eventually must settle with the agent who has settled with the customs officials when the vessel was entered.

Subsequently the colonies must settle with the home government, and this is where the cycle is completed.

International Law

MANY reproaches, criticisms, accusations and worse have been hurled at the heads of those European countries who were our allies during the war, for not only their refusal to prohibit their vessels from carrying liquor to the United States but, what is far more flagrant, the actual collusion which exists between them and their fleets in regard to the enforcement of the customs laws. Say what you will, their action in this respect is unethical, to say the least, and it is a violation of international law, for, quoting one of our best authorities on this subject [Woolsey]: "No vessel pursuing its way on the high sea can commit an offence by sailing within a marine league of the shore. No restriction would be possible, and the liberty of the sea must not be interfered with, unless for an important reason. Such a reason is found in the need of security and of freedom from disturbance of the dwellers of the coast . . . and in the possible injury to the revenue, if foreign vessels could take a position remote from a port, where by means of small craft they could send their goods to the coast or otherwise evade the laws."

There you are. It looks as if this provision of international law might have been formulated to apply to the case of the rum fleet, doesn't it?

However, there is another side to the rum question, which has received but little consideration by most of us, claims an owner of several rum vessels, when we rail against those governments under whose flags the various vessels of the rum fleet are operating; and certainly it is only fair that this side should be given due weight before deciding the extent of the culpability of the offending nations.

In all these foreign countries, he maintains, whose vessels are engaged in the liquor traffic off our coast—particularly Great Britain, France, Spain, Italy—owing to the increasing demand, heretofore, of the citizens of the United States for the liquors and wines of these countries, the capital invested in the distilleries by the citizens of the latter accumulated to such proportions that, at the time the Volstead Bill became a law, such investments represented a large percentage of the wealth of these nations. The sale and export of distilled spirits formed one of the principal and most dependable sources of their revenue. Furthermore, the Volstead Act affected not only capital in these countries but the farmer as well, since there was no longer the demand for that part of his harvest which was formerly used by the distillers.

In other words, he declares, we bought vast quantities of liquors from these countries, thus creating a steady market for their wet goods, which grew to such an extent that much of their wealth became invested in the industry, and then at one fell swoop we closed our market and prohibited the importation of all beers, wines and distilled spirits.

Suppose, for instance, he argues, that our storehouses were full to the eaves with tobacco, that our cigar factories were running at full blast, and that the tobacco growers had planted their crops for the year, and then Europe had suddenly closed her markets to tobacco. Can you imagine the howl of indignation which would have rent the air in the United States, emanating from those worthy citizens who had invested their all in tobacco?

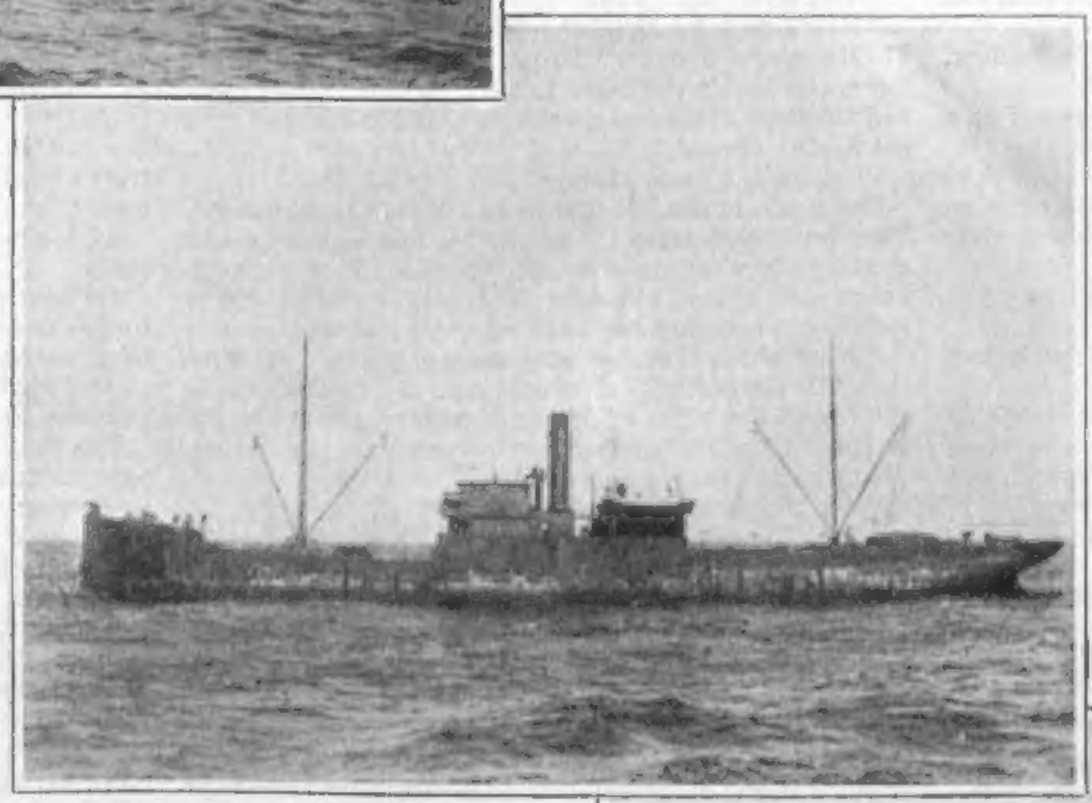
Moreover, he demands, with our bins, so to speak, full to overflowing with this very delectable plant, which had turned in a day from a source of wealth to an overcrop, with the European public beckoning to us from across the Atlantic, isn't there a bare possibility that there might have been a very good-sized tobacco fleet of American vessels established off the European coast, many of the vessels of which would have been backed by some of our very citizens who are foremost in their denunciation of those countries whose vessels are bringing liquor to our shores?

As everyone knows, the general sentiment in Europe is antiprohibition and therefore public sympathy is with the distillers, while all those who are financially interested are with them to a man, so that the national opposition, amounting to antagonism, is such that no voluntary action tending to suppress or even curtail the activities of their liquor fleets can be expected.

This is the opinion of an owner of several vessels now in the rum fleet lying off the coast of Long Island or New Jersey—a man of intelligence and education who has, naturally, given the matter much thought.

One day he asked me, "What do you government people think of the rum fleet?"—referring particularly to us of the prohibition forces who are so busily engaged in trying to suppress the liquor traffic from the sea.

"Personally," I replied cold-bloodedly, "I'd like to see every one of its vessels and their owners at the bottom of the sea!" I spoke with heat, for the duties incident to patrolling the rum fleet demand not only great activity on the part of our vessels but also sustained effort, which means that we are on duty almost constantly.



A Snapshot of a British Vessel Anchored Outside Territorial Waters. At the Right—A Canadian Schooner

The Ship Owner's Defense

"WELL," he replied, as he regarded me somewhat quizzically, while his eyes twinkled, "I don't know as I blame you fellows, for you are fighting an uphill fight and with very little equipment, but you're not fighting us; you're fighting rum runners."

"True enough," I answered; "but the rum runners are your offspring—you bred them—so you all belong to the same family."

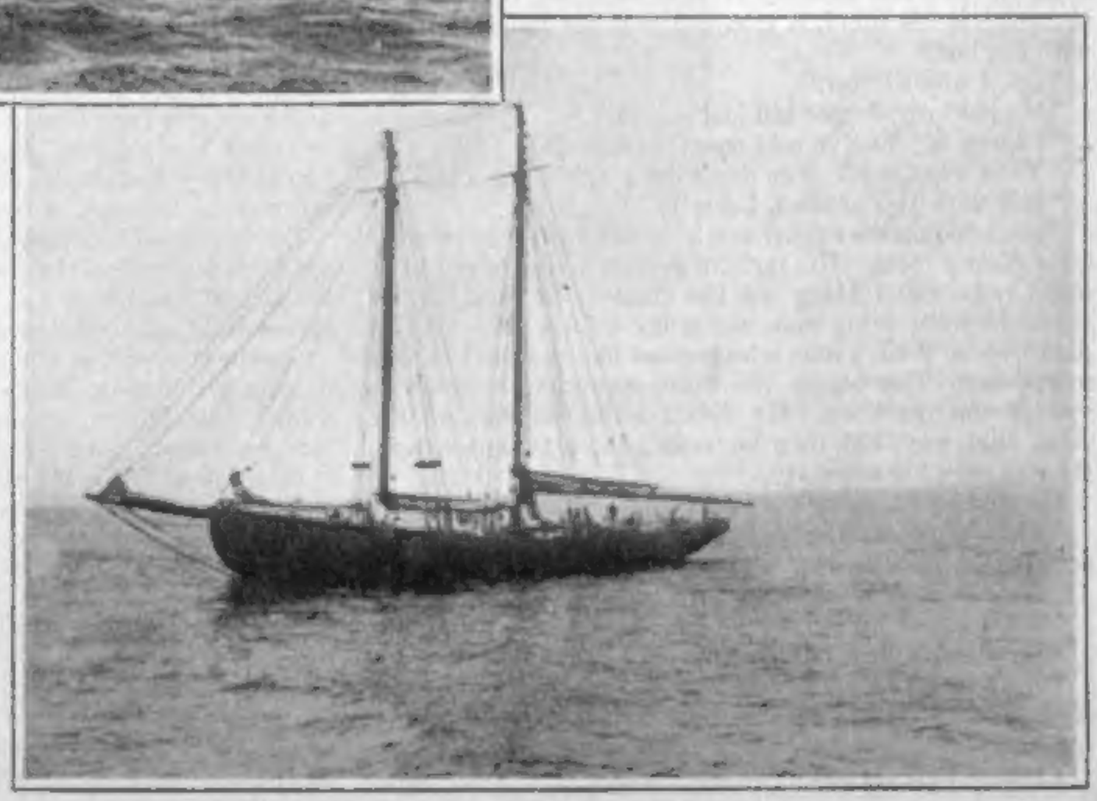
"I get your view," he responded; "and, in a way, you're right; but then there is a lot of sentiment against us, just as though we were committing a crime; and they're wrong—got the wrong perspective of it because they're giving snap judgment on the subject.

"Now, see here," he continued earnestly, "not one of us is violating a single statute of our national laws. Our business code is governed absolutely by what our government classifies as right or wrong. Our government gives its citizens the right to sell liquor within its own territory. How can there be any question about its right to give its subjects authority to sell spirits on the high seas, which is no man's land or all men's land, whichever way you want it? And that's just what we are doing.

"Of course I know," he said gloomily, "where the rub comes in, and that is because we are too close in shore, but let me tell you something: Your prohibition law is a joke. I'd bet a good deal that if the votes were actually counted—that is, the votes for and against prohibition—the wets would be greatly in the majority. If I thought otherwise I wouldn't be here, and there are a lot of these others"—pointing to the fleet—"who wouldn't. We can't keep from laughing when we talk the situation over; here your country is shouting prohibition from the housetops while your citizens are making home-brew in their cellars.

"If your people, as a whole, really wanted prohibition, I wouldn't be in this business. As it is, they are going to get it some place; times are mighty hard in my country; there is an oversupply of liquor and I have a large family, so there you are. I don't know of a better way to make a living than this legitimate business I am carrying on now. It is sanctioned

(Continued on Page 177)



THE ALTAR ON THE HILL

By
Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. D. WILLIAMS

"Look Here, Honey, Don't You Get Any Foolishness Into Your Head. I Never Look at Any Woman But You"

THOMAS PATRICK FINNERTY entered his house and closed the door behind him. He liked this closing of the house door every evening, the shutting out of the world from Mary and himself. He had, too, a sense of increased importance. On the street he was only one of a mass of similar men, perhaps a trifle more humble, even a size or so smaller than most of them. But once inside his house he was by way of being a god. But a very young and gentle god. Even an apologetic god.

"I'm afraid I'm late, honey," he said at the kitchen door.

"I only hope the chops aren't spoiled."

"I'm not very hungry anyhow." He drew himself up a little. "The chief took me to lunch today."

It had been a great event, this going out with the chief to luncheon. He could still see the eyes of the office on them—could almost hear the buzz that followed their departure. But Mary was unimpressed.

"I should think he might!" she said. "The way you slave for him!"

"Well, he's a great man. Any way you look at it, he's a great man," said Pat loyally.

He looked at her. She was not beautiful; her chin receded, and her throat was long and full—a nervous, sensitive throat. But her eyes were soft and limpid, and whenever she looked at Thomas Patrick they were full of pride and love. However, she was not looking at him now, and he caught a quiver of that telltale throat.

"What have you got against him anyhow?" he inquired.

It was the only subject on which they differed; and tonight, with the memory of that luncheon and its conversation in his mind, it troubled him. He hated differing with anybody.

"Oh, I don't know."

"He paid my doctor bill last summer."

"I know it. You've told me often enough."

"Then what is it? You don't deny he's a big man?"

"Not with you around, I don't!"

She dished up the supper and he trotted after her into the little dining room. His faithful eyes were anxious. If he could only make Mary see the chief as he saw him all would be well; a big man, doing big things. Not that he didn't—— Well, a man who worked like that had to play sometimes. The bigger the man, sometimes, the more violent the reactions. He didn't quite understand the chief, that way, but then he wasn't there to understand. He was only his secretary.

He studied Mary as she ate.

"There's something in your mind about him," he persisted.

"Well, look at his wife!"

"What about her?"

"She doesn't look happy, does she?"

"She's sick," said Thomas Patrick. "She's been on the edge of nervous prostration for years."

"And what gives her that?" Mary demanded.

Thomas Patrick put down his napkin.

"If you're blaming him for that," he said earnestly, "let me tell you something: If ever a man was good to his wife he is. Only the other day she wanted some silver fox, and she had it in twenty-four hours. And he's got a standing order at the florist's for her. I've got her birthday and their wedding anniversary on the calendar, and all I've got to do ——"

"You do it, don't you?"

"He's always sending her presents. I don't do that, do I? He selects them and he pays for them. And what's more, she hasn't the sense to stick by him. She's away half the time. If a woman wants to keep her husband she's got to stick around."

"Oh, really?" said Mary.

But it was impossible that he and Mary should quarrel. They loved each other too much. He had no more doubt of Mary's love for him than of his for her. They were different sorts of love of course. For instance, he was never jealous of Mary, but she was frequently jealous of him.

"What about that new stenographer you've got down there? Is she pretty?" she would say.

"Why, I don't know," he would answer, and deliberate as though the matter had not occurred to him before. "No, hardly; not my sort anyhow."

"What is your sort?"

"You," he would say, and smile his boyish smile.

Or: "Aren't a lot of women coming and going there?"

"Some; not so many."

"What sort?"

"Old ladies about estates, middle-aged ones fighting the income tax. . . . Why?"

"I just wondered."

He was not fooled at all. Oh, he was very shrewd, this little Thomas Patrick Finnerty, with his loyal Irish eyes and his warm Irish heart.

"Look here, honey," he would say sometimes; "don't you get any foolishness into your head. I never look at any woman but you. I never have and I never will."

But it pleased him rather. It invented for him the pleasant little fiction that there was a devil in every man, including himself, and that he, Thomas Patrick Finnerty, had successfully subdued that devil.

On those evenings when, on his return, he found Mary unusually dolled up, as he called it, and knew that again some hidden fear in her was making her reach out to hold him, he almost filled the little house with sheer pride of sex.

Even her dislike of the chief was the purest jealousy. She wanted no mixed devotion. She could not see, somehow, that the one could never detract from the other; added to it rather.

He dried the dishes for her that night, rather humbly coaxing her into good humor again. And he had finally succeeded when Mrs. Tufts, whose husband was doorkeeper at the Lyric Theater, came from next door to borrow some eggs. She opened the door on them in each other's arms; and Thomas Patrick, of all things, was kissing that sensitive, tremulous throat.

"Well now, I never saw the like of you two!" she said. "I'd like to bring Jim Tufts right here and show him something."

She got the eggs and went away, not knowing how many times in the months to come she was to remember that little scene and try to reconcile it with what had followed.

II

IT WAS after the Tufts woman had gone that Mary recognized some subtle change in Thomas Patrick, a sort of mysterious excitement. He could not sit still, but walked around, jingling the small change in his pocket. He seemed, too, to be eying the furniture with a sort of appraisal.

"Made no mistake over this dining-room set," he said once.

He even wandered into the parlor, and stood a while in front of the leather self-rocker, they were still paying for.

"Darned good chair," he said.

"Kind of like yourself this evening, don't you?"

"Just thinking how lucky I am," he said, rather shyly.

But when she suggested seeing Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood, he did not show his usual enthusiasm.

"I'll go if you want to, honey," he said. "But I'm sort of tired, myself."

Mary eyed him. She knew that better than anything he loved a Fairbanks picture. He would sit, small and self-effacing in the darkness, and in his soul it was he who was fighting and riding on the screen. His was the reckless smile, the bravado and bluster, that moved before him. She had felt him stiffen for the leap when the hero dropped from a balcony onto his horse. Almost he himself galloped away!

"I don't care much about it," she said, and watched him again.

He went upstairs rather early and laid out his best shirt for the morning, putting in the buttons neatly and examining his shoes. And when bedtime came she was electrified to find that he had brought out his new white madras pajamas, kept for sickness, and was putting them on.

The shirt had aroused her ever-ready suspicions. The pajamas lulled them. And when, after his nightly custom, he came around to tuck her into bed she put up her arms and drew him down to her.

"You're the best man in the world, Pat," she said.

"I'm not good enough for you, honey." She was to remember that later.

It was when they were both tucked away that he broached his great news, in the darkness and fumbling about for her hand.

"How'd you like to live in Washington?"

She sat upright.

"Washington? You're crazy!"

"The chief's going to run for senator."

Mary was silent, considering the news.

"He'll never get it."

"You bet he will!"

"Him a senator!" said Mary, with a sniff.

"Now look here, honey ——"

"Well, I'm not moving the furniture yet," she said, and settled back on her pillow.

He lay still, staring into the darkness. If only Mary could see the chief as he saw him in the office—receiving great men with a nod; making his quick, sure decisions; the office a dead thing until he came, and then vitalized into action, into importance—if only Mary could see the greatness in the man!

And after a time he felt Mary's hand groping for his.

"I'm sorry, Pat," she said. "I guess I'm just jealous of him, that's all. But I'd love to go to Washington."

He was suddenly very happy. They would go to Washington, and up on Capitol Hill the chief would do his great work for the nation. Then on days when the chief was to speak Mary could sit in the gallery of the Senate and listen to him.

She would see then how he stood out from the ruck of common men. Why, he looked a senator—big and handsome and powerful. Perhaps he would even be President some day. He considered that.

"Mr. Thomas P. Finnerty, secretary to the President, today gave out the following statement "

Mary would like that.

III

WITH the announcement of the chief's candidacy things began to change in the office. The day's routine was put through quickly, and after that came a series of conferences. Sometimes it was one man, closeted with the chief for a prolonged period; again it would be a delegation, and the office would be thick with the smoke of the chief's cigars when it had gone.

There were always newspaper men too. Thomas Patrick knew them all soon, even the ones belonging to the opposition press.

He would pass out his neatly typed statements to them with a small pucker of worry on his face.

"We're being square with you fellows," he would say anxiously. "So you be square with us."

"Square!" the opposition would snort on his departure, stuffing the pages into its pockets.

"Well, the kid's square."

The chief was making a fine campaign, and what was more, he had ceased playing.

"Boss is certainly walking the chalk line," the chief clerk observed to Thomas Patrick. "Not so many telephone calls on his private wire, eh, what?"

"How do you know they weren't on business?"

"Then that sort of business is darned poor just now," said the chief clerk, and grinned.

"If talk of that kind gets to the press ——"

"Oh, I'm not a damned fool," said the chief clerk, and sauntered off.

The book containing that secret page was apparently closed, and Thomas Patrick was relieved and happy. But as time went on he began to understand why it had ever been written. In spite of the crowds and the adulation, the chief was a lonely man. He began to see, dimly, that loneliness may drive a man to seek company along a crooked path. And his wife was away again.

"Gone to some fool sanitarium," he said to Mary, with disgust.

"Maybe she's sick."

"She could be sick at home, couldn't she?"

But Mary understood loneliness, if she couldn't disloyalty, and she no longer objected when now and then the chief took Thomas Patrick home to dinner.

"We'll eat something," the chief would say, "and then we'll do a little work."

And Thomas Patrick would sit, very small and self-conscious, at the table and be served by a butler and a footman in white gloves. The awful silence and dignity oppressed him. And across from him the chief would make conversation in his kindly way, and finally send the servants out. Then they would talk man to man.

And sometimes Thomas Patrick felt as he shut the house door behind him and went away that the chief rather dreaded his going, that he hated being left alone.

Thomas Patrick seemed to grow in height at that time. He began to feel that the chief was leaning on him, and he assumed a sort of protective attitude. It was he now who looked to see if the chief's greatcoat was in the car, and when they began to make trips to outlying districts it was he who bought a revolver and kept it in the car thereafter for fear of thugs.

And, to complete his happiness, one day the chief gave him the key of a safe-deposit box and told him to bring its contents back with him. He brought back a sealed manila envelope, exhaling a faint odor of scent, and laid it on the chief's desk. The chief looked at it and then at Thomas Patrick.

"When you're as old as I am, Pat," he said soberly, "you'll learn that you don't find happiness by chasing up an alley after it."

He took a box of matches, and going into his private washroom put the contents of the envelope into a bowl and set fire to them. He stood by until they slowly turned up, and Thomas Patrick felt that he was observing a ceremony.

But the chief's wife did not come back. She was taking a new cure of some sort, and it promised to be lengthy. And as time went on, and the chief showed fatigue and nervous strain, Thomas Patrick began to be anxious again.

He was always gentle to Thomas Patrick, but when they were having dinner at the big house he was sometimes sharp with the servants. And after dinner, in the library, there began to be times when he would stop dictating, and, lying back in his chair, would stare abstractedly at the painting of a fleshy, almost nude woman over the mantelpiece.

It was a Sir Peter Lely, although of course Thomas Patrick did not know it; and the chief's wife had bought it and put it there, with a light over the top. It was considered a very handsome picture.

"You and Mary getting along all right?" he asked once, after such an interval.

"Yes, sir."

"That's right; hold on to her," said the chief. "She's a good girl, Pat."

"She is, indeed. She's—she's wonderful."

Mary was most awfully pleased when he told her that conversation.

But as a matter of fact, it was after just such an evening that the trouble began. There had been no letter from the chief's wife that day, and he seemed to have expected one. Then when they got to the house, there it was, and Thomas Patrick saw the chief's face set somewhat as he read it.

"Well, I guess we'll hach it for a while longer, Pat," he said, and laughed a little recklessly.

He was restless and abstracted after dinner, and something before nine he got out of his chair.

"I've gone stale, Pat," he said. "Better give it up for tonight." He looked at his watch. "Might freshen me up to see a show or something. Do you good too. How about it?"

Thomas Patrick flushed with pleasure.

"All right with me, sir," he said.

There are certain moments which stand out in a lifetime, glorious soul-swelling moments when the full flavor of joyous existence is being tasted. Thomas Patrick, behind the chief, being passed into the Lyric Theater with a bow from the business manager and a wave of the hand; Thomas Patrick stepping into a box behind the chief and seeing the house turn en masse to stare; Thomas Patrick, very erect while a small burst of applause interrupted the program and the chief bowed—great moments these, unforgettable. If only Mary had been in the audience!

Now and then during the evening he eyed the chief, who was very calm and apparently quite oblivious of the faces turned toward him; oblivious, too, of the attention he was receiving from the stage. There was a girl in blue who sang an entire song to him, but the chief appeared to be only slightly amused and a trifle bored. Indeed, toward the end of the second act he seemed to lose interest in the stage and fell to writing something in his notebook. Evidently that great mind of his was functioning again.

He took another look at his program and then tore out the page from his notebook and wrote something on it. Then he passed it to Thomas Patrick.

"The stage door's behind this box, Pat," he said. "Slip out before the curtain falls and give this message to that girl in the blue dress. Her name's Elliot—Lily Elliot. Give it to her—you understand?"

Thomas Patrick felt a little sick. The hand that took the note even shook a little.

"Don't you think, sir ——" he ventured.

The chief gave him a queerish look.

"Don't you worry, Pat," he said. "I'll do the thinking. I'm only asking her out to supper."

Thomas Patrick stopped outside the box and considered, his heart beating furiously. Damn the girl! Damn the chief's fool of a wife! Damn all women—except Mary.

But the chief had turned and was watching him. He opened the door and went behind.

He was some time in finding the Elliot girl's dressing room. Stage hands jostled him; he tripped over a wire cable and a dozen men yelled at him. He wandered about, a queer timid figure in a ridiculous necktie, and all the time something in him was whispering, "I wish he wouldn't! Oh, I wish he wouldn't!"

The Elliot girl, her make-up absurdly accentuated away from the footlights, a kimono very negligently thrown around her, took the note and read it.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"His secretary."

"H'm!" she said, and looked him over. "That's him in the stage box, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Tell him all right."

As he went out of the dressing room he suddenly saw Mr. Tufts sitting in a chair at the stage entrance. Mr. Tufts, however, was reading a paper.

"Worked pretty late, didn't you?" said Mary that night when he had locked the house and tiptoed up the stairs.

Thomas Patrick hesitated. Then—

"Yes," he said.

IV

FROM the beginning Thomas Patrick had realized that there is more in a

(Continued on Page 165)

"He—He Wants to See You, Marks Said So." "I Never Want to See Him Again," Mary Replied Monotonously

BROADWAY AND WALL

By Robert S. Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"You've Got to Take Mine!" The Hoarse Voice Cracked "You Agreed—You're Bound to Take It!"

WALL STREET regularly called John Henderson Johnny. Few knew him well enough to be so familiar, and it was an ill-fitting name at best, for he was neither young nor notably debonair. But Johnny he was to all and sundry, and they spoke of him so with a blending of admiration and distrust and some varying measure of affection. In the newspapers he figured usually as a stock-market manipulator or a Wall Street plunger. Either title served desirably to suggest malevolence waxing financially fat. Yet now and then a reporter, nodding, became so unmindful of the public taste in such matters as to term him an operator in stocks.

He was that precisely—a clear-thinking, supple-minded, resourceful, bold, big-scale player of the stock-market game; a gambler with the balance and caution of a student, or a student with the instincts and impulses of a gambler, according to your slant; experienced and efficient and of admired technic. He had scruples, though it took digging to find them; and he was truthful always and deceitful frequently. The wise of Wall Street followed his lead the more readily when his trail was not too plain.

Martin, the banker, who was a knowing man at times, talked with Tyson, his partner, who was a Scot, and the topic was Johnny Henderson. Tyson, being what he was, mentioned this and that as matters to be well considered, and Martin agreed amiably, saying, "Of course. I suppose so. No doubt he might." But Martin said also, and as the last word, "Still, Henderson can do the thing I want done. He's the man I want. I've already sent for him."

Which was a manner of saying that the Johnny Henderson record was no mere matter of successes outnumbering mistakes. There was much more of it than was set down in his ledgers. Much was set down nowhere, and stood registered only in Wall Street's abiding knowledge of things that are; and that part told impressively of peculiar ability in stock-market performance, of instinctive understanding of stock-market psychology. Therein lay value, and because of it Stephen Martin bent down somewhat stiffly and quite unseen from his Wall Street pedestal and whispered a proposal—a surprising proposal, and alluring. A deal in Consolidated Products was in the making and, if he would, Johnny Henderson could be the engineer.

It came about because this Stephen Martin, banker, financier, capitalist, head and front and topside of Stephen Martin & Co., had laid a plan and formed a syndicate. In some Wall Street circumstances a syndicate and a pool are synonymous, although one is dignified and the other is not dignified at all. This was a syndicate, and its project was the profitable marketing of certain shares of a great industrial concern, which was the Consolidated Products Corporation. Now, as is well known, to market is to sell, to distribute by selling. But as Wall Street frequently shades the meaning, it is to sell to others who in one way or another have been brought to believe that presently they will have opportunity to sell again, profitably and with pleasure. That these others probably will not sell again profitably and with pleasure, even if the opportunity is had, is always well understood. But that is neither here nor there.

In this matter of Martin's then there were to be marketed Consolidated Products shares, and these in such volume as to make the affair big, as the stock market measures bigness in such things. Wherefore there must be campaigning, well schemed, adroitly carried on, hilariously culminated, depending for success upon the employment of much skill no less than the backing of much money. The banker made it all quite clear in ten minutes at their first meeting, while Henderson sat and gave half his attention to the man himself; a smallish man, gray and florid and vigorous, sitting very straight in his very correct dress, registering superiority and assurance and no little personal dignity. Henderson wondered how much of what he saw was inborn and how much was pose well held.

Martin came to the matter promptly.

"Are you free to handle Consolidated Products in the market for me?" he asked; and Henderson answered readily, "I'm free to handle anything that interests me."

"Good!" said Martin. "This'll interest you, I think. I'm talking as the manager of a syndicate that I've formed. We intend to make a market for a lot of the stock that we have under option. I want you to take charge of the whole operation. Will you do it?"

"That depends on a lot of things," replied Henderson. "Whose stock have you taken options on?"

Martin frowned.

"We'll leave names until later," he said; "but this is the story: When we put the Products Corporation together nearly two years ago most of us who framed the combination took a great deal more stock than we intended to keep. Since then a few have sold out, but, like myself, most of them still have nearly all their original holdings. For one reason or another we've never had the right prices or the right kind of a market for selling. You've been a reason yourself once or twice."

"In my modest way I may have been," Henderson admitted, smiling, but showed no shame.

"No matter. That's past. The time's come when the right market and the right price can be had. So all the larger original holders who want to sell have joined with me in this syndicate, and we've taken in also a few other firms and men. We've given options on our stock to the syndicate, which is chiefly ourselves, and the syndicate will exercise them as it can sell the stock out. That's quite clear, isn't it?"

"Quite," said Henderson. "You've joined hands to put the stock up and get out of it. What are the options?"

"Here's the list." Martin pushed a typed sheet across the desk. "Those amounts at those prices. They run, you see, from 45 to 55."

"And the syndicate—how much buying power does it give me?"

"Hundred thousand shares. You won't call that small?"

"No. What do you expect done?"

"I want all that optioned stock sold out above 70—well above. You'll have plenty to justify a market above that. Earnings will be larger month by month. We're ready to increase the dividend—it'll be 6 per cent. There are several big contracts to be announced. You'll have no lack of material."

"I'm interested," declared Henderson. "But I want to go into the thing carefully. I'll need a week, and I'll want a lot of facts that your office will have to get for me."

"My partner Tyson will do all that for you. Know him? Good! Get what you need from him. Come back to me as soon as you can, and if you're going on with us we'll go into details and discuss your own arrangement."

"I'll bring my terms with me, all fixed up," said Johnny Henderson. "But details will still be open for discussion."

He noticed that Martin was frowning somewhat over that when he left.

With such reason, Johnny Henderson dropped all else and plunged deep into the affairs of the Consolidated Products Corporation and all that had bearing thereon. He stayed submerged for days. Even the tickers which chattered so incessantly behind his office chair went neglected, and untidy young ruffians, coming in as usual to renew the paper tapes, were driven out for unwarranted intrusion Hour after hour Henderson gave to lists of stockholders, tabulated figures, cost and production charts that were so freely supplied by Martin & Co. He had long interviews with Tyson, and shorter talks with this one and that coming to report upon the state of Consolidated Products in the market, how one great Stock Exchange firm was carrying so much of it, while another had but little and such a one was short of such an amount. In his range-finding this gunner of Wall Street left little that was essential to chance or to others

Yet it was the Henderson habit not to do things as others would do them, and his own scanty office force was but lightly touched by the sudden shifting of his interest. Only the unemotional little person who served him as stenographer found herself deluged with unusual work, called upon for impossibilities that were not to be accomplished except through such incredible hardships as a shorter Broadway stroll after lunch and a more crowded rush-hour train home. For his secretaries, indeed, there was such slackening of industry that one found time to make peaceful motions in the direction of the other, saying:

"Not a share on the sheet for three days. Wonder what the old man's got in his bean now. It's Con Products, I know, and he's playing in with the Martin crowd. But what's he gettin' ready to do? What d'ye see goin' on?"

But the other had no mind for even an armistice

"I see what I see," said he; "but it wouldn't mean nothin' to a wise guy like you. You know everything all the time. Why ask me?"

"Yeah? Well, you don't know no more than I do, an' you won't, no matter how much you see. You're like that wren on the typewriter. Thick! Just thick, both o' you! This is one fine, snappy office, I'll say!"

To each of these brilliant young conversationalists who kept his accounts and called themselves his secretaries, Henderson permitted familiarity with one irregular, imperfect half of his affairs. Additionally, he saw to it that their love for one another did not grow so warm as to bring the halves together. But from Mary Archer, the unemotional little stenographer, who was the wren on the typewriter, no secrets were hidden, because it was quite unnecessary

She was dense, this girl. She regarded words as things to be set forth neatly rather than accurately. That they should have proper spelling and spacing was requisite That the underlying purpose of them was the transcription of thought and fact, or the concealment thereof, was not a necessary consideration. Dissolution and disillusion sounded quite alike, didn't they? Half an hour after Mary had turned out a beautiful product in black and white she could not have recalled for you jot or tittle that she had written.

This last was what gave most satisfaction to Henderson Each afternoon he had her burn her wisp of shorthand notes in a porcelain umbrella jar that stood in a corner of his room. That done, a potential leak was potential no longer

But ultimately and for once, the somewhat bovine interest of Mary Archer was stirred, and the stirring influence was Consolidated Products. She typed the name again and again in the letters and statements and memoranda upon which she worked, and she strove mightily to understand. For this same Consolidated Products was nightly a supper-table topic in Mary Archer's home.

Eventually Henderson called his stenographer to him and said, "Take a letter 'Stephen Martin and Co syndicate managers dear sirs.'" Then, bent forward over his desk, he supported his gray-brindled head between his clenched fists and dropped carefully chosen words upon Mary's notebook to form what was an acceptance and an agreement. It was a confusion of details beyond ordinary comprehension; but the girl, groping, came finally to understand that the man who was talking at her ear was undertaking to make this Consolidated Products stock jump about in some way that was desired by the great Stephen Martin. With the understanding came resolution. She would speak up boldly and ask advice.

"'Yours truly,'" said Henderson, raising his head at last "No one's to see that—no one, mind. Only two copies and bring 'em both to me. I want it all corrected and ready for that lawyer by one o'clock. Get it out right away."

"Yes, sir." Mary rose. But instead of going she nervously smoothed a mound of brown hair under which an ear was deeply buried and drew a shoulder-lifting breath. Then she said, very formally, "Mr. Henderson, I would like to ask you for your advice."

"Advice?" repeated Henderson. "I never give advice—or take it. No time now anyhow. You must get that letter out."

"Yes, sir."

Mary went dutifully but slowly, giving him time to command

"Wait! Come back and tell me what it is. But be quick."

"But I'll have to explain it. Some other time ——"

"No, now," Henderson insisted. "What do you want to know?"

Mary came back to his desk.

"It's about Consolidated Products ——"

"Ah!" There was suddenly a snarl in his voice. "Products! What about it? Who's been talking to you? What've you told them?"

Mary met that easily.

"Oh, Mr. Henderson!" she said artfully, hurt and reproachful. "You know me. You know I don't talk about things out of the office—or in the office, either, for that matter."

"All right, I know. Of course not!" Henderson leaned forward impatiently. "But tell me about it! Sit down! What are you waiting for?"

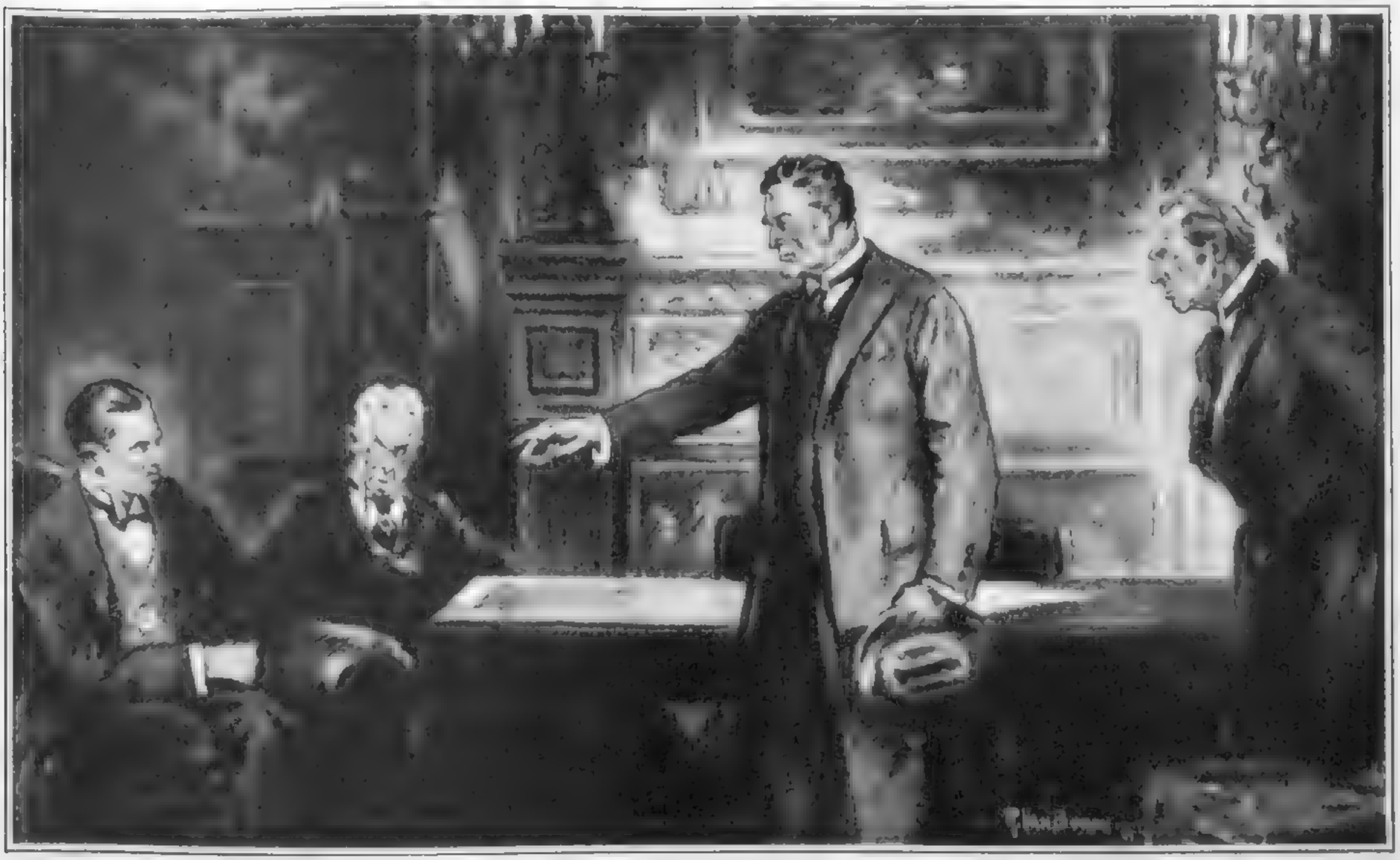
"You see it's this way," Mary Archer explained: "It's about my two aunts. I live with them, you know, out in Jersey. They're old and they have a little money. It's not a great deal, but what it brings in, with what I make here, lets us get along if we're all careful, see? But it's not so much that we don't need more. Things are awful high, you know."

"Of course, of course," Henderson broke in. "Are you asking me to make money for you in Consolidated Products?"

"Oh, no, it's not that," Mary replied quickly, with a little nervous, knowing laugh, and went on to make the thing clear:

There were two men in her town who were connected with the Consolidated Products Corporation. One was in the president's office. The other had something to do with the controller's department. Both were very nice men, family men, well thought of. They were always talking about the company and the stock—what a good thing the stock was. They said the dividend was sure to be made larger. They said it was a fine investment, certain to be worth a lot more. Her two aunts were thinking of putting their money into it. They could sell the Liberty Bonds and other things. If the money from them and from the savings bank was in Consolidated Products it would bring in twice as much as now—yes, more than twice as much. Her Aunt Elizabeth was very set on doing it. Her Aunt Elizabeth had more to say about things than her other aunt.

(Continued on Page 97



Johnny Henderson's Lip Lifted. "I Wonder if You'll Be Just as Offensive When You Grow Up"

At Home on the Marcel Waves

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

SUPPOSE there were times when you could hear from far off the clump-clump of the advancing footsteps of your fates. Wouldn't you shiver a little, wondering? Perhaps that was why Miss Julia Trimble, of the Sunbeam Beauty Shoppe, shivered suddenly under her gray worsted shoulder cape, at just about the moment when the feet of Augusta McCann clumped down the gangplank from the Havana boat onto the municipal pier at Miami. Or perhaps it was only the rain.

It was raining on the municipal pier at Miami. It was raining, in black and tropic gusts, on winter fishermen teetering on the Gulf Stream. It was raining on the more often sunny sands of Miami Beach. It was raining also on Biscayne Bay, on the white yachts gleaming ghostly against chopped gray waters, on the shiny black beetles of automobiles scuttling furiously on the Causeway and through the smitten streets, on the shuttered houseboats, on the lashed palm fronds and on the waterfront hotels. The rain was showing the winter season just what a September tropic gale was like. It was a rainy day for real-estate men, chauffeurs, bathing girls, golfers, movie actresses, tea dancers, bootleggers, newspaper reporters, psychologists, grocery men, visiting authors, truck farmers, aviators, photographers, sign painters, and the rest of the ninety thousand. It was raining on Augusta McCann. But Augusta, plowing squarely through the bucketing gusts, with her small black satchel firm in a mighty hand, was the only one of all these not to notice it. Augusta had known hurricanes from Jamaica to Singapore, and typhoons from the China Sea to the Cape of Good Hope. This was just a little familiar dampness, not interfering at all with the grim business in hand.

Now her battered sou'wester shunted the wet down on the broad petrolatum-colored shoulders of her ancient slicker. Her square, rosy face shone out serenely over the wadded collar. Her mild blue eyes were calm as she measured and probed this town. She moved upon it majestically as a ship under high piled canvas, this six feet of solid woman. Even the slicker could not hide from the world the soundness of her great body. She gave out the delicious sense of health that a fat rascal of a baby does. There radiated from her the peace that comes only from a body workable and hard as an engine, well oiled, immaculate, immensely fit.

But beneath that square-rigged exterior Augusta trod the earth warily. She might be bored with the excitements of ships. She might be following some dim instinct for new pastures after years of serving the rocking seas and the best passenger lines as the most dependable chief stewardess of them all. But it was serious business, this land. She stepped with caution. It was one thing to hold a callous basin to a green-cheeked landsman on a good understandable deck, but another to brave them, grown erect and confident and tricky, in their own complex cities. She didn't trust them a minute. Therefore she chose the side streets and the uncrowded pavements. She let the great hotels go by like looming icebergs. She was looking for a good, cheap, respectable boarding house and a job.

It was her instinct about the job that brought her up all standing. It was the same instinct that kept in her limp satchel, wrapped in her two last stewardess aprons, a precious piece of worn steel. Few men would recognize that potent instrument. But to hundreds of women its sizzling click and bite have made ten years' difference in the eternal battle between looks and age. It was Augusta's marcel iron. You know, men. The things they make marcel waves with—those flat shiny ripples of hair you want to touch if unmarried, but which, once married, generally touch you first. It was because of that iron, when her slow gaze caught sight of a square of letter paper in a dim window, that her brain signaled half speed to her engine room, and she stopped. She saw written in a neat, delicate hand the words, "An expert marcel waver desired within." Augusta poked the bow of her sou'wester down close to the sign and read it. Then she drew her splendid height up again, while the stiff slicker crackled, and stared at the shop.

"And You Talking About Rent for This Mildewed Hole That I Bet Your Man Persuaded Her to Take," Augusta Mused, Spinning the Helpless Girl Around to Stare at Her Thoughtfully. "Looks the Way Your Hair's Done"

It was raining on Augusta McCann. But it was evidently a rainy day for the Sunbeam Beauty Shoppe. The rain dashed on a forlorn window. In front of the green burlap curtain that reached halfway up it, on a narrow table, were set three jars of dubious face cream and a vase containing five pink paper roses and one red one. Augusta thought the roses tasty but irrelevant, and cocked a knowing eye at the face cream. Four years ago, in Honolulu, somebody had tried to make her buy it to sell to her first-class passengers. Her gaze came back to the sign and paused there. The whole thing looked just miserable enough not to be trying to take advantage of her, a stranger on the cold hard land. It looked miserable, and misery to Augusta was pure velvet.

The footsteps of Fate must have been sounding in the distracted ears of Miss Julia Trimble. Or else she mistook them for the postman, whose coming she had been waiting almost with hysteria. For at that moment, under the necessity of doing something to occupy her mind, she had seized her broom to sweep out the puddle glistening and growing dankly under the warped door. And because she was distracted she threw open the door with a violence very foreign to her, and with one wild swash of her broom hurled the entire puddle full into the face of Augusta McCann.

"Lady," said Augusta mildly. "Look what you done."

Julia Trimble fainted.

Augusta caught her with one easy motion, hitched the thin body up until it hung limply over one great arm, kicked open the door, threw her satchel in, slammed the door behind her and peered around in the dimness. Halfway down the room she saw a shampoo chair and eased Miss Julia into it.

She let down the back until the head was lower than the body, slapped the sallow cheeks smartly, and let her alone. Augusta gazed around the place where she had just accepted a position.

There was little to be seen until she had clicked on a hanging electric light with faded petticoats of pink crêpe paper, and then not such a lot more. The room was long and narrow and windowless, curtained off at the farthest end with a sleazy chintz curtain. The yellow-green walls, the color of pea soup, soaked in, rather than reflected, what light there was. There were two mirrors, one on each side wall, with shelves beneath where a full equipment for shampoo, marcel, facial massage and water waving should have been displayed abundantly, but was not. Insurance-company calendars and full-page illustrations from The National Coiffure Gazette were pinned up on the walls, obviously to hide stains. There was one manicure table, very tired. Beside one mirror was a white wall cabinet labeled Sterilizer, evidently having no effect at all on two brushes, six clean towels and a magazine. Opposite was a glass case on whose shelves were spread discouraged cold creams, hair tonics and a box of hair nets such as nobody wears any more.

Augusta, with no expression at all on her face, was just looking behind the chintz curtain, where a couch and a gas ring on a table showed how the proprietor of the Sunbeam Beauty Shoppe saved room rent, when the front door clicked, and it was the postman.

Augusta took in a letter and a circular and took off her crackling oilskins. Beneath them she was in shipshape blue serge.

Out of her satchel Augusta shook a great expanse of starched white apron, put on a narrow white collar, pinned a stiff cap over hair that was the color of much-pulled molasses taffy and was wound tight as sticking plaster around her head, and stood in the center of the shop, radiating competence.

Straight into her calm blue eyes, with the level mouth and the cheeks splashed with windy rose, Miss Julia stared. She sneezed, gasped and sat up. One hand pulled down her scant black skirt. She said, "Who—who are you? Did the postman come?"

Augusta reached her the mail. Then she picked up the satchel and strode behind the chintz curtain.

When she came out again, with a cup of boiling hot bouillon that sent up the most heavenly scent and steam through the half light, Miss Julia was a little heap in the chair, sobbing and gulping as only an elderly woman can sob and gulp when all hope has gone forever. Augusta slipped a hand under her chin, with a gesture of one wise in the ways of the seasick wiped the astonished face with a towel, and put the steaming cup into her hands.

"Here now," she said, and her rich tones echoed down the bare room, "drink that and hold your head up. Nothing's so bad as holding your head over that way. Drink it all up. It's best-quality beef extract, and none of your eyewash."

"But ——" said Miss Julia weakly.

"Six thousand hurricanes, lady! 'Ju hear me? I said drink it."

Miss Julia drank. A little color was in her cheeks when she looked up into the vigilant, calm face.

"I'm—I'm very much obliged to you," she said, and blinked back the tears, not now of sorrow, but of scalding hot bouillon. "Please, who are you?"

"Me?" said Augusta, letting her face look surprised. "Why, I'm Augusta McCann. I just took that job of marcel waving you got. Who are you?"

"I'm Miss Julia Trimble. But—but, oh, dear; oh, I'm so sorry. I forgot I left that sign out." Her pale eyes filled with the other kind of tears again. "I can't keep you, and you've been so kind. I ——"

All the reticence of old New England checked Miss Julia then. But something in Augusta's steady blue look brought it all out with a rush.

"I've lost all my money," she wailed. "All Greataunt Julia's legacy money, and I haven't made any here and

the rent is so high and it's due and I can't pay it, and now Cousin Lewis Smith says he won't lend me any money because he doesn't believe beauty parlors are moral, and I haven't even carfare enough to get back to South Braintree. Oh, dear, oh, dear, I wish I was ——"

Augusta grasped her shoulder, heaved her out of her chair and walked her down the room as one walks a collapsed passenger to the companionway, braced a little on account of a possible following sea.

"You just better go below for a while, lady, and get you some good sound sleep."

"Oh, no, no. You're very kind, but I couldn't possibly. I'll have to see the rent man, and I couldn't keep you. I—why, I haven't got any money at all to pay ——"

Behind the chintz curtain Augusta began imperturbably undressing her in spite of her feeble shrinkings.

"Hold still," she said sternly once. "How in the name of a heck do you expect I can take the collar off you with you wiggling?" And she actually shook the thin shoulders, a small peremptory shake. Miss Julia, with reddened eyes as wide as a scared child's, kept still. Augusta slipped her prim nightgown over her shoulders, braced her with one hand while she fixed the blankets with the other. Then with one unhurried sweep she picked her up bodily, laid her down, tucked her in. Miss Julia, the hot broth having its effect, collapsed on the pillow with a quivering sigh.

"I can't possibly pay you," she said once.

"Holy hoptoads!" Augusta replied in the hushed voice of a sick stateroom. "You go to sleep. I'm in charge now. Got a hot-water bag?"

So that shortly, resting on Augusta's rich contralto tones of command as a storm-beaten bird rests on a calm sea, Miss Julia sank into slumber, her feet scorching happily on a huge bottle of boiling water which Augusta had evolved out of the infinite.

It was just as well she slept, for her New England conscience would have scorched more quickly than her toes on the hot-water bottle, at the manner in which Augusta handled the rent agent.

The rent agent came in while Augusta was removing the damp green burlap, the vase of paper flowers and the three jars of cold cream from the window. It was only drizzling outside now, and the clearer light removed, with the curtain gone, any doubt there might have been about the dilapidated condition of the Sunbeam Beauty Shoppe.

The rent agent was the landlord's private secretary, in a green silk sweater, a plaited white silk sport skirt, three strings of pearl beads, too much lipstick where her mouth was, too much hair and earrings where her ears were, and the sophisticated expression of the round side of a pink-and-white china cup.

She gazed with a hard bright gaze at Augusta. She observed the cap of servitude before the line of the jaw, and made her first mistake.

"Listen here you," she said, "where's Miss Trimble at?"

"Bed," remarked Augusta, tearing down a calendar.

"Well, listen. You tell her Mr. Buell say she's pos'tively got to pay her back rent. There's tenants waiting for this place and he'll simply just have to dispossess irregardless of the fac' he dislikes taking steps with a lady. Listen, you tell her that, see?"

Augusta reached down another calendar. Her soldierly back was one solid silence. Petulance exploded behind her.

"Say, listen, are you or aren't you going to tell Miss Trimble? Or aren't you? Are you deaf or what?"

Augusta turned full around. Her voice was creamy and tender to the ear. She spoke:

"Well, of all the scabby little shrimps. Baby, your paint works is elegant but unconvincing. You come in here spilling useless talk words about rent, and your hair hasn't been washed decent for months. And for the love of the holy Jerusha, what carpenter burned off your hair and called it a marcel? C'mere."

Under the hard, hard palm on her shoulder the astonished girl wiggled, opened her mouth three times like a dying fish, squeaked once and came.

"And you talking about rent for this mildewed hole that I bet your man persuaded her to take," Augusta mused, spinning the helpless girl around to stare at her thoughtfully. "Looka the way your hair's done. Looka the pimples under the whitewash. Looka the way you slump in the chest as if you was afraid somebody'd think God made you a woman. Here ——"

A towel rubbed hard over the porcelain-finished face, a hand worked deftly at net and hairpins. The girl was jerked before a mirror. She stared woefully at hair singed and stringy, at the blotchy face, the wrong figure. Over her loomed the Gibraltar of Augusta's assurance.

"And you've got the copper-bottomed, brass-bound nerve to come here sniveling about kicking us out, when for five dollars I'd make a new woman outa you so some decent man could love you. Here," she said with a sudden gesture that the girl shied from—"here's a jar of bum cold cream. Do up your hair. Stick on your hat. Take this home and rub it into your face till it gets clean for once, and come back here Saturday at ten o'clock and I'll put a new face on you and maybe fix up your figure so you can wear clothes instead of dishrags. Shut up that gab. Gimme that dispossess note."

The torn pieces of paper fluttered to the floor. Then Augusta leaned nearer, murmuring, "You go back to your yella-livered boss and tell him to send down a painter and a carpenter to fix this place up so it will be worth a cent on the dollar or I'll break every chicken bone in your body. Let him get this place fixed up the way I say and we can talk business. When I say talk I mean talk. Looka that."

Augusta stripped up her skirt. On a cotton-stockinged leg like the limb of one of the leading Greek deities the shattered secretary observed a welt as thick as a baseball bat, but shorter. Augusta slapped it.

"That's money, and I reckon he can hear it when it speaks. Get out of my way now, and if you forget Saturday I'll send the sheriff after you. Just to see you going out of this place the way you come in it is bad business for us. Oh, stow that gab."

When Miss Julia struggled up from the depths of a sleep in which she had lain drowned for sixteen solid hours, there was a strange light all about her, or so it seemed to her. She had never seen such radiance in this little back room before. The froth of sleep was still thick in her mind and in her eyes. She rolled over, blinked, stared, and sat up. She remembered vaguely, as of things long ago, some colossal happening. It must still be happening.

This room was the same, but the chintz curtain was gone. In its place hung creamy folds of a stuff she first thought was white velvet. She looked closer. It was fine, stiff, snowy canvas, canvas of the heaviest. And the light about her certainly was different. If it snowed down here, which it didn't, she would have said it was the reflection of sun on thick snow outside. Timidly she put her head through the curtain. Before her astounded gaze stretched the place she had known as the Sunbeam Beauty

(Continued on Page 48)

"Now You Get Down and Clean Up That Mess on Our Good Tiles. I Guess I Know All About Those Smudge Pails"

THE OPENER OF WAYS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

UP-UAT, the opener of ways, stuck his head out of his lair in the face of the cliff, sniffed of the morning freshness, and then flitted like a shadow across the sand toward the temple. Day was breaking and the sun's rays focused like a searchlight on the colossal, golden-brown, brooding figure of the god which had stared across the Nile at countless dawns through thousands of years. It was his usual morning prowl of the ruins and the jackal went carelessly, but something stopped him at the foot of the statue. An instant he poised there, tense with apprehension, then whirled and streaked back to his cave.

Shortly afterward Ibrahim Hassanein issued from his mud hut, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, and went down to the river's edge to wash hands and face, which completed his toilet, as Ibrahim always slept in the one-piece robe he wore throughout the day. His wife called out something to him and he grunted; then led out the buffalo cow from the tiny corral—it was built of maize stalks and surrounded the hut, so that the cow and donkey shared the family's quarters at night and tied it to a stake in the clover patch. After which he rested a moment before saddling up the donkey.

Suddenly the buffalo cow snorted and lurched against its tether, and the hair prinkled on Ibrahim's scalp—the god was singing. There could be no doubt about it. A weird booming sound issued from the mighty image. Now it sank to a pulsating murmur, again it swelled to a sonorous bass. Ibrahim let out a yell and made a dive for his hut, colliding with his wife, who had heard and was coming out to see. She listened raptly a moment and fell to her knees, bowing her face to the ground in adoration. Ibrahim had no such promptings. He legged it toward the village as hard as he could go. He pined for company.

The air seemed to quiver with the song as he ran, but the sound ceased just as he reached the outskirts. No need to spread the news; half the population was in the street, gazing toward the colossus in consternation. What was it? What had happened? The place buzzed like a hive.

"You heard the wind in the temple," declared the priest, who had been sound asleep. When that wouldn't go down, "It's a trick," he said. They showed plainly they were of different mind and the priest grew worried. His was a backsliding people, anyhow, inclined to go on about their business when called to prayer, and even occasionally making a joke of the summons. The times were awry, everything was being questioned. He withdrew into the mosque and pondered as to how he could win advantage from the miracle.

No doubts troubled the wife of Ibrahim Hassanein. When he returned home she was plucking a chicken.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"It is for the god."

"What? You are crazy!"

"He has answered my prayer, as I told you he would."

"A young hen—the best we had! Why didn't you kill that old rooster?"

"Would you offer the god food such as that?"

Ibrahim deemed it unwise to argue the point with her, or stir her up. He went outside and squatted on the ground, so that he could watch the colossus. For a couple of hours he sat there, scarcely removing his gaze from it; but nothing happened. The village joined him in the vigil, and that day no work was done in the fields except to raise the water for the irrigation ditches.

"It was the wind in the chamber of its head," opined a skeptic.

"But there have been many winds and it has never sung," they pointed out.

No, not for twenty centuries had the god sung. In the dim days of its ascendancy every dawn had waked it to song, but new faiths had arisen and the old gods were neglected and forgotten.

"I have considered the matter," the priest announced sonorously; "and it is indeed a miracle. What you have heard is a warning. You have sinned and Allah takes this way of telling you to return to the faith."

They seemed just a little dubious. Ibrahim grinned and Achmed Mahomet stuck his tongue in his cheek. Why should Allah employ a pagan god as his messenger? The priest must take them for fools.

At least a dozen women imitated Ibrahim's wife that day and cooked chicken and beans and bread for the god. To these dishes some of the more prosperous added sweetmeats. And just at dusk they all carried their offerings timidly to the colossus and laid them high on his giant stone knees. He was not to be approached without ceremony, and this they accorded him. Some of the men scoffed and angrily upbraided their women; yet they were uneasy, too, and made no real attempt to stop them.

Also, the childless women of the place imitated the wife of Ibrahim in another matter. For a year she had gone nightly to the fallen statue of Rameses the Great, to slide down the smooth part of its surface three times.

"Look what it has done for her!" they exclaimed. And those who had been skeptical stole out after dark and slowly and solemnly slid down the massive stone.

"It will be a boy," said Ibrahim's wife proudly as she dropped the sack over the door for the night. All day she had been uplifted, humming as she worked, with an occasional glance toward the colossus.

"Don't talk about it! That brings bad luck."

"But I am sure now. Why else would he sing? It is a sign."

"To go to prayer—so the priest says."

"What does he know? Nothing. For two years you go to the mosque and pray for a son. Was your prayer answered?"

"You know it was not."

"You make gifts, and you promise that if a son is born you will sell the buffalo cow and give the money to the poor."

"I did," admitted Ibrahim.

"And still we had no son."

"But Mahmoud prayed in the mosque too ——"

"Yes, and got a daughter."

"All the same ——"

"Pray as I do now, Ibrahim. He has heard me. And if you will promise an offering, why, it will be a boy."

Ibrahim was far from convinced and the business was not to his liking, but he had the average native's inheritance of superstition; moreover, he was sleepy, and his wife kept at him until he would have promised anything. So before he went to sleep, Ibrahim agreed to join on the morrow in her supplications and to vow to the god what he had vowed in the mosque.

"It is good," she said happily.

Next morning all the food they had left on the knees of the image was gone.

"The jackals took it," scoffed Achmed.

"Can a jackal climb smooth stone?" retorted Ibrahim.

This was a poser. Joyfully Ibrahim's wife and the other women went to work to cook more, it being plain that the god was pleased and liked their victuals. They even added to them—goat's milk, buffalo cheese, a piece of camel steak saved from a wedding feast.

"I dare you to go into the chamber," Achmed challenged.

"Go yourself."

"I will if you will!"

"Let us consult the priest."

"He will say no."

That's just what he did say. The priest didn't want a perfectly good miracle, which might work to his advantage, spoiled by prying.

"I'm going, anyway," Achmed announced.

A few tried to dissuade him, but the majority applauded and egged him on. So Achmed strode up to the colossus and nimbly climbed its huge bulk to the waist. Some of the women looked to see him smitten with a bolt from heaven or wither before their eyes; but nothing of the sort occurred, and up he went. They watched him until he disappeared in the opening at the back of the neck. He was gone quite a while.

"He is surely dead," they whispered.

A Few Tried to Dissuade Him, But the Majority Applauded and Egged Him On. So Achmed Strode Up to the Colossus and Nimbly Climbed Its Huge Bulk to the Waist

But presently Achmed appeared in the aperture and waved down to them. Then he descended.

"Well?"

"There is nobody there."

"You could see nothing?"

"Nothing. All is as usual."

There was that in his manner which made Ibrahim suspicious

"You're hiding something from us," he whispered

"No; I give you my eyes, I am not."

Then Ibrahim knew Achmed was lying, but he said no more.

The people had been disappointed because the god did not sing at dawn, but he certainly made up for it at sunset Just after the muezzin had called them to prayer, he started to rumble, and he rumbled and boomed for fully five minutes, with all the village gathered in the bean patches a few hundred yards off, listening in dumb amazement and awe

Said Ibrahim's wife triumphantly, "Now will you believe?"

He did not reply, neither did he protest when she carried her offering of food to the god and set it high on his knees again.

"I am going to pray," she told him; "now for your promise."

Standing side by side, they faced the colossus. She made obeisance; Ibrahim did likewise. She bowed her face to the earth and prayed. Ibrahim bowed his. His wife waited. He didn't know how to begin.

"Go on!" she hissed.

So Ibrahim lifted up his voice into the singsong he employed at devotions and solemnly agreed to sell his buffalo cow and give the money to the poor if the god would reward them with a son. Then they went home to bed.

The jackals were exceptionally noisy that night and all the dogs in the village joined in the yapping. Ibrahim rose before dawn, minded to do some scouting. But when he got outside into the chill air and saw the sky one white blaze of stars, and, black against it, the towering figure of the god, which seemed to breathe, his knees began to shake and he crept back into the hut.

It was well he did so. For as the villagers gathered at sunup to listen to the strange singing, the wife of Achmed Mahomet came running, crying out that he had disappeared. Where to? And how? She did not know. She knew only that he had left the house the previous night, telling her he intended to get to the bottom of this business.

A search began. They explored every corner of the village, they went up and down the fields bawling his name, thinking that he might have fallen asleep or met with an accident. They went down to the river bank and stared into the water. Some put out in boats and prodded the bottom with poles.

They could not find Achmed.

"He has been destroyed," they said.

"Or caught up by the god."

Somebody suggested they should look in the chamber of the god's head. No volunteers came forward. Hadn't Achmed done that very thing? However, they did venture to approach the colossus, since it was broad daylight. Ibrahim even had the hardihood to make a circuit of the monster and inspect the ground.

"The food has gone!" a villager cried

"You see? He listens to my prayers!" exclaimed Ibrahim's wife.

His answer was a grunt, and shortly afterward he walked off down by the river and there, under a spreading acacia tree, took something from his pockets.

"Possibly it is a miracle," said he, "as the priest says But the god does not eat camel meat. Neither does he like buffalo cheese. Certainly he is not Mohammedan."

He tossed away into the Nile the food he had picked up near the colossus, and went and borrowed a boat and set off downstream.

"And Achmed, he no come back. No, not," he said to me as he finished his story that afternoon on the deck of my dahabeah.

"What do you want me to do?"

"You come and find out."

Now Ibrahim had been my donkey boy on two previous trips and it was hard to deny the rascal. Of course he was lying, but I would see. We steamed up the river, towing his boat, and just about sundown tied up to the bank a short distance below the village.

The inhabitants were gathered in the fields a respectful distance from the god and were too preoccupied to notice our coming. For he was singing again. He was singing now in a full, rough barytone.

"You see?" cried Ibrahim. "He do that sometimes morning, sometimes night. Nice. Yes?"

It did sound odd, that swelling volume of sound issuing from the colossus. I did not wonder that the villagers were impressed, or that they harked back to ancient superstitions. Yet it seemed inconsistent to me that the god should be singing Yes, We Have No Bananas. The song ceased on an exultant, quavering note

"What you think, sair?" Ibrahim plucked eagerly at my sleeve

I was about to tell him, when I caught the look in the faces of the women Not many of the lower classes go veiled, and those who cling to the custom invariably forget to screen their faces when anything rouses their curiosity. And now they were all gazing at me with their souls in their eyes, yearning for corroboration of their hopes

He who would destroy any belief which brings solace and hope to its devotees is without heart. "It is extraordinary," I admitted, and Ibrahim translated. The crowd nodded their satisfaction and broke into a babel of talk, all trying to tell me the story at once. Finally the priest and Ibrahim managed to obtain quiet, and the former asked whether I could solve the mystery of Achmed's disappearance. Already his wife was in mourning.

"I can hear her," I replied. "Tell him, Ibrahim—tell all these people—that before morning I shall get to the bottom of it."

"And Achmed?"

"And find Achmed too He is not dead. But they must promise to stay indoors tonight and not come out, no matter what they hear. Otherwise I will not answer for the consequences."

Ibrahim was grinning as he turned back to me after interpreting this.

"They say," he said, "that nothing nohow would make them to put their heads out after dark. They say how you know Achmed he is not dead?"

"Never mind about that. He'll turn up all right."

Ibrahim also imparted this information to them.

"Achmed's wife's father," he remarked, "want to know if Achmed run off. Maybe so, yes?"

"I don't think so."

"Achmed's wife's mother," continued Ibrahim, "want to know if there is another woman maybe. Me, I think so"

"Nothing like that at all. You go and tell Achmed's wife he'll be home tomorrow. And remember, I don't want anybody snooping round. They're apt to get shot."

The village was as quiet as a grave when I came up from the river that night. The dogs raised a hideous outcry and some ran savagely out at me, but they were called back in fierce whispers or whipped back by unseen hands. Once an arm reached out almost under my feet and plucked a snarling cur from my path by the scruff of the neck, and his howl of dismay was choked off with heartening promptitude.

I went to the rear of the statue and examined it with my flashlight. Once before, Ibrahim and I had climbed it; the feat was easy enough, but it was well to make sure of the way. Then up I started.

"Who's that?" came in a hoarse whisper from above me.

"Yes, We Have No Bananas."

"Some fresh American," said a voice from above.

"No—gimme a match, Wally. I do believe it's him."

"Don't strike a light. The natives'll see you."

I completed the spiral ascent and rounded the curve of the god's neck to find Hardtack barring the opening, an automatic in his hand.

"What the—"

"Let me in. I'm apt to slip here."

Hardtack stepped back and I entered the chamber. He hung an overcoat over the opening and lighted a candle. And there was Wally, hunched on the floor, and beside him a native, gagged and with his wrists bound.

"Achmed?" I queried. The prisoner nodded eager assent.

"You know this bird?" asked Wally.

"No, but they're all looking for him. What happened?"

"Why, he clumb up here last night," said Hardtack, "and wanted to cut in on our graft. Talks good American too. It seems like he took a dare yesterday and come up here when we was in the temple ——"

"And found some cigarette butts," Wally said.

(Continued on Page 117)

In the Lamplit, Glowing Dining Tent, With Its Brilliantly Patterned Walls and Soft Rugs, the Girls Went Through the Usual Turkish and Arabian Dances

Deep-Sea Treasure Hunting

The J. S. Araby Broke in Halves and Was Beached in Boulogne Harbor During the War. Salvors Raised the Two Ends So They Could be Towed to England

An Interesting Sample of Salvage Work, Showing a Concrete Patch Applied to the Side of a Ship After She Was Pumped Out

By DAVID MASTERS

FROM earliest years our imaginations are fired by the mere mention of treasure. Who has not heard of that fabulous treasure of the bloodthirsty pirate, Captain Kidd, whose booty still lies hidden on some far-off island? Expedition after expedition has been fitted out to find it, but the pirate hid it so well that the hunters have failed in their quest. Who has not marveled at those mighty hoards of gold stored away by the Incas of Peru, gold which Pizarro looted from the Peruvian treasure house and carried back to Spain?

Treasure! The mere whisper works magic, conjuring up pictures of gold and silver and piles of glowing gems; rubies, emeralds and diamonds galore, gleaming with all the colors of the rainbow. So fascinating is the idea of treasure that men gladly risk their lives to go in search of it, nor is the magic confined alone to the romantic. The keenest of business men, who boast of their hard-headedness, seem to lose their heads where treasure is concerned. Eagerly they finance the most problematic searches in return for the promise of the most shadowy spoils.

These same business men will aver that they never speculate, yet all treasure hunting is speculative; and if there is one form more speculative than another, it is that of searching for sunken treasure. Still, despite its hazardous nature, there is always money forthcoming to back deep-sea enterprises of this description. True, success comes but seldom; failures are the rule. Could a correct balance sheet be made up showing how much has been spent on hunting for the world's sunken treasure, and how much has been recovered, we should probably find that the money expended was many times greater than the value of all the treasure brought to the surface.

A Fascinating Business

FEW ideas could be more fascinating than that of hauling up gold and silver from the bottom of the sea, and it is the same fascination, with all the excitement it brings in its train, which lures men on to attempt to wrest many of these long-lost treasures from the recesses of the ocean. Years sometimes are spent in pondering ancient documents, hunting for evidence of the exact locality of the vanished treasure, seeking to sift rumor from actual fact. Further years may be spent on making plans and special apparatus for lifting the treasure; and when the hunter starts in real earnest at last, he finds that he has spent years of his life and thousands of dollars just for the privilege of stirring up the sea bed. Treasure hunting is, in fact, something like taking a ticket for a sweepstake. The chances may be ridiculously small, but the prospect of winning a fortune will always make the game popular.

Fate, indeed, seems to delight in playing tricks on salvage men. While on the one hand it sometimes leads them on to fit out ambitious expeditions costing thousands of dollars, sends them journeying afar and imposes the greatest hardships upon them without bringing them any reward whatsoever, on the other hand it sometimes flings a fortune straight into the lap of some lucky man when he is least expecting it.

Without the diver, treasure hunting beneath the waves would be impossible. The salvage expert may make the most brilliant plans, collect the most up-to-date and scientific plant to assist him, but in the end it is the diver who carries the work through; and upon the courage, determination and skill of the diver the success of the expedition depends. To dive to a depth of five fathoms, or thirty feet, is a task that the average man could accomplish without much difficulty; most men, too, would be able to reach a depth of ten fathoms, or sixty feet, if they were in decent physical condition. But at fifteen and twenty fathoms and more the body is called upon to stand exceptional strains, and so exceptional men are necessary.

Quite apart from the many risks, deep diving is very arduous, and seldom are men found with the physique that will enable them to dive 100 feet and more. The deep-sea diver must be trained like an athlete, perfectly sound in wind and limb and heart, and in tiptop physical condition. A fat diver stands little chance of attaining great depths, so the finest divers are generally on the slim side, men without an ounce of superfluous fat and with muscles tough as steel.

By Digging a Deep Trench Around This Wreck, the Salvors Managed to Tow Her Off Into Deep Water

The physical strain placed on the body and heart merely by diving to these great depths is not generally realized. To ask the human body to undergo pressure three, four and five times greater than atmospheric pressure is expecting the body to undergo strain three, four and five times greater than the body was built to stand. It is like expecting a motor car, designed for a load of 3000 pounds, to carry a load of six tons. We should not expect the car to do that. Yet we not only call upon the human body to perform similar feats, but the body actually does perform them without collapsing.

Dangers the Divers Face

THE crack sea diver is almost as difficult to find as the swimmer who can conquer the English Channel. When it comes to doing actual work at depths of 100 feet and more, the strain on the diver's body is indeed very much greater, for his exertions use up so much oxygen that his heart is called upon to pump at an increased speed in order to replace it. All the time, of course, the diver is breathing compressed air; thus the pressure of the sea on the outside of his body is practically counterbalanced by the pressure of the air inside his body. While the weight of the sea is trying to crush him inward, the compressed air is pushing outward, so the air pressure within equalizes the water pressure without, and the diver is enabled to work in perfect safety under a mass of water that would crush an unprotected man flat.

We might liken the water pressure to six men who are pushing hard against a door and striving to open it, while the air pressure resembles six men pushing against the other side of the door to keep it closed. With both teams equally matched in strength, the door remains quite unaffected by the contest if it be solidly built of oak. But if it is a weak door, the strain of the men pushing against it will probably break it.

Breathing compressed air not only places a strain on the lungs but it tends to fill the body with an excess of nitrogen. This nitrogen may easily form tiny bubbles of gas, and these bubbles, if they reach the heart, might cause the death of the diver or bring on that dread paralysis known as diver's palsy, a disease which renders the lower part of the diver's body quite useless.

Strangely enough, it is not in going down that this danger threatens the diver, but only in coming up. If he comes up too suddenly, the excess of nitrogen in the blood bubbles like the tiny bubbles in a siphon of soda, and at once his life is threatened. The bubbles are due to the pressure of the water on the outside of the body growing suddenly less than the pressure of air inside the body, consequently the nitrogen seeks to escape in bubbles just as the soda water seeks to escape when the key of the siphon is depressed. The pressure inside the body cannot adjust itself quickly enough to the lessening pressure outside, and these bubbles are the result.

To avoid this risk it is necessary for the diver working at great depths to come up very slowly. He may slide down the shot rope to a depth of 120 feet in a few seconds; but should he stay longer than half an hour at the bottom he must not come up in less than fifty-seven minutes if he would avert danger. He may come up to forty feet in eighty seconds, or at the rate of a foot a second. Then he must rest and exercise his legs and arms on the shot rope for five minutes before

ascending another ten feet to the thirty-foot level. When he has finally ascended to within ten feet of the surface, he is compelled to rest for twenty-five minutes to allow the excess of nitrogen to pass from his blood, after which he may rise to the surface.

If a diver happened to remain an hour at a depth of 200 feet, he would have to spend four hours in coming to the surface to avoid any ill effects. The exceptional diver who is able to reach this depth should not, however, remain at the bottom for more than twelve minutes. This is the safe time, and he can then make the ascent to the surface in thirty-two minutes.

Remarkable diving experiments were carried out by the British Admiralty some years ago, during which naval divers attained the record depth of 210 feet, a record that was long unbeaten. As a result of these experiments, tables were drawn up showing the time that a man might remain in safety at certain depths, and indicating the rates at which he could come to the surface and the depths at which he must rest to allow the pressure inside his body to adjust itself to the pressure of the water outside. These tables are followed the wide world over, and they have made diving one of the safest of occupations despite the grave risks the diver is continually running.

Diving was, in fact, so dangerous that exceptional precautions had to be taken, with the result that the diver who walks about the bottom of the ocean today may be far safer than a man walking across Broadway. The safety of the diver is most carefully watched over, but no one can foretell when a motor vehicle is going to run down someone crossing a busy thoroughfare.

A Diver Going Down to Blow Up Part of a Wreck to Get at the Treasure. The Charge of Explosive, Weighing 50 lbs., is Contained in the Long Tin Shown at the Diver's Side. At Right—A Ship Whose Forward Holds Have Filled, Dragging Her Down by the Bow and Rendering Her Helpless. When in This Condition a Ship May Remain Afloat, But Her Captain No Longer Has Any Control Over Her as Her Propeller is Out of the Water

Dressing for Under-Water Work

NEVER was knight attired for the tourney more carefully than the modern diver is clad before venturing into the depths. It is cold working at the bottom of the sea, and to guard against the cold the diver dons warm woolen sweaters and socks, sometimes wearing two or three sweaters and two or three pairs of thick socks. When he is dressed in his woollies, the diving dress is fastened about him just as the armor was fastened on the knights of old. There is a certain ritual about the performance which must be obeyed. First of all, the shoulder pads are carefully tied on to take the weight of the headdress, then an assistant helps him into the rubber diving dress and opens the tight cuffs for the diver to slip his hands through. The diver sits down while the assistant ties up the inner collar of the diving dress and adjusts the various screws that are to secure his helmet. But before that is fastened into place, the feet are slipped into the boots, each with its sixteen-pound sole of lead

Ever so carefully the diver's helmet is put on, for his life depends upon its being properly fastened. The air pipe must be carried from the back of his helmet up under his arm to the front of his body where he can reach it easily and yet not find it in his way. The air pumps and the valves in his helmet are most carefully tested to see that they are working properly. Then the diver gets on the ladder leading overboard and a lead weight weighing forty pounds is adjusted across his breast and another similar weight is fastened over his back, to enable him to sink to the bottom. The glass of his helmet screwed up, the pump is set going, the diver waves his hand to indicate that all is in order; and the attendant, after a final look around, gives the diver a smart tap on the top of the helmet to inform him that he may go down.

Thenceforward the life of the diver is in the hands of the attendant, who never lets go of the life line and air pipe until the diver comes to the surface again, feeling the diver at the end of the pipe just as an angler feels a fish at the end of a line, taking in the slack pipe to prevent its fouling rocks and wreckage, paying it out as the diver requires.

The coming of the submarine telephone has certainly lessened the risk for the diver, for he can now talk to the men in the boat and tell them what he wants and how he is. If anything goes wrong and his lines become entangled, he can inform those at the surface, who can quickly send another diver down to assist him.

The Submarine Telephone

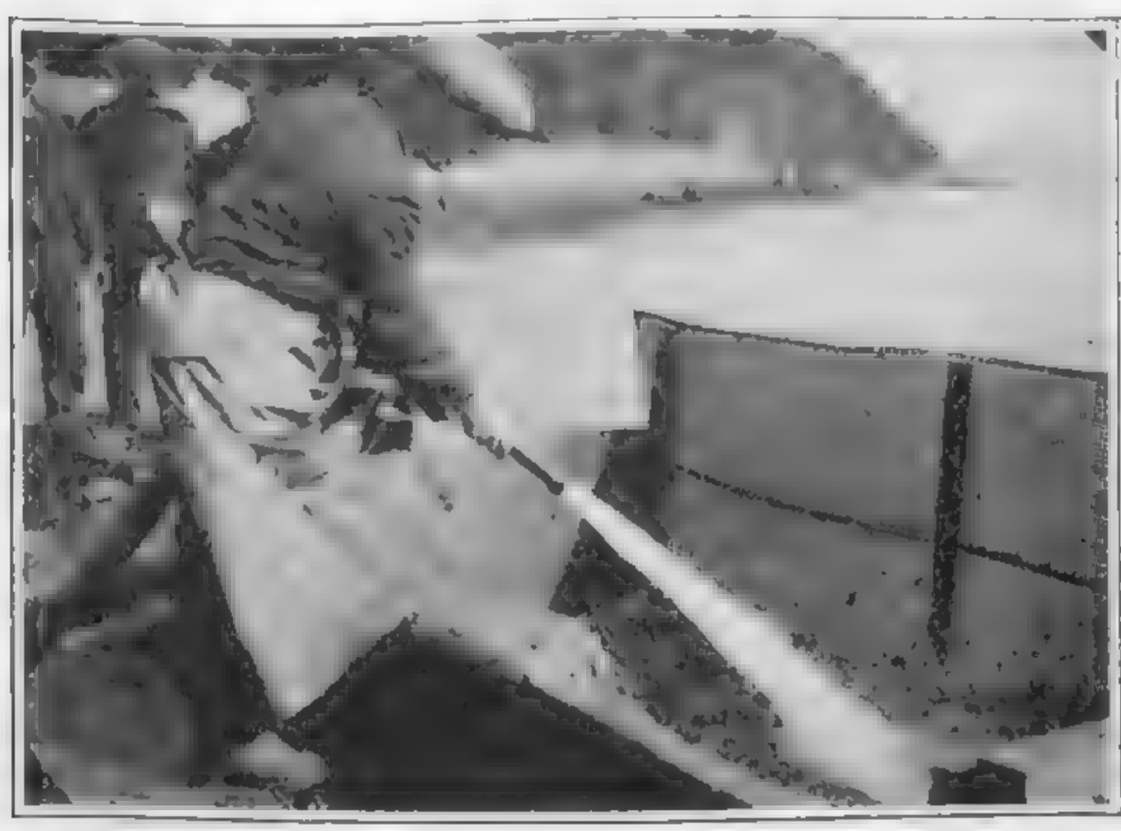
IN COMPARATIVELY recent days it was necessary to signal by means of the life line and air pipe, a certain number of pulls meaning certain things in accordance with a code in use by all divers. When a diver wished to convey a special message he had to signal for a slate to be sent down, and on the slate he would write what he wanted to convey. It was a slow and cumbersome method which has been rendered obsolete by the submarine telephone, which was invented by that famous submarine engineer, R. H. Davis, the head of Siebe, Gorman & Co.

For ages men have dived for sponges and pearls, remaining at most not more than a couple of minutes at the bottom. The ancients were fully alive to the advantages of an invention that would assist men to remain under water for considerable periods, and they were puzzling their heads about diving dresses centuries ago.

These early inventions, however, were very crude; one being a sort of barrel with holes through which the arms could be passed, another a metal cylinder which covered the head down to the waist, where it fitted into leather breeches. Very strange and wonderful they appear to modern eyes.

No less strange and decidedly more wonderful is the up-to-date diving dress, which has grown out of the invention of Augustus Siebe in 1819. For eighteen years Siebe experimented with his first type of diving dress before he achieved, in 1837, the form of dress which is closely followed today. Various people have added improvements but Siebe's form of dress is the one in common use.

(Continued on Page 60)



Treasure Hunters Trying Their Luck in the Bay of Tobermory. They are Shown Washing the Mud Dredged Up From the Bay to Find Some of the Spanish Doubloons Reputed to be Lost When Drake Routed the Armada

The Lutine Carried Bullion Worth $5,000,000 When She Went to the Bottom. This Photograph Shows a Huge Salvage Pump Sucking Up the Sea Bed and Pouring it Into Giant Cages Where it is Sifted for Traces of the Long-Lost Treasure

UNITED STATES FLAVOR

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT MAY be that Pete Carlock wasn't much of a picker. Take fathers-in-law, for instance. Most young men with an eye for the main chance would have chosen differently from Pete. One swift survey of the field, and almost any young man with Peter Carlock's chances would have singled out Simpson Gregg.

But instead of picking Simpson Gregg, Pete Carlock chose Steve Tokazh; a right amazing choice considering these facts: That Simpson Gregg was general superintendent of the Ironville Steel Company; that Pete was construction engineer on a big open-hearth plant then being built at the Ironville works; and that Steve Tokazh was the hunky runner of a drawing crane at the forty-four-inch mill reheating furnaces of the same concern.

Whether Pete made a numskull play in that selection depends on how you look at it. Perhaps as Pete sized up the two prospective fathers, Steve Tokazh looked like a better crane operator than Simpson Gregg did a general superintendent looked like more man, in other words. And such a view would have been more or less vindicated by events, for shortly after Steve Tokazh had been promoted from his drawing crane to a charging machine at the newly completed open hearth, the ax came down just south of Simpson Gregg's occipital process and they lugged him out and dropped him on the dump.

As for Pete Carlock himself, he asked no vindication. For Pete had not, indeed, been choosing fathers-in-law at all. Pete had been choosing brides. And granting brides the prime consideration in the acquiring of fathers-in-law, then Peter Carlock soars to heights as far above criticism as zenith above nadir.

Miss Betsy Gregg was one of those young ladies so favored as to make a man give hourly thanks that the optic nerve is standard male equipment. But Betsy Gregg was a spoiled, vain, saucy little snip. Being a snip did not make Betsy Gregg's slim body any less alluring, nor her pixy face less kissable; but beside the flaming loveliness of Mrs. Peter Carlock, she was, in spite of skillfulest cosmetic aids, quite colorless.

Where Were the Night Electricians, Who Could Cut Off This Devil's Power? Did No One Know the Location of the Switch?

How many centuries away from Ironville, Pennsylvania, how many thousand leagues east of that sooty town, you would have to go to find the spring of Nadia Carlock's blood no sage could possibly determine. But back in ancient Turan some place it had joined the Asiatic floods that came so close to drowning Europe. And when that incalculable outpouring had at last eased the pressure causing it, and had ebbed east again, this girl's blood was part of the broad pool left behind, back of the great dike of the Carpathians. Here on the plains of Hungary her nomad forbears saw a land good for horsemen and, dropping off their tough mounts, here had pitched their tents; from here had harried Europe till the word "Magyar" was a devil word; here also bulwarked Europe from the Crescent until the names of fiery Magyar captains became almost sainted names.

Here in the rich soil of the wide Alföld her breed had taken root—such root that when Turkish scimitars mowed the whole land bare of men, leaving all Hungary a waste of bleached bones and charred embers, still the stock grew up again and flourished and increased until once more, at press of numbers, broad-backed, short-built, bow-legged, horsy men took up the Western trek. And the mind easily sees these swarthy fellows swinging down from shaggy ponies to stand at the end of this migration with terror for a new land for the first time in their eyes as Pennsylvania belched her smoke and flames about them.

So had Steve Tokazh stood, one of a gang of greeners that crouched and cowered at their first baptism of sparks in the sweltering pouring pits of the old North End open hearth at Ironville. But soon indifference had come, so that he plodded at his work beneath a crane that grumbled at its seventy-five-ton load of molten steel with no more thought than if it were a vine hung heavy with a bunch of Tokay grapes.

Then Mother Tokazh came to Pennsylvania, and little Nadia with her, leaving Stephan Tokazh, Jr., back in Hungary to hold out for the last heller before he let go of the little farm.

In one year Nadia Tokazh was an American, in five a graduate of Ironville's high school, in six a clerk in the head timekeeper's office at the steelworks, in seven the most distracting beauty in her section of the Keystone State, and in seven and a half the bride of Pete Carlock, C. E., lately arrived at Ironville to put down the huge foundations for a rolling mill. Somewhere in that long progress out of the shadowy East the blood of this girl had been touched by the setting sun; most likely at the journey's end. Perhaps some mystery of geography, some highland alchemy of the Carpathians that towered mightily above her native village did the thing; perhaps the less mysterious alchemy of Teuton contact. Somehow the West's bright gold had joined its wholesome beauty to the dark voluptuousness of Asia. The well-known and oft-quoted twain had met in her. She was that rare and radiant thing, a Magyar blonde It would be possible, perhaps, for Peter Carlock or any other man of Saxon blood to stroll along the Corso at Budapest some sunny afternoon and later make a complete recovery; but never if, among the beauties on that promenade, he should pass one who had set aside the heritage of centuries to be a blonde

Except for color, Nadia Carlock's hair was Asiatic. Straight, coarse, thick; almost lank. Cut short, she had had the excellent judgment not to have it cut too short, nor to change the nature of it afterward. No artificial wisps of it coiled gayly at her ears. No spun-gold frizzes made a yellow nimbus for her head or snared men in their tendrils. Instead the metallic stuff fitted her round head like a coif.

To accommodate the long eyes, her face was wide at the cheek bones, with a flatness there not quite beautiful to most Western eyes; half sinister, but wholly arresting, remaining trace, maybe, of ancient conquering Hun remorselessness. Her lower face narrowed, but the mouth was wide and red across it; not cupid-bowed, not pouting, not thick-lipped; only the red of it extending farther onto the white than with the mouths of other women. And the whole face, bespeaking warrior ancestry in every line, framed consummately in its golden casque.

Her figure? But it was a Magyar's. Her bright hair snared no man. It challenged. So with the Amazon body of the girl. Willing to fight for what you want? All right, then—want me!

The rain came pelting down. The wind soughed through bare bones of steel that towered, a threatening skeleton, over the little shanty where its daily growth was planned. Outside this little shanty was a dreary world of dripping beams and swaying lines and unmanned concrete mixers and fire-brick piles, tarpaulin covered, that squatted about like great wet behemoths here and there. But inside was a world entirely catbird, where a warped and cracked egg stove, the veteran of many a tough campaign, crammed with form-lumber scraps, cooked stagnant air and stale tobacco fumes to a splendid lethal mixture.

Into this atmosphere of hearts content a door swung suddenly, admitting a long, black, glistening coat, a soggy slouch hat and a whiff of wind, deplorably damp and refreshing. The door slammed in the storm's wet face.

"Let 'er rain, whang-dang it all to helangone," announced the soggy hat. "Let 'er rain. There is sunshine in my soul. I just saw Pete Carlock upcock Chummy Ignatz."

It was evident immediately that to stand Chummy Ignatz on his ear must have been not only a very considerable feat of upcocking but an immensely popular job of

work as well. For a profane blast of protest against the slouch hat's damp disturbance of the peace shut off abruptly, and smiles of rapt attention came over every face in the crowded little field office. Long Phil stopped polishing his transit. The party chief clapped shut his survey notes and pocketed a highly erudite lead pencil. Ned Rumfort, the general labor boss, ceased stoking operations on an iniquitous old pipe. And Flatknot Alex Clausen, the big Dane steel erector—sometimes called Flathead for short—with cheek unloaded and pack out, stayed his hand.

The shiny gum coat flapped dismally, like some great crow in a rainstorm, to its perch on a twenty-penny spike; and the sopping hat switched a wet path on the unplaned floor, disclosing a curly head, a stub-nosed face and the smile of one who has not long since glimpsed paradise.

"For the love of mud, Eddy," pleaded a voice, "speak your piece! Speak your piece! Whom doeth what to which?"

"Pete Carlock," said Timekeeper Eddy, the triumph of the bringer of glad tidings in his eye—"Boss Pete upcocketh Chummy Ignatz."

And from his audience came a one-man sigh of joy and the shuffle of much blissful settling back. And while Ed, with a proper disregard for haste, negotiates the makin's and a seat, we will interpolate to introduce the lately upcocked Ignatz

Mr. Cornelius Riggin, first melter at the old North End open hearth at Ironville, was leaving the plant one morning late, after a hell-for-certain battle with a furnace that had mulishly kept its sulphur up a point for fifteen blistering hours. Mr. Riggin had just passed through the time-card alleys when he came face to face with Mr. Ingoldsby Kernan, a sartorially exquisite young man, lately come to Ironville, Pennsylvania, to learn the steel business from the top down. For some months now, with the title of assistant metallurgist, whatever that might mean, and no ostensible duties, he had favored the old open hearth with his immaculate presence for several hours a day, week-ends excepted. Imagine that if you can—week-ends excepted in an open hearth!

Rumor had it that this young sweat dodger was being groomed for the responsible position of son-in-law to the general superintendent. Rumor also had it that he was the possessor of two incompatible things—an aloofness that absolutely precluded recognition of any coworker of unequal social status before or after the whistle, and a wallop up his racket arm to match his weight, which was two hundred-odd, flat-waisted.

But Mr. Riggin took a chance on the first of these two incongruities and offered Mr. Kernan the top of a very elegant morning.

Mr. Kernan, however, evidently did not consider himself on the plant until he had stepped haughtily past the time clock. Deplorable enough that social standing must be set aside for the plebeian business of getting out the tonnage. He passed the genial Irishman frozen-faced

But one of Con's door boys, walking at old Con's side, came through with a classic.

"Your friend Ignatz is a chummy individual, isn't he, Con?" offered the door boy—only it wouldn't have been a classic if open-hearth door boys used such words as "individual."

And Chummy Ignatz stuck. Fat chance to get away with superciliousness at Ironville, Pennsylvania. Nabobery may flourish in some enterprises, but it puffeth itself up not long in shriveling mill fires. Mill fires have a way of welding men of all ranks and nationalities either to actual friendships or to mutual respect. With which remarks we will consider Chummy Ignatz properly introduced and hurry back to as good a gang as ever filled a field office on a rainy day.

"Up at the old North End open hearth I come across Boss Pete," Timekeeper Eddy speaks his piece to a spellbound shantyful. "Boss Pete has an order to put men up there to tear out the old abandoned furnaces any time the weather chases 'em off our job. So while you tramps sit here and keep the tobacco business solvent, I paddle up there in this cloudburst to get the numbers."

Flatknot Alex, the steel shover, let go an ominous growl.

"Listen, boy," said he. "As long as you make a livin' makin' little pencil scratches in a book, don't speak about work while men's around." He hit a sawdust box with a half-pint shot of Bridgeman's Mixture. "Go on about that fight!"

"To what do you refer to—fight, Mr. Clausen?" grinned Eddy. "It didn't last that long. It was more like a blast-furnace kick. A couple dull jars and the air full of ore dust and sulphur fumes. As I says, before this rude fellow interrupts me"—Ed dodged a ball of paint-smeared waste—"I come on Boss Pete at the down-river end of the old open hearth, where a half dozen old pots are still makin' steel. He's standing at the edge of the last pouring pit, lookin' down into it and shakin' his head as I come up.

"'Morning, boss,' I says. 'Nice setting for a wholesale murder down there, eh?'

"And just then who comes struttin' by but Cockalorum Boss drops his hand on my shoulder by way of greeting; but he hails the duke.

"'Morning, Kernan,' says Pete

"'Good morning, Mr. Carlock,' answers Chummy Ignatz.

"'Peter is the name,' the boss comes back, grinning wide, 'meaning a rock. Refers in my case to that portion of the carcass from the neck up. Sometimes called Pete—affectionately. . . . Say, Mr. Kernan, you open-hearth folks really ought to make an easier way out of this pit. If ever there's a spill and men get caught against this blank wall under us, I'd hate to have to see it. That ladder makes me shudder. A wide brick stairway up to this level wouldn't cost two hundred.'

"Ignatz looks at the boss as upstage as a hotel clerk.

"'These pits have been this way for twenty years, I understand,' says he. 'If our construction force would tend strictly to building, and keep its mind free of operation details, we'd not be using these old furnaces now. But until the new plant is running you can bet we'll not be squandering money on de-luxe staircases for that scum down there.'

"Boss Pete looked close to see if this Kernan was horsing him. But there's not the sign of a twinkle in the big stiff's eye

"'Well,' Pete comes back, 'those hunks would find it just as inconvenient to get burned up this afternoon as any time in the last twenty years. And I wouldn't be surprised if it'd hurt scum just as much to paddle around in molten steel as it would you or me, Kernan.'

"But as far as Ignatz was concerned, the interview was ended.

"He turned his back to go; but a dirty shot came to his mind and he couldn't resist the temptation to fire it

"'You ought to know how hard they are to hurt,' he said over his shoulder. 'I understand those fellows down there have to beat up their women regularly to keep their love.'

"He started away, but Pete had him while his foot was in the air. Kernan shook them big shoulders of his. He seemed surprised when Pete's arm didn't fly off his elbow Pete's voice was pleasant. But I never knew before that blue eyes could turn gray.

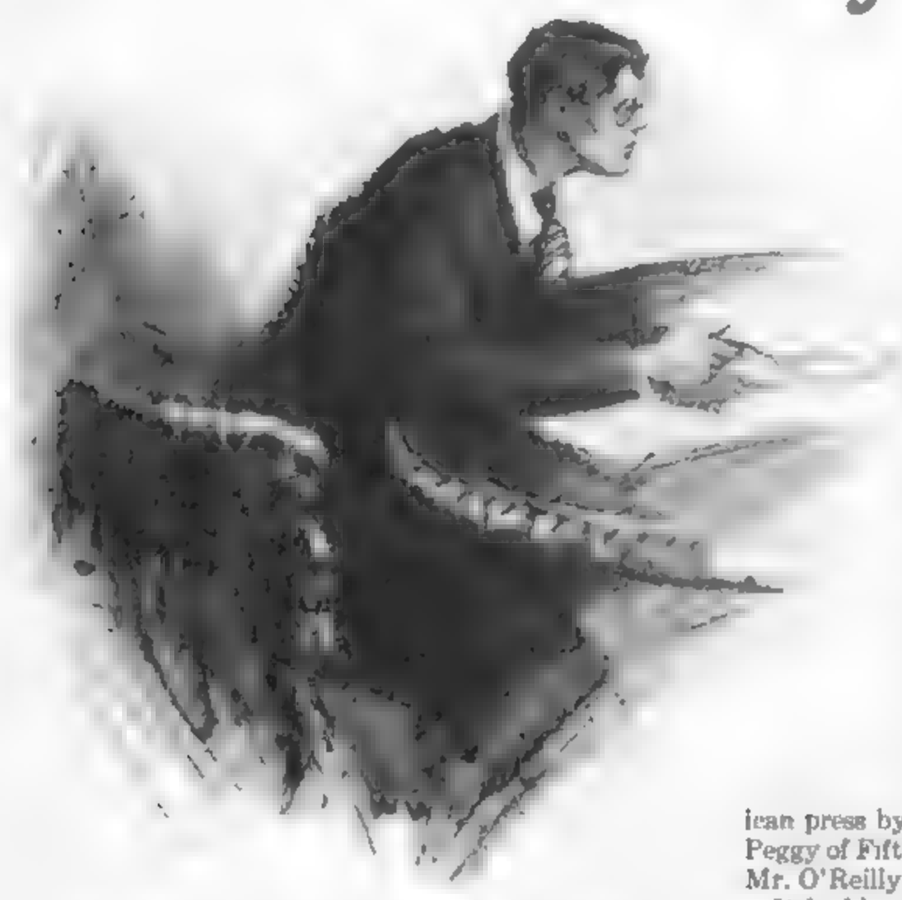
(Continued on Page 43)

"You Have Been Doing This Three Months—Three Months Almost to a Day"

The Shadow on the Silhouette

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE



"For What Is the First Necessity," He Asked, "of a Nation Entering War?"

HELL'S bells!" cried the real Delphine Ducharme. "Where's my pipe?"

The speaker, nervous and overwrought by the occurrences and forebodings of the recent hours, strode rapidly from one corner to another of the sumptuous but disordered studio, in eager and impetuous search. For a time a perfect shower of lingerie filled the air—sphinx green, love-light blue and *couleur de rose*—thrown up by impatient searching hands.

At last it was found—the good old brown pal pipe—beneath the peignoir de chine, whose soft folds had fallen over it, where it lay upon the typewriter stand. Snatching it, filling it and lighting it with strong and nervous fingers, its owner saw and took off from the typewriter the just-finished sheet of copy, which so many thousands of the readers of the women's pages of the press of the United States would recognize at once as the Paris letter of Delphine Ducharme, the great style expert—headlines, directions for the editor and all:

PARIS PRESCRIBES NEW SILHOUETTE
(EXCLUSIVE IN YOUR TERRITORY)

PARIS, February 15, 1917.

O, Mesdames, if you could but motor out with me this afternoon to the Bois in these first pale presages of the spring, or look out as I do now, upon the Place de l'Opéra, and see the new silhouettes here, there and everywhere, you, too, would understand why it is that the Parisienne will have nothing in her wardrobe for this soon arriving season that has not the *jupe tonneau*.

O, mes amies, the *jupe tonneau*—how shall I tell you of its—what shall I say?—its verve, its insouciance, its joyous rebound from the tyranny, the monotony, the harsh straight hated *maigreur* of the *moyen âge*, the *silhouette de chemise*, the one-piece, imposed last year upon us as the supreme penance *effrayante* of this most fearful war. And in which—I whisper to you—some few belated *costumiers* would still wish to imprison us. But *non, non*—in vain!

In vain. The *jupe tonneau*—the barrel skirt, as you, alas, in America must say it—sweeps all before it here. With just a soupçon of the *bouffants*, shorter at least than that which still feebly would oppose it, it gives again to ever-changeable woman that change which most of all her heart demands, desires, insists upon—the annual change of silhouette. And yet not this alone!

Not this alone. For it also gives—this *jupe tonneau* adorable—full opportunity for *madame* to still show her delicious charm of footwear; and bend down, *chérie*—let me whisper in your ear—it marks, they say, the turning of the tide; the return once more toward a waistline; from the exact, the straight, the waistless, which has been of late the despair of all women of fine form. And so—once more bend down, and lower—again the trend back to the corset!

Such, *Mesdames*, are the terms which Paris dictates for the world in this spring of 1917—fair Paris, still imperious ruler of the world of women through all the *bêtises* of this savage so-shocking war.

Toute à vous,
DELPHINE DUCHARME

Reading this once more half aloud, its author threw it down and, treading upon the delicate but unheeded samples of women's wear upon the largely uncarpeted floor, passed to the north windows and gazed out in gloomy apprehension upon the still and unfrequented street just north of the theatrical district of New York, in which the studio lay.

A heavy man, with a deep forceful voice, large teeth and a gray imperial, he was known personally to the world as Richard Roche O'Reilly, the secretary to Mademoiselle Ducharme, Inc., yet in the closer circle of his friends and business associates at the great New York Press Agents Club, it was no secret that he himself was the real and original Delphine Ducharme, whose weekly syndicated letters were only duplicated in influence in shaping the tastes and forms of the readers of the women's pages of the American press by the other weekly letters, from New York, of Peggy of Fifth Avenue, who, also, the vigorous and talented Mr. O'Reilly was well known by his intimates to be.

It had been a hard, trying day in the hardest and most anxious period of the year for the fashion publicity man—the time of the reshaping for another season of the American woman's form or silhouette; the greatest gamble, outside of the stock market, in the great city of New York—upon whose turn such fabulous fortunes, such untold millions hang by a hair each opening season in the chief metropolis of the western world.

The gazer at the window, considering the unexpected and troubling problem of the last few hours, moved uneasily, took his heavy pipe from his lips.

"The silhouette must not be changed this spring!" he said in anger, repeating that astonishing message of yesterday and the earlier morning. "Now who the ——"

The real Delphine Ducharme stopped, arrested on the verge of a bitter oath. For the telephone was calling him again. Striding nervously to it, he heard that unknown polished voice once more.

"Is this the office of Delphine Ducharme, Inc.?"

"It is."

"Is Mademoiselle Ducharme in yet?"

"She is not. No. But I am her secretary," once more the harsh, hostile voice of Richard Roche O'Reilly went back briskly over the wire. "What can I do for you?"

"And have you given her my message?" asked the calm cultivated voice upon the other end of the line, in unmoved politeness.

"What message?" returned the hoarse, firm voice.

"On the silhouette. That it must not be changed this spring," came that strange polite formality again.

"Yes," came the hard, firm, obviously restrained answer.

"And what, please, did she say?"

"She said for you kindly to go run up a tree," returned the real Delphine Ducharme, without perhaps thinking sufficiently just how it would sound. "Say, listen, who do you think you are?" continued the real Mademoiselle Ducharme. "Butting in, telling this country where it gets off on silhouettes. Forbidding the women of America to change their silhouettes this year! Who do you think you are?"

"Let us waive that question for the moment," came back the unmoved, polished, steely voice again. "Let me merely ask you once more to repeat my message. Will you kindly tell Mademoiselle Ducharme, for the last time," the unknown voice went on with great distinctness, "that the silhouette this year will not be changed? And that if she still persists in trying to alter it by means of her style propaganda—in her letters—she must take the consequences."

The cold menace of the polished and commanding voice did not check yet the deep anger of the real Delphine Ducharme; yet it was not without its influence.

"What consequences? What do you think you could do?"

"If you do not act—let me hear from you by two o'clock today—you will know, Mr. O'Reilly!" said the unknown warning voice.

The speaker at the other end of the wire started, stood silent. This unknown and menacing speaker knew his name then!

"What Is It—Just What Is It That You Plan to Have Me Do?"

"And my telephone number, Mr. O'Reilly," said the polished voice, using his name once more, "when you wish to use it, is, as I said before, General 777."

Hearing this, the listener did not reply. For he heard as well the clack in the telephone and knew that the unknown voice was again gone.

Putting down his own receiver, taking up his extinguished pipe, the real Delphine Ducharme relighted it in haste, and having done so, puffed out again great white anxious clouds of smoke.

What was this thing he was up against, that was chasing off the new year's silhouette? In all his twenty years as a press agent he had never seen the like of it. He would have thought that he was crazy and dreamed it, if it was not for the rest—that other thing that was after him.

For a time he strode up and down the dark disordered studio, unmindful of the strewn lingerie upon the floor, the array of costly sample gowns which hung in graceful lines from their hangers along the wall.

Whose was this threatening voice that gave this singular warning? What was this thing? He did not know. And yet he could see this: There was something unusual and suspicious on—that was sure!

"We'll see—we'll see what's going on here," said the real Delphine Ducharme at length, glancing at his watch.

Clapping on his old slouch hat and his long overcoat, he took up his heavy cane, relighted his old pipe, and started upon his way to his luncheon at the great New York Press Agents Club. There, if anywhere, he would find his clew.

II

PASSING down the clanking and debilitated elevator, the real Delphine Ducharme stepped into the little damp-floored entrance hall of the inconspicuous block. There, waiting as he expected, was that man—that professional snapshot or newspaper photographer who had been trailing him.

The real Delphine Ducharme hesitated no longer. Collar up and hat down, he strode up to the hard-faced man with the camera.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked him threateningly.

"Doing what?" asked the somewhat smaller photographer, somewhat vaguely, being taken off his guard.

"Trailing me!"

"Trailing you! What for?" said the photographer, recovering his poise.

"For my picture. What do you suppose?" asked the real Delphine Ducharme.

"Your picture? Who'd want your picture? What for?" asked the professional snapshot man tartly, now well upon his feet again.

"I don't know what for. But you'll know when I hang your camera over your head!" said the real Delphine Ducharme, glaring down upon his smaller opponent.

"Oh, go look in the glass and die!" advised the latter, leaving the hall; apparently closing the incident so far as he was concerned.

But the real Delphine Ducharme was not deceived. He knew he lied. He knew, as soon as he went on, that his mysterious pursuer would be after him, as he had been the past two days, carrying out his unknown and disquieting purpose.

At last, after several minutes' staring, his pipe in his mouth, his cane set firmly in his hand, the sturdy, vigorous figure of the one known to so many hundreds of thousands of American women as Delphine Ducharme stamped out the door, on past the dingy snow piles of late winter, out of the inconsequential side street and upon the busier scene of upper Broadway. And as he went he knew again that his hunter still pursued him. Low-browed, round-headed, in his dingy gray coat, he followed always not very far behind, with the terrifying and dogged persistence of the professional or newspaper snapshot man on the close trail of his prey.

But the man he pursued knew now that for the time being he was safe; protected by the throngs of Broadway, growing always denser as he neared and crossed the heart of the theatrical district. And for the moment he forgot the ever-recurring menace in his rear, the mysterious photographer, and fixed his attention upon his next great preoccupation, the silhouette—as it appeared on Broadway.

Being now one o'clock, it was morning in the theatrical district. The stage girls and the near-stage girls were up and out; the style petrels—the girls in shops and offices, whose relatives are in the great dressmaking shops, and who anticipate by weeks in their homemade gowns the styles which other, wealthier women must wait to buy in shops—these were also out in the closing lunch hour. Yet watching always below all these scores of freshly painted young faces, the great style publicity expert could see as yet no sign of the change in silhouette—in woman's standard form for 1917—upon which so many of his clients' millions must depend. All these slight girlish forms retained the straight silhouette. There was no sign yet of the much-heralded *jupe tonneau*.

With an exclamation of displeasure and disgust Richard Roche O'Reilly passed across the crowded traffic of upper Times Square, and, still followed by the mysterious cameraman, passed without being overtaken through the side street, and from there into the simple but costly entrance of the great New York Press Agents Club.

Here, among its hundreds of members, may be seen at the lunch hour and at dinner time many of the greatest press agents of the world, authors of the most noteworthy fakes in the history of journalism, whose velvet hands are never absent from America's daily news-eating and chatting prosperously or deep in conference over some new free-publicity campaign. Above them, toward the entrance of the great brown-paneled restaurant and hall, a portrait of the curly-headed patron saint of the American circus and the press agent smiles with ever-fresh benignity upon the vivacious scene.

Passing by the crowded tables, through the atmosphere of fine tobacco, comfort and rich food, Richard Roche O'Reilly went on. It was the breakfast hour of the theatrical press agents, just arisen for the dawning of another night on Broadway; and the man he must find would be among them, he knew—seated in the quiet farther corner of the big room. He now saw him through the smoke.

A lean, meager, mirthless man, with the manner and carefully selected clothing, spats and facial expression of a distinguished actor, Mather Murchison, nicknamed the Monk, was a recognized leader—perhaps the greatest money earner among the wealthy moving-picture press agents of New York. It was his ingenuity that had let the lion loose in the lobby of the greatest of New York hotels just before the first performance of The Lion's Bride, and which had brought in from Asia Minor the squad of imperial Arabian mounted police upon their secret mission just before the opening of The Sobs of the Sultan's Sister.

The sad-faced but emotionless man looked up and then down again with no change of expression as the real Delphine Ducharme threw himself into the sturdy brown chophouse chair across from him, and wiped his ridged and reddened brow.

"I got the jorem joodlums! I can't sleep nights! What is this thing that's chasing me?" he broke out presently in a hoarse and anxious voice

The other merely looked at him with silent questioning eyes, above his upraised coffee cup, as he went on, telling him about the mysterious voice forbidding the change in the spring silhouette, the relentless snapshot photographer hounding his footsteps for the past two days.

"Who is it? What crowd is out in this town hunting me? Fighting off the silhouette?" he cried.

"You tell me," said his undemonstrative friend, continuing the buttering of his toast, and yet with a keen and ever-sharpening look of understanding in his eyes.

"If I could I wouldn't be here asking you," returned the real Delphine Ducharme, his hoarse voice hardening, his stiff imperial stiffening upon his determined chin. "But I can tell you what it is going to mean to me—to my publicity clients—if we can't pry loose this long straight-line silhouette stuff we're trying to take off the women now! What it will mean to the women's shoe people and the dress-goods trade and the corset crowd, if we can't switch around the silhouette here in the next two months! To say nothing of what my women's-wear clients here in town have got tied up already in this *jupe tonneau!* It'll mean millions. That's what it will mean!"

The other, engaged in opening and preparing another egg, English fashion, did not yet reply, as the real Delphine Ducharme, his own luncheon now lying untouched before him, went on, redder and redder, his pipe now lighted, throwing out greater and whiter volumes of smoke, expanding on the terrific gamble on the silhouette.

"There's millions—millions of dollars at stake right now," he stated hoarsely. "The life of whole towns—the whole East Side—all hanging on the chance of getting something going by this next change in the silhouette. It's big, I tell you, big! Next to Wall Street, the biggest thing in New York!"

The other, his egg and his breakfast finished, looked up with unmoved face, and spoke at last in his quiet melancholy voice.

"But not so big," he said, "as this thing that's after you today!"

"What's after me? What is it? Tell me—if you know!" cried the real Delphine Ducharme hoarsely, and coughing suddenly in his excitement, blew in reverse into his pipe, scattering its contents widely upon the table, the food and his companion.

"I don't know," said his friend, wiping off his person, with unperturbed but minute attention.

"Then what did you say that for?" asked his deeply anxious friend. "What do you know?" he asked jerkily. For this thing was getting him—beginning to!

"Nothing," his sad and even-voiced friend replied, "except I know it's probably the same thing that's after you with us."

"With you?" cried the real Delphine Ducharme. "What do you mean—with you?"

"Haven't you heard the news yet?"

"No."

"Mollie Mavourneen has jumped her contract with you."

"What?" cried the real Delphine Ducharme, his pipe falling from his fingers at this unexpected blow—the news of the betrayal of his clients' interests by the great moving-picture star.

"You mean she's given up our silhouette—the *jupe tonneau*—in Flaming New York?"

The other bowed in silence.

"And what about her contract?"

"Their lawyers say they've found a way to beat it."

"But they had fifty thousand dollars tied up already in costumes!"

"All junked. Every one. The whole movie industry has switched back overnight to the straight silhouette. And the stage! They're off the *jupe tonneau* altogether."

The real Delphine Ducharme reached out an unsteady hairy hand across the table to his companion.

"Say, what is this thing? What's going on here?" he asked in a low, hoarse whisper, looking carefully around him as he did so.

"I don't know. I can't get a word out of them," said the leader of the motion-picture press agents, lowering his own low voice in turn. "All I know is that they're scared wabbly—the biggest in the business!"

"Scared!" repeated his listener hoarsely.

"Would they be pitching all that money out of the window if they weren't?"

"But who—who ——" stammered the other, and stopped short, his companion speaking in his silence.

"That shows you," he was saying, "whether they're big or not—whoever's back of this! If these big boys in the movies

(Continued on Page 147)

"Let Me Whisper in Your Ear—it Marks, They Say, the Turning of the Tide; the Return Once More Toward a Waistline"

GIVE AND TAKE

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I Know Men, and Some are Good and Some Bad and Some Just Average, But it Seems to Me You've Got Hold of a Grasper"

UNTIL she fell in love with Frank Norris, Anne thought the world a simple place to live in. She even believed the thirty shillings a week she earned hammering a typewriter for Sefton, Peas & Willoughby was quite a lot of money. She had a tiny bed-sitting room on the top floor of a house in Markham Square, Chelsea. It was a very nice bedroom or sitting room and the metamorphosis which transformed the one into the other or the other into the one was a triumph of ingenuity and sage-green serge. Anne paid twenty-one shillings a week for the room, and that included an egg with her morning tea and a sort of dinner at night which consisted of cocoa, a little cold ham and sometimes a split herring. Jam was extra, but she usually had it. Of the nine shillings which remained, sixpence a day went in fares and fivepence in lunch. Fivepence was rather a lot to spend on lunch, but Anne was partial to high living and preferred quality to quantity. A glass of hot milk, 1½ d., and a French pastry, 3½ d., was her daily diet. She would rise from the table with æsthetic tastes gratified but hunger unabated. On Wednesdays she walked for two penn'orth of her bus rides and spent that sum on a half portion of Cambridge sausage.

There are proteids and vitamins in a Cambridge sausage, which, as anyone will tell you, are necessary to the maintenance of health.

The rest of her earnings was set aside for clothing, charity, Christmas cards, saving, and an occasional packet of cigarettes. It will be seen that Anne was very well off.

Frank was a splendid fellow, with great breadth of body if not of mind. He judged the world by appearances, and most of his judgments were censorious. He was handsome and conventional, and in his small way he belonged to the treat-'em-rough school. I say "in his small way" because he had not achieved any very marked success in the world of commerce. He was employed in the accountancy department of a big house in the City and received two guineas a week for his services. He lived with his mother in Fulham, and she absorbed most of his earnings. Frank often tried to induce her to absorb less, but Mrs. Norris was a woman of personality and determination.

Frank did not entertain a high opinion of women, regarding them as inconsequent creatures whose heads were easily turned. It is strange that this should have been so, having regard to the fact that the majority of women with whom he had been acquainted thought him an ass and did not disguise their feelings.

Anne, on the other hand, thought him wonderful. They met on the top of a Number 22 motorbus, and in the expressive phraseology of 1924 they got off with each other. This should not be taken to imply that Frank alighted with her at Markham Square, Chelsea; on the contrary, he proceeded with thoughts of her to Harwood Road, Fulham.

The getting off was induced by mutual admiration conceived over a period of three months' silent companionship of travel. For two months they rode on opposite sides of the gangway on the top of the bus, until one morning accidentally they found themselves side by side. Followed a rainstorm—"Would you care for the tarpaulin?"—and behold, they were friends.

It must not be imagined Frank accepted lightly the responsibility of having picked up a girl on a London motorbus. He was aware that many men made a practice of that sort of thing, but in his opinion it did not add to their renown.

His own case, of course, was different, since he knew himself to be a man of upright principles. This, however, did not entirely exonerate Anne from blame.

"I don't deny it's very pleasant traveling up to the City together," he admitted, "but you ought to be careful about falling into conversations with strangers. You will, won't you?"

Anne assured him that she would with a quick nod and a quicker flush. By a twist of femininity the rebuke did not reach her in that form, but rather provided a comfortable sense of being protected.

It was a change to have someone who minded what she said or did. That night she repeated his words to her split herring, which became quite invertebrate with delight. Also the jam tasted sweeter.

That, of course, was very stupid, but love involves its adherents in folly as well as in expenditure. She was happy.

Now in the ordinary way Anne was a sensible girl whose small head was screwed tightly to a neat pair of shoulders. She was a worker and was wise to the ways of a man with a maid. Being unusually pretty a lot of attention had come her way, but Frank was the first man who had touched her heart, and in so doing had touched her brain. For Frank's sake she was prepared to be as silly as you please. The breadth of his shoulders, the large and rather underhung jaw, with its false hint of great determination, his muscular hands and his quiet yet forceful mode of speech—all conspired to make him irresistible. Metaphorically she prostrated herself before his altar to be trampled upon or uplifted according to his will.

Frank steered a middle course which provided gratifying opportunities to demonstrate what an all-round good fellow he was. Thus, while she sat beside him on the bus he would regale her with evidences of his virtue, strength, benevolence and generosity to the weak.

The weak, in these recitals, were usually embodied in the person of his mother, misrepresented for the purpose of effect as an old lady of failing health, whose joy in life centered in the proud contemplation of her son.

"If I have to go short myself," he said, "what does it matter so long as the old lady is happy?"

Anne thought this a very beautiful sentiment. On the other hand, she conceived a dislike for the old lady, inspired by the belief that she was a selfish old thing who sheet-anchored her son's chances of enjoyment by absorbing too much of his earnings.

She did not encourage Frank to talk about his mother he needed no encouragement; she preferred to hear tell of valorous exploits where righteous indignation had driven him to thrust forward his determined chin and say such words as "Either you get out or be chucked out." It made her thrill.

"It must be so wonderful to be able to do it too," she would say, trembling with admiration.

Then Frank would nod and work his hands suggestively. Those great hands!

Splendid he was!

Came a time when friendship had gone too far to be satisfied with daily bus rides.

"We might meet in the lunch hour and feed together," he suggested.

That was a stupendous idea.

"Only if you let me pay for my own," she said.

Frank Norris made no objection.

"It goes against the grain, but if I spent anything extra it would mean the old lady suffering for it."

"Of course," said Anne.

"We'll go halves then."

A marvelous lunch. Anne had a glass of milk and a piece of Mocha cake; Frank had a meat pudding, a baton and butter, a portion of marmalade, and a cup of coffee. The bill was one shilling and eightpence, and they each paid half, like real partners. Marvelous! Half of one and eightpence is tenpence.

So Anne was fivepence poorer in pocket that day and no better off in the way of nourishment. But consider the rapture that was hers in knowing that she had been privileged to put five penn'orth of vitamins into the splendid frame of her lover.

Of course something would have to be done in the way of retrenchment, and Anne decided to walk back from the City that night. Naturally she couldn't tell Frank why she proposed to do so, and made some remark about "these lovely spring evenings" which did not go at all well.

"If you prefer walking to riding with me," he said.

"Oh, Frank, you know I don't."

"It seems you do."

Economy took wings, borrowed perhaps from Cupid.

"I'll ride," said Anne.

So that threepence was never saved.

Frank was rather depressing as they rode home together that night. After infinite pains Anne dragged from him the cause.

"It's never having any money to spend," he said. "No margin. All one's spare cash swallowed up by fares and lunches. Nice, for instance, if we could have made a few excursions on Saturdays. Now the football is over, there is nothing whatever to do."

The rider was the least attractive part of the sentence. Anne, however, did not complain. It sufficed that he had thought of their being together.

"Fares do swallow up a lot," she admitted. "But perhaps we could have some walks together."

Frank considered the proposal.

"Where to? That's the question."

"There's Wimbledon."

"Such a sweat getting there." Fine manly words he used. "If we had bikes it 'ud be different," he added.

"Yes."

"That's what I want," he said, warming to the subject; "a bike. I'd save four bob a week if I had a bike—use it to and from the City. Then one 'ud have a bit to spend – better lunches, and so on."

Thoughtless beast that she was. It hadn't occurred to her that such a lunch as she had seen him eat was inadequate. Beside her was a man half starved for want of a bicycle. There was no justice in the world. Of course if he had a bicycle it would rob her of his society on the motor-bus. Rather selfishly she murmured something to that effect just to see what he would say—hopefully! That aspect of the case had not presented itself to him and he ignored it. Much of strength lay in the capacity to hold a conversation down to his own point.

Anne returned to safer ground sympathy. Like most men he could stand for a lot of that.

It drew from him a wholly unexpected expression of regard.

"You know, Anne, I like you. You're not silly like most girls. I wonder ——" But he did not finish the sentence.

"Yes—wonder what?"

"Nothing; just thought I'd like you to have come to tea, only ——"

"Oh—I'd love that! To your house you mean?"

He looked at her restrainingly.

"The only thing is ——"

"What?"

"The old lady. You see, I'd be obliged to tell her how we met, and you know what old people are. Of course we know it's all right, but she's a great one for proper introductions, and might not understand. One doesn't want to offend her."

"No," said Anne slowly. "No, of course not."

But she was hurt.

"You see my point?"

"Oh, yes."

"The only alternative is go out somewhere."

Anne became suddenly bold.

"That's not the only alternative. You could come to me. I've a—a sitting room."

"Why, yes, I suppose I could, if you really mean it."

"Mrs. Nesbit wouldn't mind."

"Who's Mrs. Nesbit?"

"My landlady. She'd know I wouldn't bring anyone who wasn't all right."

It was not a reprisal, but rather a ricochet off that section of her mind bruised by Frank's hint of his mother's possible disapproval.

"I shall be delighted to come," he answered, with just that touch of ceremony a well-bred person employs when accepting an invitation.

"We'll have tea early—about six, and afterwards perhaps we might go on somewhere."

"We can see how we feel," he replied guardedly. "After a long week I'm generally a bit slack on Saturday evenings. What were you thinking of?"

"I don't know. Pictures or—do you dance?"

There was suppressed eagerness in the proposal to dance, as though upon his answer much depended. With Anne, dancing was an escape into paradise—and doubly would this be so with Frank for partner. For months she had been saving a few pennies a week towards the purchase of a gramophone wherewith to educate her small light feet to the ways of modern steps.

Frank, however, betrayed no answering eagerness.

"I've given it up entirely," he said. "This rough-and-tumble stuff that passes nowadays for dancing has no attraction for me. The old-fashioned waltz now ——"

Of course it was disappointing, but Anne would not allow disappointment to dull the edge of her esteem for Frank. She even found herself rejoicing that he set his face against dancing, inasmuch as it insured his arm against traveling round the waists of other maidens.

Irrespective of proved merits she had set him upon a pedestal, and there he stood—a specimen of magnificent manhood, who hadn't got a bicycle.

Sad to relate, Anne was driven to dip deeply into her gramophone fund to provide comforts and necessities for her lover's delight. By no means could his first visit to her apartments be dealt with in terms of herrings and jam. She seriously contemplated the purchase of a chicken, but the price of even the smallest placed it beyond the reach of her purse, and she effected a compromise with a large mutton chop and a small lamb cutlet, to be divided as imagination will suggest. Also there were two sponge cakes soaked in apricot juice and custard, and embellished with hundreds and thousands to provide a party appearance.

Half an hour before Frank's arrival Anne raced up to the King's Road, Chelsea, and bought a tin of sardines and a bunch of radishes to act as a prologue. The table was set with small mats in place of a conventional damask cloth, and in the center was a vase of flowers with the sardines on one side, the sweet on the other, and an empty space opposite her chair for the reception of the chops. She had burnished the white-metal table implements to look like silver, had smoothed the salt and scraped the advertising label off the free pepper pot. There were crusty rolls in the hearts of the paper napkins.

Mrs. Nesbit, who was persuaded to climb the stairs for a private view of the preparations, gave it as her considered opinion that they were fit for the Prince of Wales.

"And what time do you want your chops, dear?" she asked.

"Not till six."

"And the young gentleman's coming at four?"

Anne nodded.

Mrs. Nesbit shook her head.

"It's for you to say, but I can't 'elp fearin' you make a mistake. Men's greedy, even the best of 'em, and it's askin' a lot of a fellar to sit quiet for two hours with all them things in front of him. If you 'ave any trouble just ring twice and I'll pop 'em in the pan straight away."

Further discussion was ended by the sound of the front door bell.

"I will," said Anne, and fled from the room.

Love magnifies adored objects disproportionately, and it seemed to Anne that Frank entirely filled the hall of the house when she admitted him. His immensity reacted upon her in two directions—it robbed her of speech and awoke a sudden alarm that the mutton chop was not so big as it had seemed at the butcher's.

Plunged into a new atmosphere lovers are apt to be awkward, and the ascent to the top floor was made in an impressive silence.

At last, "Here we are," said Anne, with eyes expectantly fixed on Frank.

A shaft of afternoon sunlight streamed upon the trifle, and it was that delicious article of food which first attracted Frank's admiring gaze.

By a happy chance, trifle was a sweet to which he was passionately devoted, and the spectacle of one so convenient to the palate awoke all that was most genial in his nature. The sight of sardines, too, provided, in anticipation, agreeable sensations, as also did the empty space with

(Continued on Page 78)

"Wake Up," She Said, "A Fellow Wants You"

WEBER AND FIELDS

By Felix Isman
and
Wesley W. Stout

Sam Bernard as a Young Man

Harry Miner, of Miner's Bowery and Eighth Avenue Variety Theaters

Eddie Foy in 1890

Here we are, a jolly pair,
With no troubles or care
We are here once more
To make the people roar,
Before we go to the ball.

When first we landed over here
The people said we looked so queer;
But we leave that to you;
It's the best thing we can do.
We are going down to the fancy ball.

MASTERS WEBER AND FIELDS now were in their teens, with five years of song and dance in dime museums, variety theaters and beer gardens behind them. The words above, need it be said, were their own, the tune borrowed from something they once had heard. They first piped it in the cellars and livery lofts of East Broadway, tried to sing it at their Turn Hall debacle, made their entrance with it at their Chatham Square Museum professional debut.

Serviceable lyrics, those. For a black-face act, they sang, "Here we are, a colored pair"; for an Irish act, "Here we are, an Irish pair"; for a German number, "Here we are, a German pair." The rest of the words needed no alterations. They fit any figure, as did the secondhand suits in the Bowery schlockshops. The costumes and make-up were expected to carry the illusion. The Irish turn was decked out with green satin breeches, black velvet coats, green bow ties and green derbies. With this, they threw in a song that went, as nearly as they remember:

Success to the shamrock,
And soon may it be
Entwined with the violet
And the emblem of the free.
Ireland for the Irish.
May God give freedom to their isle,
Acushla Gall Machree.

What the last meant they did not know then, and have not learned since. And all the Acushlas in Erin and all the green in the spectrum could not conceal the flamboyantly Semitic cast of their faces. As a random shot one night at Miner's Bowery Theater, they put their hands over their noses as they sang, "Here we are, an Irish pair." The house howled, and no Jewish comedian from that day on has failed to use that gesture.

The Marathon Record at Pool

THE German knockabout number they had devised overnight at the Globe Museum to humble their old enemy, Joe Fields, had been put aside to be used now and then in an emergency. They had little love for it; it left too many bruises. Their stock in trade continued to be the original black-face turn, and the Neat Irish Songs and Dances and Paper-Tearing; This Act Must be Seen to be Appreciated—as their billing read.

A standard and inexpensive kid act for any hard-pressed manager to fall back upon to round out a bill. They had won this measure of recognition, a certain feeling for the theater, a sense of ease with audiences, a little facility at give and take, and some mastery over their limbs and voices. These are the A B C's of the stage. But they had lost their momentum. Their song and dance was much the same act with which they had begun. Much smoother, make-up and costumes no longer amateurish, a bit of new business here and there; but instantly recognizable to anyone who had seen them in 1876 at the Globe. Old stuff, in other words.

They were at that critical point when the child actor is about to lose his childhood, and to discover coincidently that a little precocity was all the theatrical baggage he ever had. There are many notable actors and actresses on our stage who memorized lines before they did their letters, but they are a small company alongside the prodigies who walked out the stage door arm in arm with their youth; actors with a future become hat salesmen with a past.

The backwashes of the stage, too, are cluttered with the hulks of men and women who made their hit, then dropped their oars overboard. Get out your programs of fifteen years ago and call the roll. They will answer from the boarding houses of the Forties. Tomorrow they will go the rounds of the booking offices again, peddling the "knock-out that stopped the show in 1908," showing a book of press clippings that began to grow thin about 1912 and deploring the lowered standards of the day. Many of them had sweat for years to make that one big success; and having made it, sat down, while the theater went on. It is a spectacle familiar to other trades.

Weber and Fields had been out of work for months, and loafed the days away in the saloon that was a part of Miner's Bowery Theater, a sort of unofficial club for variety actors. The dues were paid over the bar and delinquent members were posted by being thrown out the door. As neither drank, they justified their presence by playing pool. Billiards was charged for by the hour, but pool went by the game at two and a half cents a cue. Long experiment had proved that rotation pool, with the last ball banked, could be made to last almost indefinitely. If either player had the ill luck to pocket a ball at which he was presumed to be shooting, the other was ready with a cry of "Scratch!" and the ball was returned to the spot. It isn't to be found in the sporting annuals, but Weber and Fields claim the American endurance record of three hours and sixteen minutes in pocketing fifteen balls on one of Mr. Miner's tables. This game actually never was finished, a billiard marker who had been watching out of the corner of his eye having declared a foul and stopped it.

The stage manager strolled through the barroom on a Friday night, saw the two at their endless pool playing and offered them twenty dollars to play the house the following week. They grabbed at it, but in a theater where fifty dollars for teams and thirty dollars for singles was standard pay, twenty dollars was a sorry price for a team, and their misgivings increased. They had sent in their stock Irish-songs-and-dances billing, but Lew suggested that it might be well to drag out the old German knockabout act and work it over for this engagement. It was so decided, and they toiled all Saturday and Sunday on the turn, practicing in a bedroom and taking fearful falls.

Sore and stiff, they reported at the theater on Monday morning to find that the show was the Ada Richman burlesque, one of the first American burlesque troupes, and the only one then traveling. The bill consisted of first and third parts of burlesque, with three or four specialties in between. All specialty acts in that day were expected to double as a matter of course. At a Brooklyn theater, when they were making their first appearance, Weber and Fields once found themselves cast as the hero and villain respectively of the afterpiece. They were agreeable; but the manager, who had assumed from their billing that they were grown, took one look and made hasty substitutions.

Crabbing the Act

WHAT contribution the specialty people made to the balance of the show was left largely to their own judgment. For their part in the opening burlesque the boys made up in grotesque tights, and were dubbed, at first sight, Tom and Hattie, names that clung to them until they were grown. Virginia Ross and Ed Connelly had a duet in the first part. Miss Ross had a coloratura voice of which she was properly proud. She was using it to full effect, supported by Connelly's barytone, the rest of the company grouped behind them. In the mistaken belief that something more than respectful silence was expected of them, Masters Weber and Fields launched a broad pantomime of the singers behind their backs. The audience sniggered. Miss Ross missed a note and Connelly said something out of the corner of his mouth which the boys mistook for approbation. They kicked each other and took two comedy falls. The house laughed aloud. At the curtain, Miss Ross gave herself up to hysterics; and Connelly, stage manager of the troupe, demanded their blood. The house manager, after a stormy time, succeeded in persuading the barytone that he had mistaken ignorance for malice.

In rehearsing with the orchestra that morning, Charles Pettingell, of the American Four, another specialty on the bill, and a big drawing card of the '80's, had interrupted with a demand to know where they had got their music.

"We wrote it ourselves," they told him.

"Did you now?" There was sarcasm in Pettingell's voice. "That is interesting. But it so happens that that music belongs to us, and we won't need any help in singing it."

This was one night, evidently, when "Here we are, a jolly pair"—a colored, Irish, German or any other pair—was not to introduce them to an audience. Pettingell's injunction took away the only tune they knew for their homemade lyrics. They never had made an entrance otherwise, and without it they were as lost as a hymn book at an Elks clambake.

Without any of the three being aware of it, Pettingell had understudied for fate that day. Five years of give and take had schooled Weber and Fields well in taking care of the unexpected on the stage and off. There was no time now to rehearse a new entrance. In lieu of the lost song, an experiment was agreed upon. They would walk onstage talking excitedly in broad German-English and mispronounce every word as ludicrously as possible. It would be necessary to make up the dialogue as they went along. Vamping and ad libbing, it is known to the profession. When they had killed the time usually given to the song, they would take up the old act at the knockabout

As the cheapest act on the bill, they opened the variety program. At the last moment Weber had varied his original costume with a coat borrowed from a sister-in-law. It was the day of puffed sleeves and flaring tails in women's coats This absurdity drew a laugh from the house the moment it saw him.

They came out from the wings shouting and gesturing furiously, and flinging the mangled corpses of murdered English words at each other. There had been German-dialect comedians before, but no such interchange of twisted, strangled speech as this. Each mispronunciation was echoed by a roar from out front. Heartened by such a reception, they worked the harder and more confidently, and shaded off into the knockabout.

A Knockabout Knockout

IN A CLIMAX of seeming fury, Fields reached out with his crooked cane, hooked it around Weber's neck and threw him. Weber arose, hooked his cane around Fields' neck and dragged him across the stage, while the house rocked with glee. Fields kicked Weber in his padded stomach and hit him murderously over his padded head. They did everything in their own repertoire and improvised from their memory of other acts. Weber's pillow padding got knocked askew and made him even more ridiculous. Here was true slapstick and in a new dress, the most primitive and the most effective of humor. Others in the company hurried from their dressing rooms to learn what had set off the audience. Masters Weber and Fields had stopped the show.

The management was suspicious. Packing the house at Monday openings with neighbors and kinsfolk was a familiar artifice. There was a Tuesday-afternoon show at Miner's Bowery called the actors' matinée, from the number of the profession, their Tuesday afternoons free, who were accustomed to attend. Here would be a critical house and a more convincing test. But Tuesday matinée was a repetition of Monday night. Tuesday night the curtain man blistered his hands hauling the drop up and down for the calls at the finish of the knockabout. The management was persuaded.

That night the house manager, Sheldon, sought them out.

"How would you boys like to play our Eighth Avenue house next week?" he asked with the air of one bestowing largess.

"We'd like to—for fifty dollars." Joe did the answering.

Sheldon lifted his eyebrows and shifted his quid of tobacco.

"Whoops, my dear!" he exclaimed. "Got the big head already, eh? Back to the pool tables for you, my sons! I don't think you finished that game last Friday night."

The discussion ended without Lew having spoken. Outside, he had much to say

"I've got a business man for a partner, I have," he opened. "We lay around six months looking for work, and just when we get it, and have the Bowery talking about us, you kick the manager in the face. Who do you think you are? Booth and Barrett, or somebody? It's a good thing for me I've got you around to look after my interests or I might have missed a chance to get a nice job scaling fish in the Washington Market next Monday." And more to that effect. Joe thought of no adequate reply.

But Sheldon looked them up again on Thursday night.

"It's a lucky thing for you two whippersnappers," he began, "that I couldn't find another act for the Eighth Avenue next week. You get the fifty dollars. Now swell up like two poisoned pups and bust it'll ruin you for good, probably. I'll have that satisfaction."

It was their first time at Miner's uptown house and rarefied air after one hundred and eighty nights in a barroom. Colonel Hopkins, owner of the Theater Comique at Providence, was in town looking for acts for his house. Edward Talbot, on the bill with them at the Eighth Avenue, had been booked for the Comique two weeks hence and would be unable to keep the engagement. He told the boys that Hopkins would be in to see the show sometime during the week and promised to suggest them as a substitute.

"If he wants you to go cheap, laugh at him," he warned. "Ask for a yard and a quarter," by which he meant one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

Geo. B. Bunnell, a Dime Museum Manager and Rival of Barnum

That was a fantastic sum, but Masters Weber and Fields were in an asking mood by now. Eighth Avenue was as flattering as the Bowery, and presumably a more fastidious public. Colonel Hopkins came, saw and was impressed. Would they like to come to Providence? They would -for one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

"All right; send in your billing," the colonel concurred, just like that.

Here was something rotten in Denmark. In their two-by-four dressing rooms, they talked over the colonel's all-too-ready compliance. A manager who would agree without a struggle to part with one hundred and twenty-five dollars very likely was one who had no intention of paying anything. The Bowery was a long walk from Providence. They would devote next week to seeking an engagement at a figure there was a chance of getting.

Not With That Face

BUT they failed to find it. Better Providence, and trust to Providence, than back to the pool tables. The cheapest route to the Rhode Island capital was by steamer to Fall River, thence by rail. Saturday noon they bought two tickets and checked their trunk. The boat would sail at six P. M., the ticket agent said. At half past five they approached the wharf in company of Weber's brother and a friend whom they remember only as Jersey Sam. A steamer's siren was hooting. It had the sound of a boat pulling out. A boat, in fact, was pulling out—their boat, and their trunk, containing their all, aboard. That day the Fall River Line had shifted its schedule and the absent-minded ticket agent had forgotten

Between them Weber and Fields had possibly sixty cents. Weber's brother had nothing. But Jersey Sam, in an ill-advised confidence, had admitted ownership of five dollars. That would buy two half-fare tickets by the all-rail route to Providence, but Jersey Sam had other plans for his five dollars. Lew wept, Joe pleaded, his brother promised, and Jersey Sam was lost.

At the old Grand Central Station Joe sidled up to the New Haven ticket window, stooped low, his eyes just showing above the counter, and gave his best imitation of a frightened small boy asking for half-fare tickets to Providence for himself and baby brother. The ticket agent hissed the act.

They waited until another ticket agent came on duty. This time Lew toddled to the window, and in a lisping treble asked if this was the place where little boys bought half-fare tickets for Providence. He lacked only a rattle.

The ticket seller raised up, peered over the counter and said, "Not with that face!"

The board of strategy met again. When half-fare tickets were bought in connection with full-fare billets, the railroad was not so inquisitive. Why not locate some adult bound for Providence and persuade him to act as their purchasing agent? Taking stands at the station's busiest door, they grabbed at the coat tails of every man who passed in, clamoring, "Mister, are you going to Providence?" New York's manners have not altered greatly since the early '80's. Nine brushed by without answering, sensing a snare; the tenth would

(Continued on Page 70)

The Eleventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, Home of Stock Minstrelsy, After Carncross' Death and the Succession of Frank Dumont. The Building, Originally a Church, Was Razed in 1911

BILL THE CONQUEROR

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER VI

HAD Flick waited a minute longer before taking her cab, she would have perceived Judson returning baffled from the chase. Even in his Harvard days, when he was young and lissom, athletic feats had never been in Judson's line; and nowadays a twenty yard dash was about the limit of his sprinting capacity. This being in the nature of a special occasion, he had extended himself to a matter of fifty yards before admitting defeat; but at that point his legs and lungs had united in a formal protest too vigorous to be overruled

But, though checked, Judson was not checkmated. Even as he paused, doubled up and gasping, with his back against the friendly railings of the Embankment Gardens, an idea had come to him. When—or if—he got his breath back again he would return to Tilbury House and there acquire certain information. He was now on his way to put this scheme into action.

The commissionaire was still out having his breath of air when he reached the familiar vestibule. In his seat there sat a boy in buttons—not the one with whom Judson had had the little unpleasantness, but another and more likable looking lad. To him Judson addressed himself.

"Say, listen!" said Judson.

"Sir?" said the infant courteously

Judson bent nearer and lowered his voice.

"I want to know Mr. Pyke's private address."

The boy shook his head, and into his manner there crept the dawning of a new austerity.

"Ain't allowed to give private addresses"

Judson had hoped not to be compelled to call up his last line of reserves, but it seemed unavoidable. From the slender store in his trousers pocket he produced a shilling and a sixpence. He held them up in silence. The boy wavered.

"It's against the rules," he said wistfully.

Judson spoke no word, but he clinked the coins meditatively in his hand. The little fellow's agitation visibly increased.

"What d'you want to know it for?" he quavered.

Judson, with masterly strategy, dropped the shilling, allowed it to roll in a wide circle, then picked it up and clinked it once more against the sixpence. The boy was but flesh and blood; he stole to the foot of the stairs and listened intently for a moment; then, creeping back, whispered in Judson's ear.

The money changed hands and Judson took his departure.

His Speculations on This Problem Were Interrupted by the Sight of Something Even More Remarkable—a Dark Figure Apparently Crawling Down the Side of the House

II

IT WAS nearly half past seven when Flick returned to Holly House. She had driven in her cab to the Savoy Hotel and there, in one of the writing rooms, had remained for a considerable period of time, most of which was spent in chewing a pen and staring straight in front of her. Eventually, seizing a sheet of note paper, she had dashed down a few lines and without stopping to reread them had sealed the envelope and posted it in the lobby. Then, feeling oddly uplifted, she had walked composedly out and taken an Underground train to Wimbledon. She felt defiant but calm. Her heart sang rebel songs as she walked up the drive, songs as old and dangerously intoxicating as the spring itself.

Mrs. Hammond came out of the drawing-room as she was crossing the hall.

"How late you are, Felicia. Be quick and dress. Your Uncle George and Roderick are coming to dinner at eight."

This was news to Flick.

"Are they?" she said.

"Surely Roderick told you," said Mrs. Hammond. "It was settled on the telephone just after lunch. It is the only night your uncle can manage, as he is obliged to go to Paris tomorrow and expects to be away at least a week. The Bagshotts and one or two other people are coming. Very strange, Roderick saying nothing about it to you."

"He left me in rather a hurry," said Flick. "I suppose he would have mentioned it if he had not been unexpectedly interrupted."

"Poor Roderick! I suppose he is kept very busy," said Mrs. Hammond. "How was the dear boy?"

"Very agile."

"Agile?" Mrs. Hammond stared. "What do you mean?"

Flick stopped at the foot of the stairs.

"Aunt Frances," she said, "I've something to tell you. I am not going to marry Roderick. I have written to him breaking off the engagement."

CHAPTER VII

WHILE the stirring events just recorded were in progress in and about the headquarters of the Mammoth Publishing Company at Tilbury House, Bill West had been sitting in markedly gloomy meditation on the little balcony which ran outside the dining room of his flat in the Prince of Wales Road, Battersea. He had come out here because the silent reproach in the lovely eyes of the twelve photographs of Alice Coker in the sitting room had proved after a while too much for his sensitive conscience to endure. The disappearance of Judson had left him ill at ease and apprehensive, filling him with a guilty sense of having failed in his duty as a guardian; and the photographs, staring at him like so many accusing angels, deepened this feeling.

"Why," they seemed to ask, "were you so remiss? You were my brother's keeper. Why did you not bean him with a shoe before he could make his get-away?"

The question was unanswerable. The most rudimentary intelligence should have told him that the course he ought to have pursued was to jump on Judson's neck, even if it involved diving down two flights of stairs, and thus prevent that earnest young inebriate from galloping out into the heart of London with money in his pocket. Now goodness knew what would happen, or when—and in what shape—the heir of the Cokers would return to the fold.

These Prince of Wales Road balconies are pleasant aeries. From their agreeable eminence you can see over the trees into Battersea Park and revel, if you are in the mood for it, in the delicate green of turf and shooting leaf. You can also see down the road for quite a distance both ways. And so it came about that, just as dusk had begun to fall and the golden lamps shone out in the street below, Bill was aware of a familiar figure tramping along the pavement toward the entrance of Marmont Mansions.

At first he was blankly incredulous. It could not be Judson. Judson must now be miles away, out where the West End begins, slaking a two weeks' old thirst with cocktails. But the figure came into the light of a lamp, and it was indeed Judson. He entered Marmont Mansions; and Bill, leaving his balcony and hurrying to the front door, could hear him wheezily negotiating the stairs. The flat was on the fifth floor and there was no elevator—two facts of which Judson had frequently and vehemently complained. He arrived now puffing painfully, and for a space was deaf to Bill's reproaches.

"Eh?" he said eventually.

"I said 'So here you are!'" observed Bill, selecting for repetition one of the milder of his recent remarks.

Judson led the way into the sitting room, where he sank down on the sofa and, as Bill had done earlier in the afternoon, removed his shoes.

"Nail or something," he explained.

"You're a nice chap!" said Bill, returning to the attack. Judson was defiant and unashamed.

"As a matter of fact," he replied stoutly, "I haven't had even one. To start with, I find that in this infernal country the saloons don't open till midnight or some ghastly hour. So I couldn't get a drink at first, and after that I was too busy."

"Too busy to get a drink!" cried Bill.

He followed his friend, bewildered. Judson had risen from the sofa and proceeded to his bedroom, where he now began to put on another and more congenial pair of shoes.

"Too busy to get a drink?" repeated Bill.

"Well, too preoccupied," said Judson. He poured out a basin of water, washed his travel-stained face and hands and, moving to the mirror, brushed his hair. "I've had a very disturbing afternoon, Bill, ol' man."

"How much money have you got on you?"

"Never mind about money, ol' fellow," said Judson, waving aside the tactless question. "I want to tell you about my disturbing afternoon." He lit a cigarette and returned to the sitting room. "Can only stop a minute, Bill," he said. "Got to go out again in a second."

Bill laughed a hard laugh.

"Any old time you go out ——"

"Must," said Judson. "Matter that affects my honor. Got to see a fellow and have justice done me."

"You don't want justice done you," said Bill, beginning to doubt his friend's professions of abstinence. There was

a wild look in Judson's eye and his manner was peculiar. "If they started doing justice to you, you'd be in the penitentiary."

Judson drew pensively at his cigarette. He seemed not to have heard this opprobrious remark.

"Most disturbing afternoon," he continued. "You ever read a paper called Society Spice, Bill, ol' man?"

"No. What about it?"

"Only this," responded Judson: "There's a piece in it this week saying that it was Toddy van Riter who founded the Fifth Avenue Silks. Toddy van Riter!" A spine-chilling laugh escaped him. "You know as well as I do, Bill, ol' man, that a poor fish like Toddy wouldn't have been able to hit on an idea like that in a million years. I was the little guy that founded those Silks, and I'm not going to have all England thinking I wasn't. Toddy van Riter!" sneered Judson.

"I ask you! Toddy!" The cigarette burned his fingers and he threw it into the grate. "I read that while I was on a train in the subway, and I went straight to the place where the rotten rag was published and asked to see the editor. Fellow must have a guilty conscience, because he refused to see me. And when I cornered him on the street a bit later he just shot into a cab and streaked off. But I was too smart for him," said Judson with a hard chuckle.

"It will be a cold day when any pie-faced scandal-sheet buzzard can make a monkey out of me. I got his home address. I'm going right out now to see him and insist on an apology and retraction in the next issue."

"You aren't going to do anything of the sort."

"I am, believe me!"

Bill tried an appeal to his reason.

"But what does it matter if the man did say Toddy founded the Silks?"

"What does it matter?" Judson's eyes grew round. He stared at Bill as if questioning his sanity. "What does it matter? Do you think I'm going to have the whole of Europe believing a thing like that? Not while I have my strength!" He laughed witheringly. "I suppose if you were Marconi you'd take it lying down if people went about saying you hadn't invented the telephone. Well, mustn't waste time sitting here. See you later."

Six photographs on the mantelpiece gazed at Bill pleadingly. Three on the whatnot, two on the console table and one on a bracket near the door caught his eye and urged him to be firm.

"Where does this Society Spice man live?" he asked.

"Number 7, Lidderdale Mansions, Sloane Square," said Judson promptly. He had no need to consult the back of the envelope in his breast pocket, for the address was graven upon his heart. "I'm going there now."

"You aren't going there or anywhere," said Bill firmly, "without me. What do you think"—he choked—"what do you think she would say if I let you run about all over London, getting into trouble?"

Judson followed his sweeping hand in the direction of the mantelpiece, but showed little emotion.

Too few brothers in this world are capable of being melted by a sister's photograph. But though he appeared unimpressed by the thought of Alice and her possible concern, a certain bias toward prudence did seem to enter his mind.

"Not a bad idea, your coming too," he admitted. "Quite likely fellow may turn nasty. Then you could sit on his head while I kicked him in the slats. Only way with these birds. Treat 'em rough."

Bill was cold to this outline of policy.

"There isn't going to be any rough stuff," he said firmly, "and you aren't going to butt in and start anything. You will leave the whole business to me. This sort of affair needs a man with a calm, clear mind. I want you to understand right from the beginning that I am handling this. You stay in the background and leave me to do the talking. No violence!"

"Not if he doesn't turn nasty. If he does," said Judson, "we will form a wedge and sail in and disembowel the mutt."

"He won't turn nasty. Why should he? He will probably be only too glad to correct an error in his paper."

"He'd better be!" said Judson grimly.

"

THE descent through the roof of Holly House and subsequent explosion on the drawing-room carpet of a large bomb would doubtless have caused a certain excitement and dismay among the inmates of that fair home; but such consternation could hardly have been more marked than that which had followed Flick's announcement that she had broken off her engagement to Roderick Pyke. Sir George, arriving in a luxurious limousine a few minutes after the blow had fallen, was in nice time to join the commission appointed by his sister to inquire into and examine the tragedy.

"She gives no reason!" wailed Mrs. Hammond for the tenth time.

For once in her masterly life this great woman was completely unnerved. Any ordinary disaster she might have coped with, but this was too shattering. The ghastly suddenness of it was perhaps its most appalling feature. No warning, no shadow of a warning, had preceded the blow. Shortly after two o'clock Flick had left the house, thoroughly and completely engaged to Roderick, and at half past seven she had come back with a hard gleam in her blue eyes, freed from all sentimental entanglements. And that was all that Mrs. Hammond or anybody knew; for Flick, as she was now remarking for the eleventh time, gave no reason.

In addition to being terrible, the thing was achingly mysterious; and quite half of Mrs. Hammond's exasperation and fury was due to the fact that she was being excluded from sharing in a secret. She raged impotently; and when Sir George was ushered in by Wace the butler—demurely grave, as only a butler can be when something is up abovestairs—she had just snubbed the unfortunate Sinclair rather ferociously for the second time in three minutes.

Upon receipt of this second rebuff Sinclair Hammond had withdrawn from the discussion. As a rule, so long as people did not interrupt him when he was writing, or attribute to Basius Secundus sentiments which had actually been uttered by Aristides of Smyrna, it was not easy to ruffle Sinclair Hammond. But irritability was in the air tonight, and having twice been requested for goodness' sake not to talk such nonsense, he retired wounded into a corner and buried himself in a first edition of Robert Burns' Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, printed by John Wilson, Kilmarnock, 1786, uncut, in the original blue wrappers. How deeply he had been hurt is shown by the fact that even this did not altogether soothe him.

Sir George, taking his place in the debate, was at first as helplessly concerned as anyone. It was he who pointed out the dramatic feature of the affair—to wit, that poor Roderick, who could not possibly have received Flick's letter yet, might be expected to arrive at any moment in complete ignorance of what had occurred. How, Sir George demanded, was the news to be broken to him?

The question started a train of thought. How also, Mrs. Hammond inquired feverishly, was the scandal to be kept from the half dozen or so of Wimbledon's elect who had been invited to dine tonight expressly to meet the about-to-be-happy couple? The Wilkinsons from Heath Prospect were coming. The Byng-Jervoises from The Towers were coming. Pondicherry Lodge was contributing Colonel and Mrs. Bagshott. What possible explanation could be made to these leaders of society of Felicia's absence?

"Felicia's absence?" Sir George started. "What do you mean, Felicia's absence?"

"She refuses to come down to dinner!"

"Tell them she's got a headache," said Mr. Hammond, glancing up from his Burns.

"Oh, do be quiet, Sinclair!" begged his suffering wife.

Mr. Hammond returned to his reading. Sir George, whose face and bearing had taken on that stiff solemnity which always reminded his employes at Tilbury House so strongly of a stuffed frog, puffed vigorously.

"Refuses to come down to dinner! I never heard of anything so ridiculous! I will speak to her. Send for her at once."

"It's no good sending for her," moaned Mrs. Hammond. "She has locked herself in her bedroom and won't come out."

"Which is her room?"

"The second door to the left on the first landing. What are you going to do, George?"

Sir George turned on the threshold.

"I am going to speak to her!" he said.

There was an interval of some three or four minutes. In the drawing-room a tense silence prevailed. Mrs. Hammond sat rigid on her chair. Bob, the Sealyham, slumbered on the rug. Mr. Hammond put down his Burns and, rising, walked to the French windows and threw them open. He stood looking out into the gentle night. The garden slept under the stars and a breeze floated across the lawn. Peace, peace everywhere save in this stricken home.

A distant rumble from above proclaimed that Sir George was still speaking to her.

Presently the rumble ceased. Footsteps descended the stairs. Sir George entered. His face was red and he was breathing a little heavily.

Flick Stood in the Road With the World Before Her

(Continued on Page 134)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 14, 1924

Learning From Our Guests

DIFFER though they may on other points, nearly all visitors from foreign lands agree on the marvel of our material advancement and prosperity. A recent British sojourner, himself a director of more than one no mean enterprise, remarked in a spirit of what must have been exaggeration that he felt like a pauper here. But in all soberness he added that the standard of living for the workingman is at least twice as high as for a man of the same type in Great Britain.

Another visitor commented on the lack of class distinctions in dress, an evidence of democracy and relative well-being which Americans accept as a matter of course. But the most frequent comment has to do with the widespread ownership of automobiles.

Bertrand Russell, the English exponent of utopianism, has not as yet said much about the poverty of the American working classes, as the result of his recent visit, although he dreads the conquest of Europe and the Near East by what he calls the American empire of finance. This financial empire, he says, will "make life everywhere ugly, uniform, laborious and monotonous."

A mere American is a little puzzled at this indictment. Do our mechanics with their eight-hour day and with their Saturday afternoon and Sunday outing in the family bus live an existence so much more "ugly, uniform, laborious and monotonous" than that of the unemployed British hand, or of the German industrial wage earner deprived of purchasing power, or of the Russian proletarian driven by the most relentless of autocracies to slave in industries whose efficiency has vanished?

As for the extension of the American empire of finance to the Near East, it is difficult to conceive how the peasant of that region could be much worse off than under his admittedly age-long succession of oppressors. The American farmer may be badly off at times, but at least he does not run the risk of massacre every time a hostile political, national, religious or racial group takes it into its head to pull off a little raid.

Only scholars delving in statistical mazes can say whether the peculiar and extraordinary degree to which the great masses of this country enjoy the comforts of life is due to our superior natural resources, the genius of the people themselves or the favored position in which we were left by the war. The position of certain of our Latin neighbors shows that the part played by mere resources does not tell the whole story.

Whatever our defects, there is no taking away from us the proud boast that to a degree beyond all previous experience in the whole world we are widening the gap between what a man's wage amounts to and the cost of the bare necessities of life. We know that the wage earner's budget shows a rising share which goes not to food and shelter, but to clothing and sundries. In reality labor here is rapidly establishing for itself a new social position. It is ceasing to be identical with the poor, a sameness of estate which is as old and until very recently as settled as the history of mankind. Labor no longer of necessity lives in mean streets and bare huts. As President Coolidge has said:

"The rewards of labor engaged in commerce, transportation and industry are now such as to afford the most liberal participation in all the essentials of life. What this tremendous opportunity now held by the wage earner, if wisely and justly administered, will mean to the well-being of the nation is almost beyond comprehension."

Perhaps there are those who will not agree with the brightness of the picture which Mr. Coolidge paints. There are yet many underpaid workers. But denial that the standard of living is rapidly advancing must be made in face of an impressive array of optimistic facts patent to any man who looks out upon the world.

Few deny that the experiment of the United States is justifying itself in a material sense, but it is suggested that our very well-being has deadened spiritual aspiration. As for that, one wonders just what aesthetic satisfaction the wage earner gets from saying that he lives under a socialistic government, when he has no job, no prospect, even, of an automobile, and very little to eat.

The socialistic schemes so much tried out or so much talked about in Europe have at least this advantage over our American system of government and way of life, that the individual is not expected to find fault with himself, but with his surroundings. Here in this country discontent must from the nature of things be very largely with oneself. Our system of high wages, the rapid passage from one class to a higher of great portions of the people, and the steady growth of industry—all these place upon the man himself the main responsibility for his own comfort and contentment.

There are other countries where ambition is more poorly repaid, where opportunity beckons in less myriad forms. The European wage earner is entitled at least to the hollow husks of socialism, to the empty shell of knowing that he is largely condemned by his surroundings. Socialism may not feed his belly or hand him even an old tin bus, but it does no doubt relieve his feelings. We can only thank Providence in all humility that our diet is more nourishing.

Our International Account

LAST year in these columns attention was directed to the issue by the Department of Commerce of the international account of the United States. The appearance of the account for the year 1923, recently issued by the Department of Commerce, again makes it pertinent to enforce the lesson of the great importance of this annual statement. This is a postwar development, the present statement being the third that has been compiled. Before the war we had annually presented the figures for import and export of merchandise and precious metals. This was just enough to make the subject misunderstood, since one must have all the items of exchanges if the merchandise transactions are to be comprehensible.

With the present proportions of our position in the world of trade, our relations have become vastly more complex than before the war. Our imports and exports of goods since the war cannot be interpreted, nor can the future trends of imports and exports of goods be forecast, without taking careful account of the invisible items in the equation of our international transactions. Also, the influence of foreign monetary policies on trade movements and prices becomes susceptible of analysis only on the basis of knowledge of all the items in the account.

The balance of exports of merchandise over imports for 1923 was valued at $389,000,000, about half of the balance of 1922. Exports increased by $341,000,000, but imports increased by $706,000,000. The increase in imports was largely in the form of industrial materials needed in the rapid rise of our standard of living. The trade balance of $389,000,000, if converted into 1913 dollars, would have been judged a goodly balance before the war. It looks small now, in comparison with the huge export balances of a few years ago. But the huge balances of a few years ago were partly due to sales on credit, and indeed some of the goods involved in those balances are not paid for yet, since the report presents evidence that something like $150,000,000 of old merchandise debts were paid off during the year. Possibly the present year may see the liquidation of the frozen credits of the postwar boom.

Imports of gold, net, were $294,000,000, the largest import since 1921. Most of the gold came from the United Kingdom and Germany. The British gold, largely new gold from South Africa, came as the expression of British financial policy, and helps to keep the dollar high and our goods dear in the markets of the world. The German gold came as expression of the foolish attempts to stabilize the mark. A great many Americans holding German paper marks would like to exchange them for the imported German gold at the rate of purchase in dollars.

The world has always known tourist moneys and immigrant remittances, but we have raised these items to high dignity in the international account. The sum of expenditures of American tourists abroad, the remittances of immigrants, and relief and benevolent contributions aggregated the huge net sum of $760,000,000. This is the money that really keeps up our balance of export of goods. This money, together with the import of gold, amounts to more than $1,000,000,000, and represents a never-to-be-overlooked factor in the disposition of our merchandise trade.

Export of capital declined heavily during 1923. In 1922 new foreign investments were $997,000,000; in 1923 the amount was only $410,000,000. In 1922 foreigners invested some $328,000,000 in this country; in 1923 the sum was increased to $394,000,000. Obviously the net outflow of investment funds during the year was small. We exported less abroad because opportunities for investment at home were attractive and foreign issues less desirable. Foreigners invested more in this country as expression of flight of capital from Europe, flight from inflation and taxation, a panic of investors desirous of placing a financial anchor in this country. Apparently our railroads have been the beneficiaries of these changes in movement of capital. Our merchant marine did not make much of a record during the year, since we sold less shipping service to foreigners than in 1922, and bought more.

The income for the year for use of American capital abroad was $567,000,000, against which we paid out for use of foreign capital in this country $150,000,000. American investments abroad at the close of 1923, exclusive of war loans, were estimated at some $8,000,000,000. Interest received on loans of our Government to foreign governments was $167,000,000, while payments on principal aggregated $92,000,000.

A creditor country, in economic theory and historical practice, has an excess of import of goods over export. We are a creditor country, and still have an excess of export of goods over import. If all the European debtors were to begin paying interest on their debts to us, this might, indeed probably would, result in a balance of import of goods over export. But so long as we export fresh capital, leave abroad as added investment the interest on foreign investments, so long as we send out annually three-quarters of a billion dollars in the form of tourist expenditures and immigrant remittances, a swing of the balance of merchandise trade is hardly to be expected.

If we compare this country with Canada, Argentina and Australia and realize that we have owed to us from abroad some $8,000,000,000 and receive interest on it, while the three countries mentioned together owe the outside world more than $8,000,000,000 and must pay out interest on it, we come to comprehend one fundamental reason why it is so hard for us to sell wheat to Europe in competition with the wheats of Canada, Argentina and Australia.

THE PATIENT PIMAS

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

The Gila River, Which Is Dry During the Greater Part of the Year

THE smoking room of a Pullman car on a transcontinental train is an excellent place in which to get an argument on a wide variety of subjects. The southern route from New Orleans to California, across the hot and monotonous deserts of Texas and Arizona, is particularly productive of talk, owing to the fact that travelers gladly turn from protracted contemplation of sand, sagebrush and hot air to the more absorbing occupation of creating a hot-air supply of their own.

Halfway across the Arizona desert, simmering gently amid the endless expanse of sand and unsheltered by the tumbled volcanic peaks and ranges that rim the horizon, lies the little town of Casa Grande, named after a great house, or *casa grande*, that was built in its vicinity hundreds of years before the Spanish adventurers pushed and hacked their way through the Southwest and introduced horses, Spanish cooking and the sins of the white man to the unsuspecting and defenseless Indians.

If one cuts loose at Casa Grande from smoking-room conversation concerning the needs and conditions of various European nations and strikes north across the desert, a few bumpy miles carries him between the Sacaton Mountains and the Maricopa-Slaughter Mountains into the dry and spacious valley that is the land of the Pimas.

Varied Desert Life

AS DESERT land goes, it is a pleasant land. On the far edges of the valley rise the blue shadows of the Estrella Mountains, the San Tan Mountains and the Zigzag Mountains, and out of the middle of its flatness jut the two infant mountains known as Twin Buttes.

There is sand in plenty; but it is obscured by a riotous growth of mesquite—which somewhat resembles gnarled and ill-treated apple trees—saltweed, greasewood, cholla cactus, cane cactus, barrel cactus, sagebrush, cat's-claw and divers other varieties of cactuses and thorn-bearing bushes that seem to be utterly useless except to rip holes in the trousers of unwary travelers.

Nor is this desert the lifeless affair that deserts are commonly supposed to be. Little desert wrens flirt in and out of the mesquite; amiable Sonora doves perch in great numbers on convenient roadside branches and carry on soft-voiced conversations concerning their private affairs; larks mount into the cloudless, brassy blue sky, advertising their contentment by trailing streams of music behind them; gawky, long-necked, long-tailed black-and-white birds known as road runners dash madly ahead of the traveler, or plunge hysterically from one side of the road to the other; enormous jack rabbits—so enormous in the clear Arizona atmosphere that the startled tourist occasionally mistakes them for deer or kangaroos—rise hastily from dining on a few juicy thorns and limp distrustfully to less congested neighborhoods; prairie dogs leap to cover in an excess of caution, stop at the mouths of their burrows with jerks that must almost dislocate the neck of every flea on their bodies, and watch the traveler's progress with eager shoe-button eyes; here, there and everywhere are flocks of topknotted Western quail that scurry aimlessly for hiding places with their topknots protruding rakishly and agitatedly in front of their foreheads.

Now and again one encounters a round-faced, benevolent-looking Indian clad in the conventional corduroys or blue denim affected in modern Indian society, riding his pony in the stiff-legged, unbending manner that enables a Westerner to tell a mounted Indian from a mounted white man as far as he can see him.

The land of the Pimas, variously known as the Gila River Reserve or the Pima Indian Reservation, is some sixty miles in length and from five to fifteen miles in width. Down the center of it runs the watercourse that is known as the Gila River. The Gila River, however, belies the name of "river" during the greater part of the year, for its bed is as dry as the ordinary proceedings of the House of Representatives at Washington. Nevertheless, it is a broad watercourse, a mile wide in places and a mile and a half wide in others; and following close on the heels of a rainstorm, the bed of the Gila becomes a broad expanse of yellow, raging, mud-filled water that eats away its banks, covers everything in reach with a deposit of yellow slime and vanishes as quickly as it came.

Things were very different along the Gila 1000 years ago and 2000 years ago, as one soon discovers if he potters along the river in search of information or quail or ancient pottery or the beautiful black-and-white baskets that the Pima Indians make. Scattered over the driest portions of the desert there are pottery-sprinkled mounds that mark the sites of towns that once were populous; and around these mounds one can still trace the course of ancient irrigation ditches—a certain sign that in the dim past the entire valley of the Gila blossomed like the rose.

No records exist of the people who lived in these populous towns and citadels that have sunk down into rounded mounds. Nobody knows whence they came, where they went, or why; though it is fairly certain that they came up from Mexico, and that they were driven northward from the Gila to the country of the Hopis and the Pueblos by famine, war or pestilence.

The fact remains, however, that the many thousands of people who occupied the far-spreading Gila Valley towns in the prehistoric past were able to dig, with no other tools than baskets and bits of flat stone held in each hand, irrigation ditches that distributed the water from the Gila River over many thousands of acres that cannot be irrigated today. It is also obvious that in those ancient days there was water flowing down the Gila from one year's end to the other, as there is in any other well-regulated river that contributes extensively to irrigation ditches

The Experts at Odds

THE ancient peoples who inhabited the ruined towns along the Gila were followed by the Pimas, and the source of the Pimas is as shrouded in mystery as is that of the town builders. Some Indian students, indeed, claim violently that the Pimas are the descendants of the ancient people. Others—deeper students of Indian matters, generally—claim with greater heat that this is impossible.

Wherever there are Indians, it might be mentioned in passing, there are students of the Indians who fight bitterly among themselves over everything that has to do with Indians. The Indian no longer fights the white man; but a just heaven has apparently seen fit to punish the white man for the wrongs that he did the red man by burdening him with acrimonious differences of opinion over the red man's troubles, as well as over troubles that only afflict the red man in the white man's mind.

At any rate, when the Spaniards visited the Pima villages along the Gila at the latter end of the seventeenth century, they found a fertile valley extensively cultivated by the Pimas; and they marveled at the ruins of Casa Grande, which looks not unlike the remains of a modern apartment house.

(Continued on Page 155)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

For Heaven's Sake, Go!

I WANT to go back to the heaving sea,
The gale and the rest of the time-worn brand
Of nautical matters so dear to me
When safe on the good old land!

I want to go back to the sweet old farm
The shady dell and the simple cot.
What is it that gives a peculiar charm
To places where one is not?

I want to go back to my old canoe
Adrift on the stream or the dear old pond.
I want to go back to the Great Karoo
And similar points beyond.

I want to go back to the dear old school,
Though maybe they'd think me a bit too old.
I want to go back to the swimming pool
And hope that it won't be cold.

I want to go back to the woods and such,
Away from the grime and the moiling mart;
I want to go, want to go back so much
It's queer how I fail to start!

I want to go back to the branding yard,
The mining camp in the mountain glen
And other locations where Life is hard
But men—for a change—are Men!

I want to go back where the palm trees grow—
But shall you consider me insincere
If, when I have gone where I want to go,
I want to come straight back here? —*Arthur Guiterman.*

A Suggestion to Apartment Hotel Builders in the Interest of an American Tradition

If Those Who Recommended Us Told the Truth

TO WHOM it May Concern: This is to tell the world at large in general and you who want to hire her in particular, that Miss Minnie Smith is probably the worst and most impossible stenographer that ever irritated the soul of a careful, sensitive and generous boss. She can't spell; she thinks an abbreviation is like the cholera, something to be afraid of, and believes an eraser lends a dignity to a letter unobtained in any other way. She seldom watches the clock because I had it removed. My telephone bills have increased by 100 per cent since she joined my organization.

To Whom it May Concern: This will introduce James R. Kennedy, as incompetent a clerk as ever threw cigarette butts on the office rug. He's great on figures provided they come in one-piece bathing suits. He took charge of the books here, but after the accountant went over them I discovered I had employed a fellow who was great at inventing puzzles no one could solve, not even himself. He is, however, a very nice-appearing young man, and if you employ lots of girls he's sure to be just the one to distract them and ruin the morale of your organization.

To Whom it May Concern: Salesmen, they say, are born. If that is so, it is rather unfortunate. If you doubt my word, employ bearer, Henry Jones, and you'll soon discover what I mean. He's a great talker. He can sell anything, to hear him talk—anything except your particular merchandise. No matter how meritorious your product, no matter how reasonable the price, he will offer an excuse why your merchandise simply won't sell. He's his own best press agent. In two weeks he will show you why you are making a mistake in not firing your sales manager, office force and wife. It is a relief to know we are rid of him.

To Whom it May Concern: I've run across fresh office boys, but Robert Glennon, who is applying for the job in your concern, is king of them all. Tell him you want something done in a rush, and try and get it. When he's not away from the office he's in hiding some place in the building. The only one who has no difficulty in finding him at all once a week is the cashier who pays him off!

—*Nat N. Dorfman*

Adventures of Alice

AS THEY sat in the Pullman car speeding west, Alice noticed that the Red Knight's complexion was growing redder and redder.

"What's the matter?" she exclaimed. "Are you sick?"

"In a word, no," replied her companion. "To be perfectly candidate with you, I never felt better in my life."

"But your face ——"

"Ah, that," replied the Red Knight, "is my political complexion. You've heard, of course, of the political complexion changing?"

"Yes," said Alice; "but I never quite knew what it meant."

"Well, mine is a political complexion," said the Red Knight, "and it changes according to where I happen to be. In the West, and particularly in the Northwest it assumes a somewhat reddish tinge, while in the East and the South it is rather pale."

"How curious," said Alice.

"Yes. You see, I'm what is known as a Sporadical. It's largely a matter of geography. Out here in the West I believe in free speech, free air, freedom of the seas ——"

"That sounds awfully generous."

"It is. That's why they call me a Liberal," said the Red Knight. "A Liberal is a person who is liberal with other people's property. When I say I believe in giving the people their rights everyone exclaims 'How liberal!'"

Alice reflected for a moment. "It certainly sounds all right, but ——"

"Of course it's all right. If I'm elected I intend to give away all the natural resources of the country. If that isn't liberalism I don't know what is."

"Have you thought at all about your cabinet?" Alice asked.

"Of course I shall follow the usual custom of surrounding myself with the Best Minds of the Country," replied the Red Knight.

"But how will you know which are the best minds?" Alice asked.

"Let's change the subject," said the Red Knight. "I nearly forgot something important. I must write to my carpenter."

"Carpenter?"

"To move my back porch around to the front of the house. You never heard of a candidate without a front porch, did you? How could he carry on a front-porch campaign?"

"I never thought of that," said Alice.

"It's very important," said the Red Knight. "It has to be finished in time for the notification"

"But you'll know when you're nominated, won't you?" Alice asked.

"You certainly are ignorant of politics," replied her companion. "Everyone else will know it of course. They'll have read about it in the papers, and talked about nothing else for weeks. But the candidate has to be notified."

"But doesn't he read the newspapers?" Alice asked.

"Not if he has any sense," replied the Red Knight. "A really clever candidate pays no attention to what they used to call in the War of 1812 the Press Gang. That's why it is necessary to notify him of his nomination. This is the way it is usually done: About a month after the convention the candidate is seated in his shirt sleeves in the rocking-chair on his front porch, smoking his pipe. His wife sits near him, darning socks.

"'Ma,' he says, 'it looks like maybe we're going to have an election this fall.'

"'Do tell,' says his wife. 'Now, come to think of it, it seems to me I heard somebody mention it down at the grocery store last week. How time does fly.'

Continued on Page 134

"They're a Menace to th' Nation, Joe! Imagine Bein' Married to That Kind o' Woman an' Tryin' to Put Her in Her Place!"

Your appetite will never forget *this* Purée of Pea!

Campbell's! So tempting in flavor that many people consider it would be impossible to make a more delicious soup!

It's the rich, smooth puree of fine, selected peas, blended with fresh country butter and deftly seasoned to make it even more inviting.

Nothing could be more wholesome for your children's lunch or supper.

Nothing could be daintier to set before your guests than pretty bouillon cups of Campbell's Pea Soup topped with whipped cream.

Cream of Pea at its best!

Follow these simple directions:—Heat contents of can in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup *a little at a time, stirring constantly* (using a spoon or Dover egg beater) to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately.

Oh, why complain if it should rain
Outside, when you're invited?
For when you dine on Campbell's fine,
Inside you'll be delighted!

Cream of Pea

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE CHILD IN THEIR MIDST

XIII

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE duke and Grace often now had little talks across the old wall that separated the garden of the little white house from old Grace's tiny orchard; and so queer and fresh and dear and innocent and loving those little talks seemed to William as he stood, shirt-sleeved, in the sun and the silence, in his hand his spade or his hoe or his garden fork—for he was diligently qualifying for old Grace's approval—with Cinderella just over the wall. The old wall was crumbled and ivy-covered; it had a wide, ragged, low top on which one leaned while one talked.

The talks were authorized in a kind of unofficial way. That is to say, Miss Thompson seemed to sense a lovers' meeting and to look in the other direction like the admirable automaton she was. She did not wish to impair discipline, and yet her heart was soft. This the duke now knew; and perhaps Grace knew it, too; anyway, they profited by it.

And he would ask Grace for intimate news of his progress to her mother's heart; he would ask if she didn't think she would soon approve his courtship; he would ask if she didn't think they might soon tell all to the old lady of the lost heaven. But Grace's answer was always the same:

"How could we tell her? We never could!"

There was no doubt but that Grace knew. Still——

"Would it be so dreadful?" The duke would frown, leaning upon the ivied wall.

"It is dreadful to be the Duke of Kingsland," Grace might reply.

"Queer," the duke might say, "how I've never thought of it like that till lately."

"It would be very dreadful to become a great dancer in a whirl of extravagance and luxury and admiration."

How Grace sighed, picturing it!

"Queer, queer," somberly from the duke. "But in its way true."

"If she even knew how you met me in London, with your beautiful car; if she knew of the pearls you gave me yesterday for my birthday, if she knew how I go to your flat, so that you can kiss me——"

"One must have privacy, must one not, little heart?"

"One must! One must! But if she knew it; and if she knew of the lovely things we eat and drink in your flat; if she knew the clothes I wear when I dance; if she knew anything at all, it would break her heart."

"Oh, queer—queer! And yet I can somehow remember a time—when I was a very little boy in a nursery in Sussex, when I believed in God and all the fairies—when to break my dreams would have been to break my heart too."

"She is just like that; that's all. There is no explanation"

The duke would put aside these perplexities to gaze at Grace.

Love and the sun together colored her little face when they were by the ivied wall. He would look about them quickly; but if, from a lurking window of the little white house, Miss Thompson lingered behind a blind, she never let them see her. And the apple trees hid them from the porch where old Grace—wider-eyed each day, more watchful and expectant as Robert the lost one drew hourly nearer—would be knitting. Then William would take Grace's face between his hands and kiss her all over it, under the coronet of her white cap.

"Lovely!" She Would Whisper. "Lovely!"

"It is all ridiculous," he used to whisper, "and yet it is true."

"There is a year more of it—a year, a year!" Grace would whisper back. She would close her eyes; the sun would shine upon her eyelids. She liked to make the world dark like that, and think upon the shining year, which then, in the vague darkness, seemed less brief. "Lovely!" she would whisper. "Lovely!"

"Endlessly lovely!" William might challenge.

At that Grace would open her eyes and see the end of the year. Away beyond the summer, beyond the autumn, beyond the frosts, beyond the spring—oh, a long way off! But still she saw it.

Then there were the entranced evenings too.

The duke took Grace on the step of his valet's bicycle to the station, and together in a third-class carriage they traveled up to town. There his limousine met them, and the duke never knew where his perfect, incurious chauffeur put the bicycle, which he just hid somewhere about the great car. He drove Grace to her mean room in the mean street where none but he had ever followed her. She changed for the ball. She wore her slim pink frock and the slim pink cloak, and about her neck were his pearls.

He returned to fetch her. He drove her to the theater. They returned to his flat for the swift, light feast of caviar and chicken and strawberries and champagne and love. So swift, so light, these feasts were. Each was a dream that no sooner began than it vanished, until the next jeweled hour when summer night and the now waning moon hung over London.

"The city is full of sweethearts like us," said Grace dreamily, as she looked between the silken curtains of the high window at the immense concourse of roofs.

"Then it is a beautiful city," said the duke.

"But the others will live happily ever after," sighed Grace.

And every night he said, "Tomorrow I think I must really have that talk with your mother, which will put everything right."

But tomorrow he never did.

Each night, as he said it, uneasily he remembered Elena, who boasted that she was not afraid.

One morning early, from his bed, William rang up Mr. Macpherson and asked, "Mac, have you talked—will you—can you talk horse sense to old Grace?"

"That you, duke?" said Mr. Macpherson. "No, duke, I haven't yet talked to old Grace anything at all like what we understand by 'horse sense.' I have visited the old lady three times—and once I saw you in the garden, duke, sticking the beans; but my word, you were working far too hard to see me!—and I have talked to her about a great many things. And I have taken Lady Angel to see her, and she also has talked to her about a great many things. Lady Angel and I——"

"Lady Angel and you?" said the duke curiously.

"Hullo, duke! I said, Lady Angel and I."

"I heard you."

"But we have never yet approached horse sense."

"What do you talk about?"

"She tells us," said Mr. Macpherson, "fairy tales that come true. She tells us secrets that we have forgotten, and she shows us where the buried treasure is. Ye know, duke, the stuff one buries when one is verra young; and then we forget where we've put it; it was so long ago, ye know, duke."

"Well," said the duke, sighing, "I know all that. But are you ever going to talk to her is what I'd like to ask."

"I am! I am! I am!" answered Mr. Macpherson.

"When?" cried the duke.

"Ah, there ye have me," said Mr. Macpherson. "It's a dirty work that a man puts off till tomorrow."

As the duke hung up the receiver, again he remembered Elena, who was not afraid. But she had not struck yet.

Lying on his back in bed, lighting a cigarette, so early on that summer morning, the duke was thinking about Elena. He thought:

"Very often a man is never called upon to pay for what he's really done and what he's really had. A man has wonderful times." And he recalled incredible hours under skies bluer than that which now smiled over London. "A man has wonderful adventures that would tell like some

(Continued on Page 34)

Spotless, sanitary cleanliness! —with Sunbrite the *"double action"* cleanser

It sweetens and purifies as it scours and cleans

No room in the house receives harder usage than the bathroom; none demands more constant care. For we like to feel that our bathrooms are irreproachably clean and sanitary.

But scouring off the dirt-rings in the bowl and tub is not enough. Cleaning, in the bathroom, should mean more than washing and polishing. It should also mean *sweetening* and *purifying*.

Sunbrite, the *double action* cleanser, has this needed purifying power. It does the ordinary cleaning and scouring that you expect and find in any good cleanser, but it does far more. In the same process, it also *sweetens* and *purifies*, leaving every surface more truly cleansed and sanitary.

Coupled with *double action*, is another unusual feature—its low price. For **Sunbrite** costs a third less than you often pay for just ordinary cleansers. And a United Profit Sharing Coupon is attached to every can.

Shorten your cleansing work with **Sunbrite,** the *double action* cleanser that sweetens and purifies as well as scours. It will keep bathroom and kitchen not only spotless but sanitary.

Swift & Company

Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion; then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! A Sunbrite cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor

Double action *yet costs less*

(Continued from Page 32)

great saga." And he recalled far mountains; lost desolate shores where strange seas boomed; immense turbulent rivers that had never been spanned; deserts wide and merciless; jungle where with held breath he stalked the beasts that stalked him. He recalled the high mad thrills of the hunter and the explorer. "A man has kissed wonderful women." He recalled houris; no longer enchanting. "A man has stolen from life anything he had a fancy for; had all he saw and wished for—and got away. And then one day ——"

The duke mused, seeing Elena.

"One day, for something he's never wanted and never done and never had, they send in the bill."

The duke rose. He had the heavy trouble of knowing that some dreadful grace in him—the graceless—might make him pay that bill, did Elena ever send it in. Some reckonings, he knew, a man always pays as a matter of course.

And he dressed and drove his little two-seater out of London—the bicycle being altogether too slow for his mood and his spare time that day—and parking the car by the roadside, out of sight, he went over the cornfield path to the cottage. And he heard so keenly every live lovely little sound that morning. His eyes were open to all the beauty and his ears to all the music. He heard a lark suddenly sing up high; he heard the bees droning round the honeysuckle; he heard the breath of the little wind over the corn and the crickets in the grass, and many other soft voices of Eden. And he saw the beckoning finger of smoke from the little white house, and knew that his Cinderella was there, cooking the midday dinner to which the last of the Thompsons, in her penury, had descended. He saw that the sun smote the crumbly top of the ivied wall, warming it for the leaning arms of lovers.

It was a sweet world.

He saw old Grace working in her garden. She had a cotton sunbonnet shading her face, and her biggest apron on, and was tying up the lettuce that the duke had thinned out a little more than a week before.

He stood beside her. Old Grace lifted her face, and he saw how childish it had become in its watching and waiting for the great thing to happen. For the great thing was now so imminent; it approached old Grace on the swift wings of the last few hours of the last remaining days. The day after tomorrow—the day after tomorrow ——

The duke found himself thinking, "Robert comes home the day after tomorrow," quite as if he thought of an erring brother. Almost an unworthy thought occurred to him too: "Perhaps Robert will be an ally. Perhaps he will tell her. Perhaps Robert can be bought." For, after all, Robert was not one of the dutiful children who had gone forth from the blind, trusting hands of old Grace so that a greedy world might reap what she had sowed.

But as the duke looked far down into her face he saw there the great illusion of the great rhapsody of the unconquerable hope, and he knew that Robert would never tell her either. Although he might wreck and squander, never could he sell anything that was old Grace's. Robert would come, beaten, home. He would sit down to that supper of porridge and cream, for which he was such a boy. He would put his head on her shoulder; he would hold her hand; he would tell her something of the prison; he would tell her hundreds of things; but the blackest things seeped in his soul he would not tell her. For in her presence they would die; they would be nightmares that had flown at the touch of her hand, hard with work and soft with love.

Robert would come home and she would shut the door; she would shut the wolves out. There would be peace and restoration in the fold.

"Good morning," said the duke very gently. "Are those my lettuces?"

"Grown beautiful," smiled old Grace. "It was the little showers in the nights that did it. And what are you doing here at this time of day, may I ask?"

"Day off," said the duke promptly.

"You get too many days off," said old Grace, kindly smiling. "Too much spare time you get for a young man, sir. Where've you put the bicycle?"

"I managed to get a lift and I walked the rest," said the duke. "Now let me help you."

So they worked together, one two lettuces behind the other all along the row, so that conversation was not difficult.

"I came for a talk with you," said the duke. "I am getting terribly anxious to know if you like me any better, for, you see, I want to be your son."

As old Grace looked at him respectfully, he knew that thoughts and wisdom greater than her own went blowing through her head, informing her. This wisdom informed her somehow of his past; she knew without knowing what his life had been. In the crude childish symbols of her mind she saw his wildness and his laughter, his extravagance and luxuries, his greatly daring follies and his greatly daring sins.

She saw that he was idle and arrogant with wealth and power and the satisfaction of all desires. So again and very resolutely she denied him Grace

"You think," said the duke whimsically, "that I am a Babylonian of the Babylonians?"

"Sir?" replied old Grace, startled, not understanding.

The curling smoke finger beckoned and beckoned; so after a long talk—that only went through the same little green lanes of old Grace's thoughts just as all the other talks did, in spite of William's efforts—he said, "Do you think Miss Thompson would mind if I called upon Grace?"

"Oh, you couldn't do that, sir, in the morning!"

"Why not in the morning?"

"A girl's working time, sir."

Old Grace was shocked. So the duke went away back to town and dropped in for lunch with Sarah. But Sarah was seeing no one.

(Continued on Page 107)

Old Grace Held the Letters Down With the Poker and They Blazed Up, Just Bringing the Singing Kettle to the Boil

A NEW *Five Passenger* LANDAU

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

This new Five Passenger Landau, a striking addition to the V-63 line, will appeal particularly to those who desire a closed car of marked individuality.

The comfortable Cadillac-Fisher Body is of new and special design. Nickeled radiator and lamps, contrasting smartly with the distinctive Magic Green finish, add a pleasing touch to a car of exceptional beauty.

The famous harmonized V-Type eight-cylinder engine, Cadillac Four-Wheel Brakes, and other advanced features of the standard V-63 chassis bespeak the very utmost in performance.

The New Five Passenger Landau lists at $3650, f. o. b. Detroit—but it is the superb quality of the car, the fact that it is a V-63 Cadillac, which makes this price important.

Price, $3650

War Tax to be Added

CADILLAC

V-63

Glimpses of Our Government

The Coming Shadow—By William C. Redfield

THE echoes of the Titanic disaster were still sounding when less than a year later two of our maritime services came under my care. It gives us a certain sad satisfaction to know that, had the Titanic been an American steamer with a like complement of passengers and crew, our rules would have required boats for 2300 persons instead of the 1040 for whom provision was made on the doomed ship. Weeks before the Titanic left her builders, Congress had begun work on legislation relating to the safety of ocean navigation, and the loss of that fine ship with priceless lives led to immediate action. Three days later a joint resolution was passed which resulted in the International Conference on Safety of Life at Sea held at London, November, 1913–January, 1914. My predecessor, Mr. Nagel, had an honorable part in the earlier stages of this humane work. Six committees from the maritime services of our entire Government cooperated during 1913 in preparation, and in October the President appointed twelve commissioners to represent the United States at the conference. Delegates from fourteen nations and three self-governing British Dominions were present.

The Late President Wilson and His Cabinet in 1916

The early discussions on this subject of safety brought out the interesting fact that a constant wireless watch on ocean steamers as a government regulation was first proposed by Mr. William J. Bryan in November, 1911. Our own law was amended to meet his suggestion and, at a radio-telegraphic conference in London in June, 1912, this principle was adopted as an international regulation.

One month before the Conference on Safety of Life at Sea met at London, ten vessels, including steamships of the United States, England, Germany, France and Russia, joined in rescuing the passengers and crew of the burning Volturno.

With this warning added to the lesson of the Titanic the work of the conference was well and quickly done. Its unanimous recommendations were sent to the Senate by President Wilson on March 17, 1914, and early and favorable action was recommended. Germany ratified it in May, 1914; Great Britain passed enabling legislation in August, 1914. It will surprise no one that our Senate failed to ratify the convention, but the substance of it was incorporated the following year in the Seamen's Act.

The Fight Over the Seamen's Act

I HAD the pleasant privilege of presenting on behalf of Congress a gold watch and chain to Capt. Paul H. Kreibohm, and gold, silver and bronze medals to the other officers and to the crew of the American steamship Kroonland for rescuing eighty-nine persons from the Volturno. It was difficult to find all the crew; some of them were in the contending armies and others had scattered to the ends of the earth.

The attention that was called to safety at sea by the conference in London united with the conditions of ocean transportation in the early months of the European War to pave the way for the Seamen's Act of 1915. This legislation was the center of a bitter contest. The leaders of the Seamen's Union strove for it with almost fanatical devotion, certainly with complete absorption in what was to them the charter of their human rights. Steamship men — or at least some of them—regarded it as sounding the crack of doom.

One of them said to me in deep disgust that he knew when he was licked and that he had finally quit the steamship business.

The discussion seemed to me one in which human rights were in some degree offset against the necessity of profits to a stable business. Each of the antagonists — they were no less — had a fair measure of truth on his side and neither was disposed to concede anything to the other. As different phases of the bill provoked legislative combats with the fortunes of war balancing between the opponents, the discussion overflowed from Congress into the two departments of Commerce and Labor. The two secretaries favored the bill in general, but some of my own associates were dissatisfied with certain of its details. I regarded it as one of those broadly reforming acts which like many another went in some respects too far and thereby created some risk of its own future undoing. The effect of the acrimonious discussion, which continued for weeks, was to satisfy me that the measure as a whole was a gain for humanity, while there were detail provisions of doubtful wisdom. After it passed Congress and while it was in the President's hands, I wrote him as follows:

MARCH 8, 1915.

My dear Mr. President: There is a matter respecting the seamen's bill which I should bring to your notice. It may be too late, but in any event I think you should receive the suggestion.

As the bill stands, unless there is some special clause in it of which I am unaware, every seaman leaving a ship would, if he did not reship within a reasonable time in a foreign vessel, become subject to the $4 head tax under the immigration law. Employment on an American vessel as a seaman or acceptance of other employment in this country without payment of this tax would make him a violator of the immigration laws.

The question of contract violation takes this possible form: A Scandinavian captain, for example, may sign contracts with his crew whereby they agree to be paid off in full on their return to their home Scandinavian port. When they reach New York they could under the proposed law demand that the contract be broken and could call upon the United States court to require the breaking of that contract. I think there is no doubt the law permits this, indeed expressly provides for it.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD,
Secretary.

THE PRESIDENT,
The White House, Washington.

A difficulty not unlike that which is suggested in my letter has recently arisen in connection with some seamen who left their ships in one of our harbors.

The law became effective as to American vessels on November 4, 1915, and as to foreign ones where not in conflict with treaties on March 4, 1916. It required amendment in minor details, but on October 30, 1916, I wrote:

> It marks a great step forward in dealing with transportation by shipping on a more humane and effective basis than heretofore. It is my own conviction that those who in the past have opposed it will in the future come to consider it as one of the greatest safeguards for our merchant marine. That marine can never permanently prosper unless the men upon whose services it depends share in its prosperity not merely in accommodation and in food but in earning power as well.

We cannot estimate the Wilson Administration correctly without considering its services in promoting social legislation. A series of enactments of this character combined with certain executive acts to make a great social advance, and this particular element of constructive service lay very close to Mr. Wilson's heart. It was a moving force in much of the legislation which outwardly bore a commercial or economic character. He saw always the man behind the law, the human being who was in one or another way affected for the better by it.

Mr. Wilson's Social Legislation

MR. WILSON'S antitrust legislation had for its ultimate purpose the relief of the average man from the burden of extortionate prices or excessive profits. The Federal Reserve Act was meant to work out socially through the greater stability and flexibility of a scientific financial system. The Farm Loan Acts were meant to carry this process farther. The Tariff Act he felt to have this same background. The Act providing Federal Aid to Vocational Education gave him joy as he thought of the human lives that were to be brightened through it. When it passed he authorized me to telegraph in his name to the sponsors of the measure:

> I rejoice in the passage of the Vocational Education Bill as a long forward step in equipping our children for the work of life.

As this is written word comes that President Coolidge has approved a bill extending the scope of the Vocational Education Act to the Hawaiian Islands "under all of the provisions contained in the . . . Act signed by President Wilson, February 23, 1917."

Mr. Wilson sought the same end in the Seamen's Act and the Adamson Act. Even Federal aid for good roads had the same bearing, for he saw what it would mean to the farmers and to isolated communities to have free access to towns, to markets and to recreation, and also what it would ultimately mean to millions to have the great out-of-doors open to them.

It was along this same line of human helpfulness also that he met the greatest antagonism. Men of high character and fine tastes, with cultivated minds, could not see eye to eye with him in this matter, and because he lacked

(Continued on Page 38)

Economical, Care-Free Service Far Above Its Price-Class

It is not too much to say that the good Maxwell is one of the most skilfully engineered cars in America.

It is likewise true that in many processes of its production important economies, with better and finer results, have been achieved.

Translated into concrete terms, this means a car selling for considerably less than $1,000, that accelerates from 5 to 25 miles an hour in eight seconds;

That rides with the ease and buoyancy heretofore expected and encountered only in cars of higher price;

That delivers its reliable mileage at maintenance and operating costs so low as literally to amaze.

The Good Maxwell Touring Car

How good Maxwell engineering saves the owner money is illustrated by a score or more of structural details.

Take, for instance, the piston wrist pin. Grinding out a slot for the connecting rod bolt is accepted practice.

But this practice weakens the wrist pin at the point of greatest stress. Maxwell engineers create the bolt-slot by depressing the pin, leaving the pin the same thickness all the way through, and taking away none of its strength.

Result: Maxwell has never had one complaint regarding a broken wrist pin—which means that good Maxwell owners are relieved of a very expensive repair.

In ordinary construction, the power impulses, however smooth the motor may be, are transmitted to the chassis, while shock and vibration due to road roughness are likewise transmitted to the motor.

The front end of the good Maxwell motor is mounted upon a floating platform spring, which actually increases motor smoothness and protects the motor from road shock.

The same farsighted engineering has devised automatic and positive lubrication for the clutch release bearing, thus eliminating what is a source of trouble and expense in many cars.

So throughout the entire car—at every turn, advanced engineering and precision manufac turing save for the owner.

If there is any secret about good Maxwell durability, reliability, and satisfaction, it is told by Maxwell knowledge of where to save, and where to spend without limit.

So, in the good Maxwell, the buyer gets a car that provides economy in the price, and even more important economy in the low cost for which it returns its reliable, care-free service.

All Maxwell dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Maxwell's attractive plan.

MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Walter P. Chrysler, President and Chairman of the Board

MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Good MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 36)

faith in their social vision, because he thought their human sympathies distorted or insufficient, he was distrustful of their public influence on the social welfare he sought to advance. He felt that the very weight of their useful lives and their unquestioned powers made them negative influences or even antagonistic ones because of what seemed to him their restricted social outlook. Perhaps he went too far in this respect, but if so it was because like Lafayette his heart was enlisted. Indeed his political faith, which rested on his social convictions, had all the intensity of religious fervor. He was, therefore, a strong, even an intense, partisan, not on narrow grounds of prejudice or personal preference but because of deep-seated conclusions with respect to social righteousness, and of course this attitude provoked acute reactions.

Too Proud for His Job

When such a man with this social and human outlook was selected by fate to lead us in war the burden on his soul was that of the waste of fine lives, the lifelong suffering from maiming wounds, the moral retrogression he foresaw, and all the backward-pointing forces that war arouses into activity. When on one occasion a line of crippled soldiers was drawn up in front of a place where he was expected to speak, the sight of them hurt him to his inmost soul. The sacredness of their suffering, the poignant sense of their sacrifices and of the cheerful courage of their lifelong martyrdom, came over him with overwhelming force and left him almost unable to say a word.

He had a strong sense of the dignity of labor, as appears in the statement on the Clayton Bill that labor is not a commodity, and therefore he also felt strongly the obligations of labor to the community. The labor slacker no more than the war slacker found tolerance with him. A complaint once reached me from a foreman that certain work which he was asked to do was beneath him. I knew that in writing the letter which follows the President would be instant in support.

MARCH 6, 1915.

Commissioner of Lighthouses: In the matter of —— I return the papers. You may say to Mr. —— that his letter has been handed to me.

You may furthermore say that I do not know what the kind of work can be which is beneath any man's position. I think there is no work of which I know that it is beneath my dignity to do. I have done the plainest and hardest and what is sometimes mistakenly called the most menial work, and am ready to do it again if there is occasion for it. There is no man in the service that ought not be willing to do any kind of decent and honorable work whenever circumstances require it of him, and I know of no work with either hands or head which is not both respectable and honorable if done with the right spirit. I have small patience with anyone who imposes upon a subordinate, and will see that such imposition where it exists is corrected.

I have, however, still less use for an employe who thinks that any work of any kind is beneath his station.

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD,
Secretary.

While on this theme we may touch briefly again on the human side of the Government—its relation to its own servants, not alone those in Washington, who were indeed able to speak for themselves both directly and deviously, but those who were over the horizon out of sight. I speak, of course, from my own experience, which doubtless did not vary much from that of my associates. From the standpoint of a modern employment manager desiring to build up an efficient enthusiastic staff, the outlook was not pleasant. There was no retirement system, and some superannuated clerks, after their salaries had been greatly reduced, held on to posts which they had long been unable to fill. The method of making promotions was chaotic, which means there was no method. This situation was bad, for it destroyed the hope of advancement of our employes. They often saw a vacancy filled by transferring a man from another department through a chief's preference or because of political influence. Such a transfer simply destroyed the ambition of all in the grades below, for the newcomer blocked their upward path. The very spirit of such management was fatal to enthusiasm, for few can do their best with the door of the future locked.

Over our entire field forces lay the depressing shadow of long labor and low pay. To this was added doubt of continuous employment even during years of vigor, and ever beyond was the vision of an old age of poverty. The prospect was darker for the neglect of the Government to provide for life's evening after getting much for little during many years from faithful servants.

Fortunately the promotion problem required no legislation, else we might have had a four or five years' struggle with its exacting demands on energies that should have been given to service. Orders were given that any vacancy occurring in the higher grades of employes should be filled by promotion from the grade below and that the vacancy so made should be filled in like manner, the process extending to the lowest grade. If no person were suitable for promotion in the office where the vacancy occurred, inquiry was to be made first in other offices in the bureau, and then in our other bureaus. In this way the whole department force was given a chance and no transfer from outside was permitted till our available material was exhausted.

The rule was simple, but it was not easy to get it going. In so complex a force there constantly arose exceptional circumstances. An arbitrary rule could not be made for the scientific services where special training was necessary. Even in the clerical forces there were times when a bureau required a man of known ability from outside. The traditions were against a rule the object of which was the welfare of all the staff. Congressmen and senators did not like it. It took time and firmness to get the principle established and to put it in operation where it would apply. Some cases of six or eight promotions arising from one vacancy went far to convince doubters, and in two years we could see that the definite policy of providing for the promotion of employes had added to the efficiency of the entire staff.

An Army of Peace

Dwellers in cities where public opinion is alert to do full justice to civic servants and where retirement provisions for firemen, policemen and others are matters of course find it hard to realize that the attitude toward Federal employes doing work of like merit is the reverse. After five years of effort we secured, in 1918, for the field forces of the Lighthouse Service the first civil-service retirement law in our history. Gradually we adjusted inequalities in salaries and altered other conditions so that men and women in all our far-flung employments should feel a fresh current of enthusiasm flow into their lives, knowing that the whole power of the department was directed to the advantage of those who were its faithful servants. The friendly human touch was carried far; it went at Christmastime by letter to our men in lonely parts of our own land and to our ships at sea and by cable to our foreign staff all around the globe. The answers showed in some cases a delighted surprise which had a touch of pathos in it and always manifested an appreciation which made it a delight to think of the faithful men far away whom I might never see but with whom I was united in a common service.

These feelings were mutual. The head of our largest service wrote me one Christmastide:

I wish at this season particularly to commend to you this peaceful army of five thousand five hundred; I believe there is no body of public servants who as a whole are more devoted to duty, more willing to take personal risks, more unassuming in their work, and all with less expectation of direct reward, than these men and women.

Of course there were those who could not grasp our viewpoint, to whom it seemed more sentimental than practical, and who were willing to make their fellows the stepping-stones of their own personal advancement. The surroundings were not congenial to such selfish spirits and as from time to time they revealed themselves the process technically known as separation from the service was applied to them when opportunity occurred. As time went on there grew up a spirit of mutual regard which I hope was as delightful to others as it was to me. This is perhaps the place to acknowledge the loyal friendship of many men and women in many places, some in and others out of the department, with whom it was a privilege to work, whom it is a pleasure to meet, and to whom I am much indebted for suggestions and information in preparing these articles.

The outbreak of the European War brought with it much anxiety in financial and transportation circles concerning the difficulty of shipping and financing our exports. On August 8, 1914, I sent the following memorandum to the Secretary of the Treasury:

This anxiety seems to me . . . to arise from a partial view which ignores the controlling facts. . . . I do not minimize either the fact, or the inconvenience caused thereby, of a temporary stoppage of our ocean movement. The essential point, however, is that this stoppage must be temporary, and that others are far more concerned than we are to restore this movement quickly. I approve heartily the movement that seizes this opportunity to develop the American merchant marine. . . . This movement, however, and the others which accompany it, are, however good, but secondary factors in the situation. The vital factor is the sea power of the nation which needs our food and must have it to feed her people. Believe me, England (and her marine ally, France) do not minimize either the necessity for free commerce or the vast opportunity it opens to them if quickly restored. It is from every point of view their primal necessity; first, because they must have food; second, because, as a war measure, it is open to them to take to themselves the ocean commerce of their enemy. The point I make is that this is not solely an American question, closely as it concerns us. It is a question in which the navies of the powers mentioned are at work to relieve the very situation from which we suffer. We want to sell, but they even more want to buy. We wish to transport, and they must of necessity provide transportation, to avoid physical and commercial starvation. . . . While it is well, therefore, to take all steps in reason to transfer vessels to our flag and to provide wisely against any future embargo upon our ocean commerce, it is not necessary or even intelligent to regard the present situation as one which can continue long, unless we are to assume that of which there is as yet no evidence, and for which there is no precedent, namely, that the minor sea power of Germany shall overwhelm that of England and France combined.

The extraordinary movement of our exports which followed enabled us in a few brief years to pay a foreign debt which has been estimated as approximating five billions and to accumulate credits abroad to a far larger extent. We almost jumped, if such a phrase may be used for a swift economic change, from a debtor to a creditor nation; so suddenly indeed, that we hardly knew how to behave in the new capacity. As one looks at the debts now due us from abroad, hoping they may in time be paid and conscious that it will take a long time to bring this about, and as one remembers also our continuing favorable export balances, it is hard to realize that only ten years ago we were a debtor country balancing against the sums due us for sales to others the other sums we had to pay them for interest and services.

The Ship Shortage

This mighty economic change has coincided with a huge increase in our industrial capacity and a vast accumulation of gold in our treasuries until our economic position as a whole is supreme. What shall we do with it? To what end are we intrusted with such power? Is it to be turned inward in a selfish effort to exalt ourselves to further economic heights? Or is it a trust of power given to us for the benefit of mankind and to be used in its behalf? There is, of course, some risk to be taken in whatever course we adopt, but if the history of the world teaches anything it seems to me to tell that the moral risk of selfishness is the greater and the more destructive, and that the wise and fearless use of power, despite the risks involved, is the only course that is safe. The great imponderables of which Bismarck spoke weigh heavily against that narrow nationalism which is the expression of selfishness masquerading as patriotism.

Six months after writing the above memorandum I wrote to a business friend in Rotterdam:

We are doing from America a very large export business. It is not as large as it ought to be because we have not available ships enough to carry it. The congestion upon the docks in some of our seaport cities has been very great and a few factories, which sold their goods wholly or in large part abroad, have even been obliged to close because they could not ship the goods they manufacture. We are having a very interesting public discussion over the means of remedying this difficulty and hope before long to reach some conclusion.

Meanwhile many goods bought and paid for by Americans were held in foreign ports for various reasons, chiefly the blockade, and buyers came eagerly to me for relief from their troubles. The following memorandum from the British Embassy, sent me in April, 1915, speaks of a partial solution of one serious difficulty:

The German Government having agreed to release from their embargo two shipments of dyestuffs which were paid for by delivery in Germany of cotton cargoes shipped before March 1 on Guantanamo and City of Savannah, the British government will allow vessels carrying two consignments to pass without interference provided *(a)* vessels sail under neutral flag, *(b)* shipments are made from Rotterdam and *(c)* dyestuffs are consigned to Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, for account of Mr. William Mitchell for distribution to the five associations comprising Textile Alliance.

International Strains

Not all things went so well. Some large shipments from European ports which were long delayed were secured for American merchants, but all the belligerents were much more concerned with their own troubles than with ours, and we had to contend with limitations imposed by them in different forms. Of course this sometimes meant severe losses and, to put it very mildly, the business world was restive. There was often just cause for resentment at the delays in shipping, but this resentment was not always gently expressed or wisely directed. In the midst of the confusion I wrote a friend, giving the outlook from Washington upon the way in which an assumed typical business man seemed to deal with the vexatious world problems:

Forgetting that this is a government of laws and not of men he would act in public affairs with that same celerity and direct initiative which he exercises in private affairs where he is his own master. In this unconscious ignorance he not infrequently requests that to be done by a public officer which would make the latter subject to penalties, merely because the law does not authorize him to do that which he, The Business Man, thinks should be done. The Business Man has not thought to inquire about the law. He seems sometimes quite incredulous when he is told that the thing he wishes done and which may be an admirable thing to have done can only be done through certain processes fixed by law and which may take many months if not years.

Then he talks about red tape, but the red tape is often the Constitution of the United States. What The Business Man frequently desires is to substitute in action at least the efficiency of autocracy for the safeguards of a democracy. The experience of ages has shown these safeguards to be essential, yet The Business Man often forgets this and for the sake, as he is apt to say, of getting "something done" would thrust them all aside.

The shadow grew and passed over from mere merchandise to involve lives. It would pass the limits of any article to give a connected account of the development of our international strains which grew in tension and changed in kind and place with the increasing intensity of the great conflict. The scientific historian will one day find a rich field for his researches in tracing this story when all the documents shall have become available. Let me be content with offering two pictures—one from Europe, one from America—showing the outlook of a merchant in Holland and of a member of Congress from Indiana during the first half of that eventful year 1915. The Hollander writes:

I am a true friend of England and the English. . . . But when your best friend is doing wrong . . . you are obliged to show him his fault. England is in war with Germany . . . but America and Holland are fully at peace with England. . . . Now see what our good friends are doing. You know that we are buying year after year millions of dollars of machine tools. . . . For five months we did not receive a single machine . . . our stock room

(Continued on Page 40)

Above is Pattern No. 538

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

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Look for the Gold Seal

This Gold Seal identifies the one genuine, guaranteed, nationally advertised *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. Don't be misled into buying some other material. The Gold Seal is pasted on the face of all guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. Insist upon seeing it before you buy.

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Parching sunshine, driving rain, the mishaps of many porch parties! The sturdy and colorful *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug withstands them all.

For cottage, bungalow or camp—indoors or out—there's no other floor-covering so practical, so attractive and at the same time so economical as these popular modern rugs.

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Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs hug the floor without tacks, cement or fastening of any kind. They never curl at the edges or corners—never ruffle even in the strongest wind.

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Pattern No. 530

Pattern No. 396

Pattern No. 516

Note the Low Prices

6	x 9	feet	$ 9.00	The rugs illustrated are made in the five large sizes only. The smaller rugs are made in patterns to harmonize with them.	1½	x 3	feet	$ .60
7½	x 9	feet	11.25		3	x 3	feet	1.40
9	x 9	feet	13.50		3	x 4½	feet	1.95
9	x 10½	feet	15.75		3	x 6	feet	2.50
9	x 12	feet	18.00					

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

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A very interesting new booklet by Anne Pierce, entitled, "*Beautify Your Home With Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs*," shows all the beautiful patterns in their actual rich colors and gives many valuable suggestions for brightening up the home. Write for free copy.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM *Art-Rugs*

—because the metal halo on images of patron saints was often preserved and hung up in homes to give protection. Horseshoes, similar in shape and more common, came into use as substitutes. Don't accept a substitute for

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Rubbing Alcohol

when you want to quicken torpid skin and bring fresh vigor to aching, worn-out muscles.

Puretest Rubbing Alcohol is used in homes, gymnasiums, athletic clubs, Turkish baths and hospitals throughout the United States.

A bracing rubdown after exercise. Delightfully cooling and refreshing on feverish infants and doctors' patients. Removes perspiration odors and soothes the face after shaving.

Puretest Rubbing Alcohol belongs in every medicine closet, locker and dressing room.

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000

Rexall

Drug Stores

There is one in your town

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(Continued from Page 38

is empty, my business is stopped. . . . The Americans made the machines for us but the stuff is piled up in New York and our Steamship Company . . . has to refuse to bring them over because when they do it, the English government picks up their ships and keeps them weeks in English ports searching . . . for contraband. But this means ruining the Steamship Company, and so the company, in order to save their own business, has to refuse private cargo and only takes goods consigned to our government. Our government can only allow consignment to it after we have sworn that . . . such goods will be used only in [redacted]. This is impossible; first, we are an exporting company; second, if we sell in Holland we cannot know where it will be used. We sell more than half our turnover to the trade.

Result: Holland and America are good friends with England, but because of this foolish attitude we have no American products to sell and . . . we have to buy from Germany.

Clever people sometimes, the English are, especially for their friends. It is not only machine tools but steel, hardware, pumps, in short everything of our business.

I do not ask of you anything . . . you may like to know facts of practical life from abroad.

The letter was sent to the President and the Secretary of State. So was the following one:

I was out in the district when the word reached here that Secretary Bryan had resigned. It is hard to describe the effect this had upon the people; at first they were surprised, shocked and appalled. This condition lasted about twenty-four hours and finally it apparently began to dawn on them that there was but one thing to do, and that was to stand by the President. I do not think many people attached any significance whatever to the politics of the situation, but almost unanimously looked forward to the effect his resignation would have upon our relations with the foreign governments, and while the people quickly rallied to the President's standard, yet I tell you frankly without regard to nationality, religion or creed, the people are asking, if not demanding, that the President put a strong note to England and all her allies demanding that they respect American cargoes and manifests for American goods destined to strictly neutral countries. This is the demand now and I give it as my candid judgment that if the President would, in no uncertain terms, say to the allies that they must respect American cargoes and manifests destined to strictly neutral countries, very quickly the atmosphere would be cleared in this country with all the people; to prolong is dangerous.

Of course, as above stated, I am with the President no matter what course he pursues, because I know he will pursue the course he thinks is right, but the people are saying that at the same time the first note was sent to Germany, if a similar note had been sent to the Allies, this would have squared the administration with all the people in this part of the country

I believe the President ought to know the whole truth, and he will never get it except he gets it first hand from men unbiased and unprejudiced who are constantly associating with the people. He will never get it from the press.

One thing the people are united upon, and that is to avoid war and even a severance of diplomatic relations with any foreign government if this can on any honorable condition be brought about.

Of course these letters touch but a single phase of an exceedingly complex situation. Conditions differed in our relations with other countries; they differed in various parts of our own land. Opinion was not the same in South and East, in West and North. The views of the interior were not those of the coasts, and men in varied occupations held varied views, depending in no small degree on their information and on the extent to which conditions affected their lives and work.

When the Lusitania Was Sunk

No one now believes that America should have entered the war distracted and divided within herself, or indeed that we should have entered it save under sternest compulsion of indubitable facts. But waiting was hard, and it took supreme courage to steer meanwhile amid the ebullient elements of forming opinion.

We come to the crowning horror of the Lusitania. Singular, is it not, that in one article, almost of necessity, we should touch on two such disasters as this and the loss of the Titanic? Two catastrophes were these that went to the hearts of two great peoples. But how unlike were these two! One an accident of which the worst that may be said is a reproach to man's neglect; the other wanton, cruel murder, done under the guise of war, but of war that deliberately made women and children its victims. True there had been warnings; the horrible deed had cast its shadow before. But the world could not believe that such callous cruelty survived among men calling themselves civilized as to cause such useless taking of innocent lives. But it was done, and they who did the deed were praised amid a nation's rejoicing.

It was not easy at such a time to keep clear vision of the fact, of which President Wilson never lost sight, that the German people and the German Government were not one but two, and that the latter had imposed itself upon the judgment and conscience of a people who had long been kindly and generous, and who had made wonderful contributions to our common civilization. This sinking of the Lusitania was a fearful example of national selfishness carried to its highest power and doing its normal devilish work. It happened that six days after it occurred I was speaking in Boston and the audience had risen and cheered the President for several minutes. Quite unprepared for such an outburst, it was necessary to say something in appreciation. On the spur of the moment I said: "It is not for me to intrude upon matters of foreign affairs, but if the President could speak to you now he would say that the support of a people too mighty to be other than calm, too strong to be other than self-controlled, too wise to be other than firm and wholly unafraid, was the greatest support that he could have in guiding the state on paths earnestly sought to be those at once of honor and of peace." I venture to think that I interpreted the spirit of President Wilson's famous phrase "too proud to fight," spoken but three days before.

Haphazard Legislation

I know that President Wilson's whole soul revolted against the shocking crime of this attack on the Lusitania, for which he knew that there was no excuse in the laws of war or in any circumstance of the case. He also knew that no two wrongs ever yet made one right and that this great country would show its greatness best in controlling its own spirit. The Germans should have known enough to "beware the fury of a patient man." They failed in vision; President Wilson did not. In firm control of himself, he waited till all men knew war was the one way left, and then "without stint or limit" he threw the restrained might of America with decisive power into the conflict.

But I am anticipating, taking advantage of the understanding that we were not to consider events in strict sequence of time. There were two further acts of legislation prior to our entering the war which I regarded then, as I do now, with mingled feelings. These were the act creating the Tariff Commission in the summer of 1916, and the so-called Adamson Act, which followed in September of that year. The former of these was a second step in that course of disintegrating the Department of Commerce which found its perfection during the war. One of its sections provided:

That upon the organization of the commission, the Cost of Production Division in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in the Department of Commerce shall be transferred to said commission, and the clerks and employees of said division shall be transferred to and become clerks and employees of the commission, and all records, papers, and property of the said division and of the former Tariff Board shall be transferred to and become the records, papers and property of the commission.

Against this I protested with all my power, but I was overruled. Later I saw events fully justify my protest and witnessed the destruction of as fine a force of selected experts as it has ever been my privilege to know in either public or private life. This was wholly unnecessary. There was no logical reason why the new Tariff Commission should not have been organically related to the department in whose field it chiefly functioned, as are the Federal Reserve Board and the Federal Water Power Board. The act was in this respect a piece of haphazard snap legislation which has resulted in the confusion of services and commissions from which relief is now sought in a pending bill to reorganize the government departments.

This cost-of-production division had been formed with meticulous care in order to provide a group of specialists, wholly detached from politics, who should so conduct their studies as to win the confidence of producers in this and other countries and get such accurate knowledge of converted facts that the truth would appear without betraying the confidence of any informant. They succeeded in doing this almost impossible thing. After a natural hesitation, proper in order to insure confidence being respected, manufacturers and producers in this country, in Cuba, Hawaii, and at last in Europe, opened their books to these men. Their reports were based on facts furnished in every case by the producers and verified by accurate analysis of their private records, and this was done voluntarily, without pressure, without intrusion, as a concession willingly made when the spirit was understood, and in a confidence that never was broken. Their reports on the cost of production of sugar, pottery, glass, knit goods, men's clothing, and so on, have never been seriously challenged. They were repeatedly complimented by the men whose records were opened to them, and more than once were requested to start cost-accounting systems for producers.

The highly specialized work which these men did was normal to a commercial service where it was appreciated at its true value by the heads of the department. It was not so in the Tariff Commission. The atmosphere there was found uncongenial. One after another the leading men resigned. Other departments sought them, private concerns at home and abroad wanted them, and in a few months the force was broken up, never to be reunited. This was a needless loss to the Government, regardless of the fact that at some time and in some measure others could take up the work which this expert staff laid down. The head of a great trust company once asked me whether I thought a certain industrial corporation was well managed. I asked him why he doubted it. He said, "Because I learn that their good men are leaving them one after another." Most men of affairs regard such facts as evidence of some weakness in management. It was certainly so in the case of which I speak.

The Adamson Act

The Adamson Act, so much criticized, must be considered from a world standpoint as well as an American one if it is to be judged fairly. The law as enacted must also be compared with President Wilson's suggestions in his message of August 29, 1916, if the President's relation to it is to be correctly determined. The flat refusal of both sides to recede from their position, forced—the word is advisedly used—a quick decision, for every well-informed man knew that a long stoppage of our railways meant not only distress to our own Army, then on the Mexican border, but also Germany's victory in the Great War. The Allied Governments were quite as much concerned as were we. President Wilson made six recommendations, of which but two were accepted by Congress, and those omitted went to the root of some of the most serious objections to the measure. Of course he accepted responsibility for the law in signing it, but it was not the law he asked for.

Nevertheless it is true that the Administration definitely on this occasion took the side of labor, and I concur with the distinguished head of one of our largest corporations in thinking this action necessary. For long years I had felt that the demand for an eight-hour day rested on a sound social and physiological basis. I believed it meant, when adjustments were over, larger, better, cheaper production, and, what is far more important, better and happier men. With these views most of the leaders of our chief productive activities of that day had little sympathy.

No one has more respect than I for the great creative leaders of industry and transportation, especially for those who have seen the vision of a new industrial day and have become humanized in feeling. But some of these able and powerful men, seeking instinctively for domination and gathering the elements of the nation's life into their grasp for personal and corporate gain, were a menace not only to our institutions but to society itself. The instinct among us which reacts against dominant individual power is a sound one, just as is the approval which goes freely out to those who kindly and with generous social vision make wise use of their power. Better, however, the rule of many men than the rule of few, even if the latter means ability and the former mediocrity.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Redfield. The next will appear in an early issue.

Let the Goodyear Dealer tell you which kind of Balloon Tires you should have. He knows. He will tell you if you should fit new wheels, or use the ones now on your car. He will recommend the thing that will cost you the least, and give you the greatest satisfaction. He will do this without prejudice or partiality, because Goodyear makes and he stocks Balloon Tires of *both* kinds—to fit new wheels, or the ones you have.

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GOODYEAR

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from MISSOURI *to* CANADA

Long-distance Ford tourist learns the economy of using Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

A Missouri business man who drove his Ford to Canada and back reports to us that he made two major discoveries:

(1) He found he used a surprisingly small amount of oil, by using Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." And the Ford was two years old!

(2) He discovered that Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the easiest of all Ford lubricants to get. He found Mobiloil "E" wherever he went.

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WHILE the mileage secured on Mobiloil "E" may vary somewhat in Fords of differing ages and mechanical conditions, one common comment is, "I get better mileage from "E" than I ever secured from any other oil."

Two other almost invariable observations are, "I have practically no carbon now," and "even under the severest operating conditions my engine rarely gets uncomfortably hot."

Whether you drive only about town or tour from coast to coast, you should discover for yourself the superior, consistent economy of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

Drain off the old oil while the engine is warm. Do not use kerosene to cleanse the engine. Some of it is sure to remain in the splash troughs and thin out the new oil.

For the differential of your Ford car use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

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When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

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For your home garage:

The 5-gal. can or 15-, 30-, or 55-gal. steel drum of Mobiloil provides an ideal home supply of lubricating oil.

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The new sealed 1-quart can is ideal while touring. Carry two or three under the seat. Now on sale in the Middle West, New England, New York, and Pennsylvania and will be extended to other states as rapidly as possible. Prices 35c or 3 for $1.00.

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Indianapolis	Buffalo	New Haven

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

UNITED STATES FLAVOR

(Continued from Page 19)

"'Nothing personal?' inquired Pete, fight in every inch of him.

"'Yes, personal!' said big Ignatz, and landed square and solid on the boss' jaw.

"Me," said Timekeeper Eddy, "I ran around behind the boss to catch him."

"Didja?" coughed Flatknot.

"Catch hell!" said Eddy.

"Listen, you stiffs!" Timekeeper Eddy turned upon his audience half savagely. "If ever one of you catches me lyin' down on a man that can absorb as sweet a smack as that, I hope you kick my coat tail up beneath my collar. I'm warnin' you I'll do the same by you. Why, dang your eyes, he only shook his head and blinked! Little as I am, if ever I catch that six-foot Flatknot there as much as leanin' on a maul between the whistle an' the whistle, long as he's workin' for Boss Pete, I'll crown him with a snatch block."

"Quit crackin' funny jokes," ordered the big blond Dane. "Keep tellin'."

"Brains!" shouted Timekeeper Ed triumphantly. "Brains, that's what counts in steel or any other kind of fight. Boss Pete has got 'em. He knew he couldn't flop that hunk of cheese if he ever got his jaw set to take it. So get this brain work. Pete's left hand never had let go of Kernan's right arm. Maybe that helped a lot to hold Pete up. Any rate, Kernan was watchin' Boss Pete's right. Pete closed the fingers of it, slowlike, 'a though he was havin' trouble gettin' himself together. An' then, like a streak of lightning, that left flew off of big Ignatz's elbow. It didn't travel eighteen inches; but when it landed, Boss Pete's feet were just about that distance off the floor. Pete's hundred and sixty-five all went along with his knuckles. That left took Ignatz on the button while his eyes were still on Boss Pete's right. He never even had a chance to look surprised!"

Timekeeper Eddy looked about his audience as they waited open-mouthed for his climax. Timekeeper Eddy asked himself a question, with large gloats answering the same.

"Did Pete upcock that baby? Say, gang, the seat of that guy's breeches hit the top chord of a roof truss!"

The rain still pelted and the wind still soughed, and the veteran stove still presented to startled science the phenomenon of combustion in an atmosphere free of oxygen; but only two enjoyed the luxury of slow suffocation now. For, twenty seconds since, the siren at the boiler plant had hooted, and Eddy and the survey corps and the material checker and the office clerk had trooped gayly and instanter into the rain that had kept them indoors all day long. But the ears of Ned Rumfort and Alex Clausen were not so sharply tuned to the first chatter of the lifting whistle valve. Years had taught these gentlemen that life is not really movies and the fight show, but the job. And the job, the friendly job, its turmoil quieted and settled for a good snooze till the morning, has a peace and restfulness to rival that of home itself. And it often holds the Neds and Flatknots for a quarter hour's gossip or a quarter hour's silent smoke, with feet hung high in splendid relaxation.

"Young Eddy's right. Pete Carlock has a head on him. Good enough to take him up to general super some day, some place—give him the breaks of the game. But never here at Ironville. Not since he fell for that Hungarian girl."

Ned Rumfort had a brother pretty high up in the general-office building, and Ned nearly always had the inside dope. So his burly blond companion tilted backward for a spell of listening.

"You see, this Gregg has a blue-blood complex. And the result is that nobody on this dump has a chance to get past two hundred and a quarter a month unless he's listed in the social register. And to pull down five thousand a year you've got to be able to show the family name in a back issue of the Almanach de Gotha."

"Whatever that is," appended Mr. Clausen.

"That," Ned elucidated, "is a periodical lately gone gaflooey. The only news it ever published was about kings and dukes and belted earls and such, but the earls and dukes and kings have been so dog-gone well belted lately that it suspended publication for want of folks to write about. I think Gregg has his living room papered with it. No wonder then that the guineas on this plant are treated worse than mine mules.

"Pete's right about those pits at the old North End. They wouldn't be safe for asbestos men to work in. They'll have a wholesale killin' up there yet before we get this plant hustled through. But in a dump like this, where the people on A Street won't associate with the folks on B Street, and the folks on B Street won't have anything to do with the bourgeois on C Street, and where the hoi polloi on D Street are outside the pale altogether, what chance has the scum that lives in Blast Furnace Row got to be treated like human beings? And by the same token, what chance has Pete Carlock to get anywhere in this steel plant with a father-in-law living in that same Blast Furnace Row?"

"If you're askin' me," said Roughneck Alex, lowering his feet and reaching for his bucket, "he's got a lot of chance. That wife of Carlock's ain't only good to jam up the street with asphalt sheiks every time she goes out for a walk. That girl's a fightin' fool or I can't read a face. With a woman like that backin' 'im, a man's like to get most any place he sets out for."

"But not at Ironville, Pennsylvania, Flatknot, my boy," stated Ned. "Which being the case, let's eat."

And the two, hanging their coats over their shoulders empty-sleeved, a good wet-weather hunky trick, sallied forth together into the rainy dusk.

When a hundred and sixty-five upcocks two hundred-odd, it's hard on metacarpals; so, her husband's left hand being bound in splints, Mrs. Pete Carlock had to go shy about a hundred and fifty pounds of her usual ten-ton hug when Mr. Pete came home that night. Mrs. Pete voiced her first strong disapproval of the general state of things as soon as Pete had told her all about it.

"Let's beat it out of Ironville, Petko," begged the lady with the golden Tartar headpiece. And the warmth that glowed in her long tan eyes and reddened her generous mouth would have moved most men to acquiescence without additional argument.

"Half a dozen times at least," the lady said, "you've had to bat menfolks down since you started lovin' me, and now look what you've went and done. They say he's that little cat Betsy Gregg's fiancé, and everybody knows he's old Gregg's fair-haired favorite on the works. Isn't he one of the Bonhomme Bay Kernans? I'll say he is. And now you've gone and knocked him for a wagon wheel. Fat chance you got, Pete Carlock, to get anywhere on this plant now, in this nest of cinder-dump aristocrats. You blessed Pete, you've got only one piffling raise to show for the two years of man-breaking work you've put in for this company. Think I don't know why? I can talk American and think American and be American, Pete; but I'll be a hunky here in Ironville if I live to be a hundred, and you'll be a hunky's husband."

In her yellowish eyes the flame of Magyar pride blazed close to Magyar hate; then dropped to warm love glow again.

"But if I get to be as American as Roosevelt, Pete, I'll never look anything but Magyar, and I'll be as proud of that as I am to be an American. But if I thought a wife with Magyar looks would hold you back every place we went, I'd leave you so fast you wouldn't have time to holla, 'There she goes!' Give me a kiss, Pete, and let's give Ironville the grand ta-ta."

Pete Carlock gave his wife a kiss. That was far and away the best thing Pete Carlock did.

"What are you doing way over there?" demanded he. "Come over here where I am. I want to talk to you without yelling so the whole neighborhood will hear what I say."

So the girl grinned and made a snuggling little move against her man.

"How's that?"

"Not so good," criticized Pete. "Compared to how close I'd like to get you, you're still as far away as Saturn." And Pete evidently thought he needed lots of practice, even at the best thing he did.

"And now, Mrs. Carlock, I'll tell you why we're going to stick it out at Ironville a little longer. Here's it: Tom McIntosh, the open-hearth super, told me today that he's going to indulge in the luxury of an assistant superintendent in his old days soon as we get that new plant finished and in operation. And he says he's got the name of Carlock, Petko, written on his cuff for first choice for the job."

Poor Pete! Pete thought that since he was a married man he'd like to have a home, such as a man could have with a one-place production job. Pete didn't know that the gypsy curse was on him; that once a construction man, always a construction man, with the wife and kids and the phonograph hitting the trail a month or so behind.

"And now about this business of leaving a perfectly satisfactory husband. If you ever mention such a nutty proposition in my presence again, Mrs. Carlock, first I'll take you seriously, and next I'll take you a sweet bust in the eye. How would you figure on getting out of a grip like this anyhow?" asked Pete.

"I wouldn't figure on getting out of any love clasp," said the girl.

She turned her golden-coifed face up, her love and loyalty lighting it like a flame.

"I have made you love me, Peter Carlock?"

"You have made me love you, Nadia Tokazh."

"I could make you hate me," said Peter Carlock's wife, kissing him fiercely. "It is a gift we Magyars have."

Steve Tokazh, Sr., had a good job. Hun Steve, of an ancient cowboy race, was once more in the saddle. Steve, Sr., lately promoted from the drawing crane at the forty-four-inch mill soaking pits, now sat one of the brand-new charging machines that dominated the long furnace floor at the nearly completed South End open hearth. And at the clacking of Steve's solenoid controls the great deft beast he rode went at its ponderous tasks as though to crackings of a Magyar horsewhip.

Steve Tokazh, Jr., had a no-good job. Steve, Jr., lately arrived from Hungary, was a cinder snapper in the pouring pits at the old North End open hearth; which is to say, he had the worst job in the Ironville Steel Company, a company unmatched in the matter of bad jobs for its men.

Tokazh, the elder, had the world by the back of the neck. When Tokazh, Number 722, gave 'er the juice, everyone stepped high, wide and circumspect; for Steve's mount spanned the charging floor almost from side to side, and Steve slowed up for no man.

Steve had work to do.

Steve, Sr.'s, work was to pick up endless long and narrow boxes containing a ton, more or less, of steel scrap, poke them endwise through small doors in the furnace side, upset them and yank them out again before the box itself melted in the fierce fires that surged above the hearth.

Steve, Sr., did this simple little thing by means of a long steel arm, of greatest strength and finest fiber, called a peel. And a terrible arm it was. Beside it the arm of old Fe-fi-fo-fum himself would have been a pipestem. And it was as skillful to the touch of Steve's controls as Steve's own arm of flesh and blood. It would snatch up a box of scrap, stick it endo through a blazing furnace door, turn it over, yank it out again, and drop it empty on its car with a deftness that combined six or seven separate movements of bridge and carriage and peel into what seemed one smooth continuous operation; so accurately done that no mason boss' curses ever followed Steve for broken sills or jams or arches. Sure, mister, dot Stif Tokazh, she's got dobra dela.

But Steve the Younger, she's got ne dobra dela—no-good job. To be sure, the old open hearth will run only a short while longer. And then Steve the Younger, Number 1941, and his buddies will be transferred to the new South End plant, to work no more in stifling pouring pits, but on the long, clean, open-pouring side, spacious and open-walled, where a man has practically all outdoors in which to flee catastrophe. For only a short while longer must Steve, Jr., 1941, and his buddies fight the ever-piling scrap and cinder under constant fiery menace of the old North End's pits.

The pits at the old North End open hearth were merely a long string of huge, deep, square, masonry-walled holes in the ground, each pit flanked by a furnace on

Watch This Column

JACK DEMPSEY
in
"Fight and Win" Pictures

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be." —POPE.

If you want to see moving-pictures that are suggestive or sensual, don't waste time looking for them under the UNIVERSAL brand. ***You won't find them.*** I don't like them, I don't think the public at large likes them, and I have instructed our directors not to make them. If, on the contrary, you want clean pictures which the whole family can see, then I commend UNIVERSALS.

I don't mean by this that we will make namby-pamby pictures, without punch or force, without dramatic fire and effect or without the spirit which stirs the public mind. Such pictures are as useless as those of the sensual type. But we have the whole world of romance and adventure to draw from, and literature is full of exciting themes, intense drama, thrilling stories of courage and human exploits.

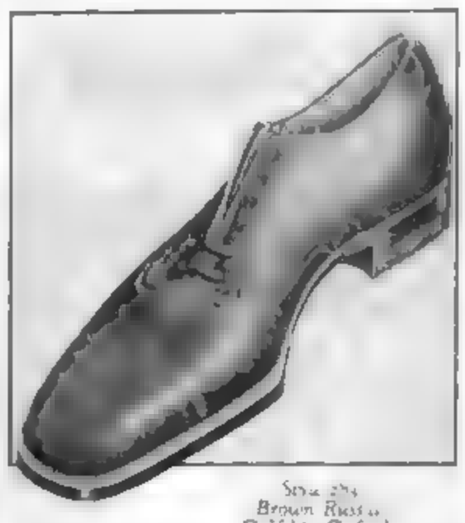
Personally, I am tired of hearing the criticism that moving-pictures have a bad influence, that they are demoralizing and unfit for youthful minds. I am tired of censorship and unfair and unwarranted comments. So, I am going to make pictures that are as far away from censorship as the two poles from each other. But these pictures are going to thrill and excite and hold your interest. That you can depend on.

Prize winning titles have been selected and checks for $100 sent to the lucky ones in the title contests. The new title for "***Love Insurance***" is "***The Reckless Age,***" suggested by Chas. Motz, 333 E. 22nd St., New York. The new title for "***Courtin' Calamity***" is "***The Sawdust Trail,***" suggested by Mr. Lowry Stradley, 2867 Pershing Drive, El Paso, Tex.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City



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It takes rugged, well-made all-leather shoes to stand the wear and tear husky youngsters give them to play. Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are like that and $4, $5 and $6 are the prices

two sides. Into them the ladles were lowered when the furnaces were tapped. On the bottoms of them the molds also were set, and the brimming ladle drained of its nearly white-hot stuff into them in turn. And down on the bottom of these pits men scratched about between heats, loading into battered pans the scrap and slag that but for the cinder snappers would soon raise the bottom of the pits to a level that would not let an empty ladle go beneath the furnace pouring runners.

A sort of hellish prep school were these pits. Always manned by greeners, by newly landed bohunks, for the older men, once graduated from these pits, would never serve in them again. At first scared stiff by the inferno all about them, these greeners would do little else but try to keep a timid eye on every side at once. But in a marvelously short time their only fear would be that they might get so much done that the other turn would not be kept sufficiently busy; and with a stream of steel gurgling its dreadful menace into a ladle almost within a shovel's length, they would amble unconcernedly toward the safety tunnel.

These tunnels were a series of narrow underground passages leading from each pit to the next in line. By courtesy, safety tunnels, since they were built primarily that the cinder gang might travel the whole line of pits without the necessity of climbing the slender wall ladders to floor level. But the two extreme pits of the line had adjoining pits, of course, on one side only, and so were entered only by one safety tunnel. The opposite wall was blank. And it was this blank wall that had led to the upcocking of the chummy individual by Pete Carlock.

High overhead, a pair of ancient pouring cranes commanded the long line of pits, lurching along on time-worn runway girders and warped rails with their terrific loads. Decrepit old monstrosities they were; hydraulic-electric, a type long ago discarded by every other steel plant in the world, lugging about on their greasy old bridge girders a whole high-pressure pumping plant a-wheel, with clumsy, high hydraulic cylinder and long lifting ram dripping dismally from neglected packing, groaning and lamenting more and more as their time on earth grew short. Let their old joints leak. They, too, soon would be no more; soon would follow the old furnaces they had served so long, out to the scrap gantry, where shears and drop ball would break them down to furnace size. Far be it from Simpson Gregg to let Tom McIntosh waste good money on unnecessary repairs to those old junk heaps.

But aged and uncared for horses cannot always drag their cruel loads until a shot ends everything. Sometimes they go down in the shafts. And so, one day, while young Steve Tokazh and five buddies and Tim Gallagher, the pit boss, were working close to the blank wall of the down-river pit, the strength went suddenly out of the trusty old monster up there underneath the trusses.

Two men made the safety tunnel across the pit. One, a Hungarian, walked again; but Tim Gallagher, who carried the man against his will through that into which he never would have ventured of himself, rode a wheeled chair the balance of his days.

The five other men cowered back against the blank wall, all scrambling toward the little ladder, all hoping that the stricken thing above them would somehow make one last mighty gathering of its strength. But no; the great steel claws on which the ladle hung came down and down. The ladle bottom balanced on a mold top; tilted, tilted —— The slim wall ladder suddenly had five struggling men upon it. The bolts that held it to the battered masonry pulled out. One who found it possible to keep looking after that said that panic left the men then, and that they tried to help one another wade across the pit.

Mother Tokazh wept and wept for many, many days. Her daughter wept as long as youth and love allow for weeping. Steve Tokazh, 722, wept not at all.

He had been a very fine, good son. A very broad-backed, strong, good son, this Tokazh, Stephan, 1941. But even so, that seemingly inexhaustible well of Mother Tokazh's tears should have dried as other seemingly inexhaustible wells of tears have dried ever since sons have cruelly died before their mothers. But Mother Tokazh lacked the grievous comfort of having sat beside her dead or of having placed her small cross on a mound.

It was said at first that the company would bury the five men—off in some quiet corner of the plant where a wrecking crane could go. But the piece of scrap weighed seventy tons and more—seventy tangled, sprawling tons of cold tough steel. Most difficult to handle.

And the old North End furnaces were going off one after another as fast as their linings burned out, and the new ones at the South End plant were not all in operation. And so the open-hearth tonnage for the month was running bad -bad. All right then, men. All sentimental nonsense aside. Let us have steel. Even grant the harmony that is in immortal souls to hunky men, still the muddy vesture of decay, the scum, that grossly holds it in is largely volatile at the temperature of molten steel.

Orders from Ingoldsby Kernan, assistant metallurgist, then, authority from Simpson Gregg to back them; and torches cut away the upset ladle and the battered scrap pan that had melted fast in the mess, dirt leveled off the pit floor, and that grim graveyard, sentimental nonsense set aside, went back to the laudable business of whooping up the month's production figures.

So Mother Tokazh wept continually.

"Why did they not listen to your man, Nadia?" she would repeat, over and over and over. "Why did they not listen to your man? He is a good man, your American, Nadia. All men are his brothers; even Rumanians maybe. Why did they not listen to him, the big ones at the office? He told them that place must be fixed. He told them—told the big ones. Why did they not listen to him? Why?"

And at that endless iteration, "Why?" Nadia Carlock's tears would dry, leaving her face more pitiful to see than when she wept.

But Tokazh, Stephan, Number 722, wept not at all. Tokazh, 722, came back to work no different from before, except that there was deadly quiet on him, and that he drove his charger with even greater skill and seeming zest than heretofore. Men jumped from the path of the great beast he rode without a curse for the driver, but with only admiration for his skill, and with a sort of awe at the satanic relish with which he tumbled the contents of those innumerable steel caskets into the waiting lakes of fire.

To have the seat of your breeches hit the top chord of a roof truss is an experience not contributive to dignity or peace of mind, even under the most favorable circumstances, as any who have suffered that particular form of violence will attest. Therefore, if the gentleman who has lofted you happens to be some forty pounds under your weight, and some seventeen miles short of your social status, the business is apt to be an especially bitter one. A good sport, however, of whatever station in life, would have learned much and emerged a better man from any such upcocking as Mr. Kernan got at the hands of Mr. Carlock.

But in Mr. Kernan, unfortunately, we are not dealing with that princely chap, the unsoured loser. An enviable record on court and track stood proof that Mr. Kernan was good at sports. But between sports and sportsmanship may yawn a mighty gulf, and the generations back of Mr. Kernan had believed so religiously in and taught so thoroughly the inequality of man, that inevitably their latest scion stood on the wrong side of that gulf. Due to his ancestry, here was a condition for which Mr. Kernan was perhaps more to be pitied than censured and more to be helped than despised.

Pete Carlock wasn't much of a hand at either pitying, censuring or despising; but he loved to help his fellow man, and he had done everything he could to assist Ingoldsby to see the light.

But it was all in vain. Poor sportsmanship was so ingrained in the man that he could conceive of no mere Hungarian immigrant girl being endowed with such rare beauty as was Nadia Carlock's for any other reason than to test his prowess as a Lothario, and could think of no finer way to return a square knockdown than to hit back through a woman.

But it must be said in favor of the girl and of Ironville, Pennsylvania, that sincere surprise and sincere regret were the main notes in the hum of gossip that arose when a golden-helmeted head was reported by more than one perfectly reliable scandalmonger as being seen in Mr. Kernan's gray roadster far up the river drive on frequent golden afternoons when Peter Carlock was busy knocking open-hearth furnaces together.

As usual, such news traveled toward the man most interested slowly. It came to Steve Tokazh, 722, long before it reached his son-in-law.

But Steve said nothing to son-in-law or daughter -only drove his great contraption harder and consigned his caskets to flames with still more gleeful pokings of his terrible pitchfork.

But at length, one evening, after whistle time, Pete Carlock strode into his tar-papered sanctuary and, with nose pinched between thumb and forefinger and head turned aside, fished from his pocket by one corner an envelope and dropped it with a grimace to the table on which were elevated the brogans of Ned Rumfort and Flatknot Clausen.

"Came to me in a plant-mail envelope," said Carlock. "I'd have destroyed it instantly, only I was afraid of honoring it with anything like anger. Ned, look it over. You are our student of the humanities. What hope for the race that now and then produces an anonymous letter?"

"Well," offered Ned, "Tim Gallagher could have made the safety tunnel in a couple jumps alone. But with a clawing, biting, able-bodied hunk clasped to his bosom, he had to wade that pit. That ought to cancel at least one anonymous letter for the somewhat human race, don't you think, Pete?"

Pete looked a little shamefaced. Ned looked toward the envelope on the table.

"Shall I read her?" he asked.

"Read her."

"'In Hungary,' read Ned, 'among the peasants, most marriages are matters of advantage; but such unions seldom interfere with the real romances of this interesting and emotional people. That they carry their quaint customs with them to new lands is a matter demonstrated by a gray roadster, one of Ironville's smartest cars, on many of these hasy afternoons while the new open hearth is being hustled to completion.'"

Alex Clausen spit. Ned Rumfort cursed.

"Beside the carrion that failed to put its name to that," he said, "a dog poisoner could wear a halo."

Pete Carlock laughed with his voice. His facial muscles and his eyes failed to join in the hilarity.

"Reads like a title from Why Not Charge Your Wife?" said Pete. "From that point on, the dish is hot with Continental flavor. Some peanut-souled jellyfish has been stuffing himself with that kind of fare that he thinks he can drive a blob of filth between an American husband and wife. It takes a damn sight stouter wedge than that to split a U. S. home."

Even the semblance of laughter had suddenly left Pete's voice.

"You'd think from a lot of stuff that gets between covers and into film cans that we were a couple oceans away from the United States. Any slay thing will shake a man's faith in his wife. A bit of unfamiliar jewelry on her hand and into the stormy night for her. A word or two from some old he gossip, presented to the audience as a friend, whose long nose any American husband would swing on the minute it came poking into his family life—and we're off to twenty chapters or six reels of rot. A chance lift in some male acquaintance's car or the cowardly innuendo of an unsigned letter—any triviality—starts off a couple hours of putty-spaced print or film to demonstrate that American men and women don't believe one another straight and square. May old Fra Hoofs-and-Horns fly off with all dishes served up to us seasoned with what they call the Continental flavor. This is the U. S. A."

Pete Carlock stopped talking very abruptly. A very sheepish grin stole into his face. He had caught himself making a speech, and golly, he was so ashamed!

"Hot dog!" he said. "The boy Demosthenes! But dang it all, I meant it anyhow!" Then the grin faded. "You are two friends of mine."

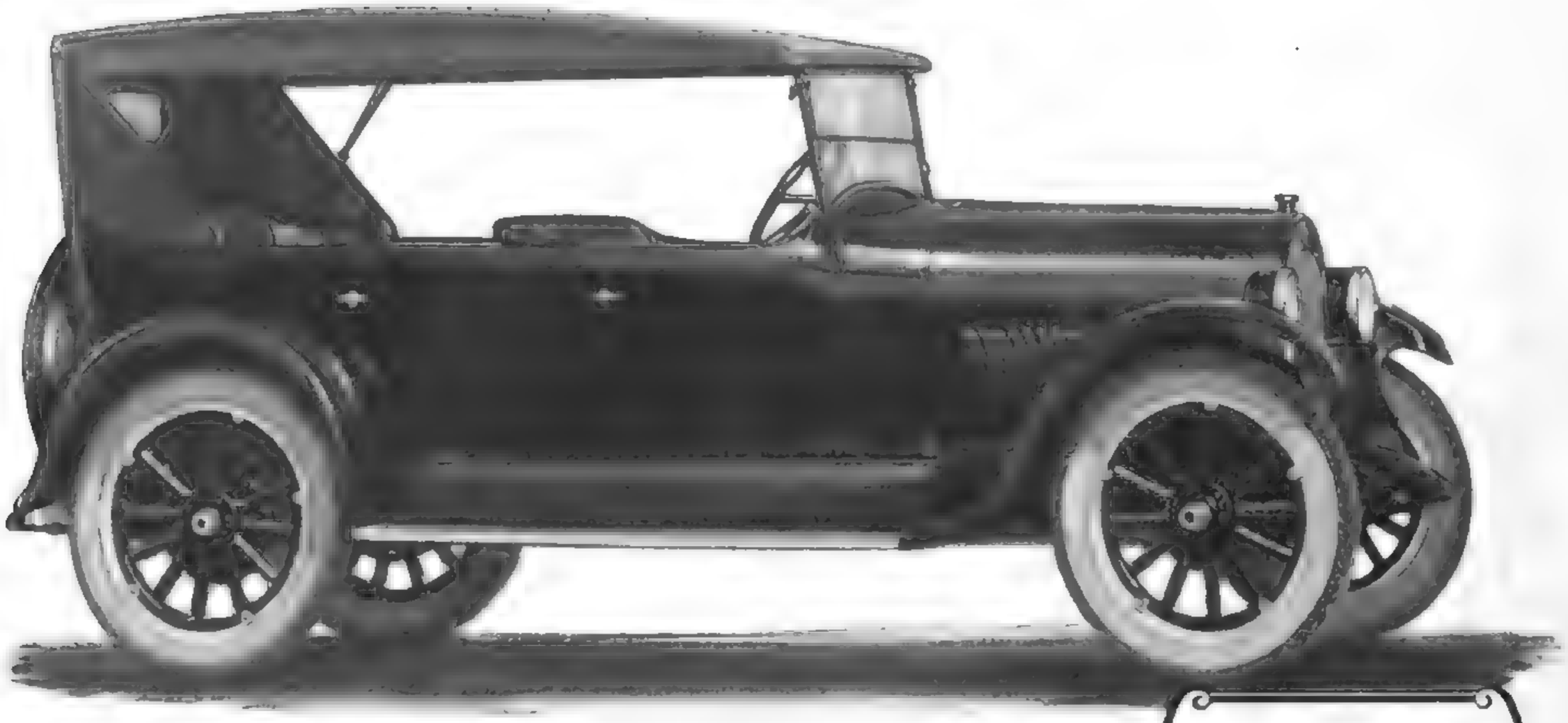
Pete made it both a statement and a question. The statement his two hearers heard in silence. The question, too, was answered silently, with a look apiece square into Carlock's eyes.

"That's why I brought that thing to you. Destroy it."

Ned Rumfort touched a corner of it with a lighted match.

"There'd be an adder tongue to match a pen like that. A man needs the help of

(Continued on Page 46)



Stamina *in the Engine!*

Examine carefully the engine of the new Oldsmobile Six, and you will wonder if a power plant so skillfully designed and so sturdily built could ever wear out!

You know that faulty lubrication, or lack of lubrication, is the arch-enemy of an engine's life. But in the Oldsmobile Six engine you find pressure-feed lubrication to every revolving part. This superior lubrication system means long life.

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Water, for cooling, flows *all* the way around all the six cylinders, valve seats and spark plug openings. That means perfect cooling, no distortion, longer life. Valves are unusually large, cylinders are "honed" to a glass-like smoothness, perfectly-fitting grey iron pistons carry hammered rings. These features contribute to the perfect compression, the surplus power and the unusual long life of this car.

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You owe it to your pocketbook to investigate this Oldsmobile Six thoroughly. Examine its engine—or examine any detail of the car's construction from axle to axle —and your sound judgment will convince you that here is a car that looks good, runs smoothly, costs little to maintain—and one that will last and last and last.

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The following certified accessories specially designed for perfect fit and quick installation on Oldsmobile Six body types, can be procured from any Oldsmobile dealer in the U. S. at these net prices, complete with necessary attachments:

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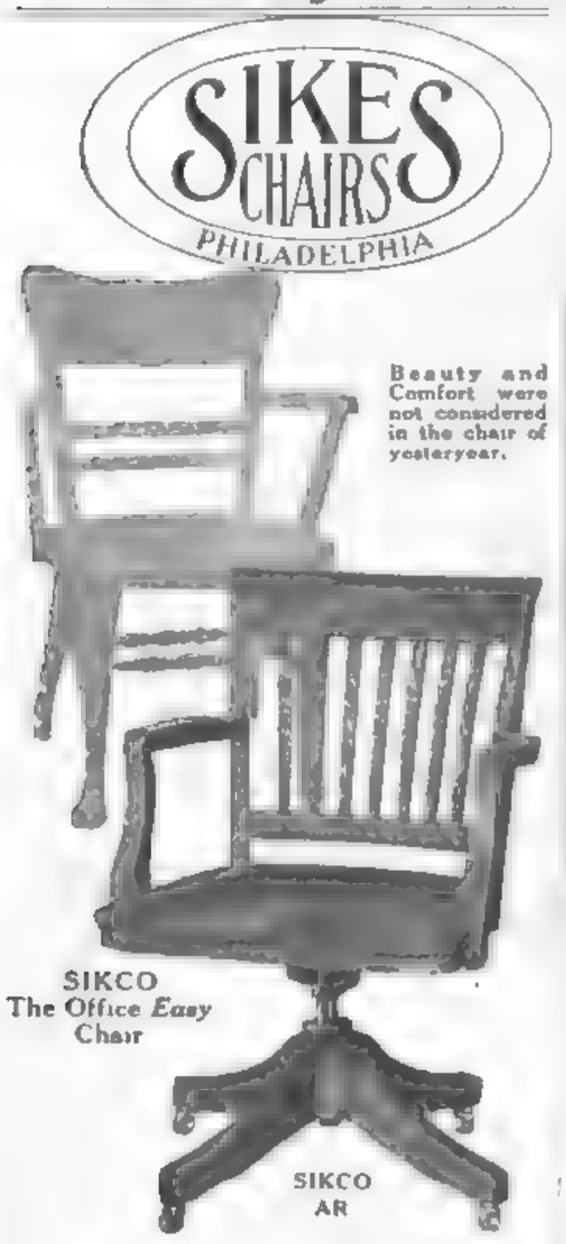
Trunk Platform	7.00
Enameled Steel Trunk	25.00
Windshield Wings (pair)	17.00
Running Board Step Plates (pair)	4.75

Office Easy Chairs



Better Offices

That is the demand of the modern business man. Better offices as regards efficiency, comfort, appearance. As the "better office" movement has grown, so has the reputation of Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs.

Time was when the designing of an office chair was a hit-or-miss proposition, the individual idea of a designer. You would smile at the "antiques" which were turned out 25 years ago. Beauty and comfort played no part in their making. But in 1899 The Sikes Company began their intensive study of the chair needs of business men. And out of those "antiques" have grown the Sikco and the other distinctive models that have made Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs the standard in "better offices" throughout the nation.

If you would realize how much beauty, dignity and character can be incorporated into so utilitarian an object as an office chair, call on the nearest Sikes dealer. We shall be glad to give you his name on request.

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SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

(Continued from Page 44)

friends against such stuff. Do this for me: If anyone should come rubber-heeling up to you and whisper, 'What do you know about Pete Carlock's Hungarian wife now?' first tell 'em that Pete married her because she was so white that if he actually caught her at unfaithfulness he'd call his eyes a pair of dirty liars. Then you can let 'em have both barrels, one for me and one for Mrs. Carlock. Good night, menfolks!"

For a long while the two friends of Peter Carlock sat in silence. Not in the silence of content, but in the wretched silence of the heavy-hearted. At length both rose, took coat and pail, and walked, still silent, to the car line, each one too loyal to their friend Pete Carlock to mention to the other what was in his mind. Both knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that on more than one afternoon the gray roadster had rolled brazenly out of Ironville with a golden Tartar helmet glistening beside an automobiling cap of English tweed.

Today the old North End open hearth shut down for good and all. Today it became the veritable scrap heap that it has been in fact these many months.

Tonight the last one of the long row of monster furnaces at the new South End plant will tap its first hundred and twenty-five tons into a waiting ladle. One after another these huge new hearths have added their output to the new plant's splendid totals, and one after another the fires have died above the old hearths that turned out so proud a quota of the steel that went into the making of today's America.

Tonight will be a gala night at the new South End plant. Officialdom will be present when that last completed furnace pours its first heat, and so plunges that whole tremendous mill headlong into its years of terrific usefulness. All officialdom will be present, including, to be sure, the new assistant superintendent, today appointed, who is not Peter Carlock, as Peter Carlock had hoped, but who is Mr. Ingoldsby Kernan, as old Tom McIntosh and all good open-hearth men under him had feared.

But tonight Peter Carlock has another open-hearth ceremony to attend; one of his own planning. There will be no furnace flare, nor flare of human pride in high accomplishment connected with it. The old open hearth is dark for good and all. Lonesome and dark as only places can be lonesome and dark where busy men have ceased to moil after long years of grim, hard moiling. There is not even an arc light gibbering in the ghostly darkness of the dead old plant. But down there at the far-down-river end of it there is torch flicker and the movement of dim shadows to and fro. Fifty good men in the shadows there go about a strange business. Fifty good men are doing the first job of work that the Ironville Steel Company ever got done by hunky men without so much as an ink scratch on the pay-roll sheets. Not even a timekeeper knows that these fifty are at work tonight.

Up above the fifty, up in the dark, under the dust-laden trusses, an old crane prowls about, doing its last piece of work. It was this same old crane that, through no fault of its own, but through such lack of care as a worn old nag might suffer in his last days of faithful service—it was this same old crane that had spilled frightful death on five. Tomorrow it will feel the rigger's wrenches in its vitals; but tonight it does a work meet for repentance. Tonight, while the fifty load great pans of dirt in all parts of the old mill, groaning with sorrow and age, the old crane lugs them to the last down-river pouring pit.

And now the pit was level, and now mounded slightly over its wide expanse. And now a whiskered priest in robes that came past the watchman's gate in a dinner pail, says *requiescat*, and fifty broad-backed men stand quietly while the young boss, to whom all men are brothers, leads away a stooped and broad-backed woman who has suddenly ended months of weeping, and now smiles.

Steve Tokazh, Jr., 1941, rests well. None will disturb him ever. Some day gigantic engines may throb over him, dinkeys shriek, rolling mills clash and grind. But that huge seventy-ton salamander of tough steel, sprawling immensely there, down underneath it all, sprawls there till doomsday. Young Tokazh, Stephan, 1941, and his buddies are a part of it, and they rest honorably and well, interred by sturdy Magyar men, as soldiers on a splendid battlefield, buried with honors where they fell.

Strange that the beautiful sister of Tokazh, Stephan, 1941, is not there. Strange for such a girl to plead inability to go through that ordeal. Ordeal? To her mother, it was blessing, life—sanity even. But 1941's lovely sister is not with those that presently file out of the dim, deserted shadows of the old North End. The fifty trudge off to the gate. Keen, high-strung men, these fellows, in spite of their dull workaday exteriors. Capable of feeling. They have drained another beaker of the wine of life in these last few hours and have found it bitter and good; have again felt the joy of life with weeping eyes, as Magyars do. So they file out, trudging, one behind another, not in pairs as Nordics would, talking back and forward over their shoulders to one another.

Mother Tokazh walks, smiling softly to herself, with a tall man at her side; a tall, spare, hawk-nosed young man, who stops very suddenly as he spies a couple walking in the shadows between the tall power plant and the machine shop; a tall, rangy, shock-headed young fellow, who draws a sharp breath as a red flare from the Bessemer chases all shadows into the very blackest corners.

There can be no doubt about it. A gleam of metallic gold comes out from under a dark hat brim. There can be no doubt but that a cap of English tweed bends over that metallic gleam. There will be triumph at the new open hearth tonight, no doubt about it; triumph in which the newly appointed assistant superintendent will share generously; although it would seem to any who knew the man that success in mere steel would not be to him the highest form of attainment.

"Ho, Mike!"

In the file of fifty a thick-chested fellow turned.

"Mike," said the tall young man, "maybe you like tak'n Mother Tokazh for house. Me, I mus' go for office; work little bit overtime tonight. All right?"

"Sure, Mr. Pete. Me, I tak 'im home for house."

And with a soft Magyar word to the woman, Mike plodded on ahead, she trailing just as cheerfully as she had walked beside her former escort.

All A Street and its wife was on the charging floor when Tokazh, Stephan, 722, climbed into the saddle. Commanded by Steve's beast, a train of loaded scrap pans waited before the blazing doors of the last new furnace. Some little trouble with one of the doors. A rough boss on the water-cooled frame casting—something—prevented its lowering after the hydraulic cylinder on the furnace top had lifted it. A pinch bar pried it out a little bit, then it came down, shutting off intolerable brightness back of it.

Steve Tokazh fell upon that scrap train with a rush that was almost frenzy. Pan after pan the long peel snatched up, poked into Tartarus, upset, withdrew. And soon, through the violet glasses of the melter, A Street could see the great shallow bath bubbling and fountaining off its dross. The A Street ladies gasped, grasping the nearest masculine arm in sheer terror at this terrific process that was to buy their silken hose and lingerie. But their gasping turned to utter breathlessness when, brazen as brass itself, came Mr. Ingoldsby Kernan down the long mill floor with a lady on his arm—a lady with a stunning morion-shaped black bonnet that showed metallic gleamings underneath its brim, as though some splendid Amazon wore a coif of golden mail under a sable helm.

All A Street knew, as did B and C and D, and Blast Furnace Row likewise, that Kernan but played with this Hungarian to land a sickening blow on Peter Carlock. And now of all times, with all tongues nicely wagging—now, with the job that Pete Carlock had so confidently and conscientiously worked for, tucked freshly into his vest pocket—now, on this evening of all evenings—to come strolling down the charging floor with Mrs. Peter Carlock on his arm! Here was a piece of brazen effrontery to bring awed whisperings of admiration from all A Street assembled—and to bring a growl that was anything but admiration from many a rough throat that would have felt like cheering had Carlock, as old Tom's right-hand man, come strolling down the mill floor with that Magyar woman on his arm.

Mr. Kernan bowed from the hips to A Street.

"Mr. Carlock could not be with us tonight," he said. "Some more important matter held him, I suppose. But Mrs. Carlock wanted so much to see the last of the new furnaces tap ——"

He smiled. It was intended for A Street only, that smile; a superior thing. But A Street was not the only community to see that smile. Blast Furnace Row also saw it. And while it still made contemptuous the mouth of Ingoldsby Kernan, a hand was laid upon his sacred person, compared to which the hand of Peter Carlock was not as heavy as the feeler of a moth.

A flat, hot, hard and skillful hand it was, at the end of such an arm that the two hundred pounds and more of Ingoldsby Kernan were whisked up off the floor as lightly as a mastodon might have snatched up a marmoset.

"Hah!" roared a voice in the sudden silence that fell miraculously on that long noisy mill. "Hah! You no fix old Nort' End pit when dot Pete tell 'm fix! No fix, you! Magyar men burn. Tokazh, Stephan, Noomer 1941, he burn. A'right; now Tokazh, Stephan, Noomer 722, he fix some-t'ing!"

The door boy across the charging floor pumped madly up and down at his hydraulic lever. As Steve's beast rolled down the floor, all furnace doors closed down before him—all but that one. That door was stuck again. It would not drop. Gas surged and billowed past the incandescent square below it, and, level with the sill, the red slag squirmed and bubbled.

"Hah!" boomed the voice of Tokazh as he rolled toward that door. "Magyar men no be men; be noomers in timekeeper's book. Maybe two-t'ree-four-five burn up. 'At's mek no difference. Mus' burn up plenty scrap for mak'm steel. A'right. Stif Tokazh plenty versteh chargin' furnace scrap!"

Never were tragedy and ludicrousness so closely linked. Like a mongrel picked up by the scruff of the neck, Kernan hung, struggling, kicking. He tried with a desperation almost comical to wriggle from his coat; but it had been tight-buttoned, and that flat peel end had been slipped up inside the back of it, stretching it tight about him.

Steve Tokazh stopped his great machine before the open door. Down between his deep girders, no man could reach him; hung high at the end of the long peel, none hope to succor young Kernan.

"Hah!" There was deadliness in that pent exclamation. "Hah! You mak'm Tokazh boy go hurry-up for Isten—God! Now you like mak'm Tokazh girl go hurry-up for hell!"

No; not a madman's voice. The cool voice of a Magyar, who, when he hates, hates hotly and hates icily at once.

"Now Hunky Steve, Noomer 722, make you go hurry-up for hell!"

That door would not come down! Where were the night electricians who could cut off this devil's power? Did no one know the location of the switch? The great peel lowered toward the level of that doorway to inferno; moved forward with its dangling burden. A Street turned its head, horror too stark for shrieking on its people. And Ingoldsby Kernan ceased ludicrous struggling and crossed his arms before his face to shield it, heaven's mercy, from the heat!

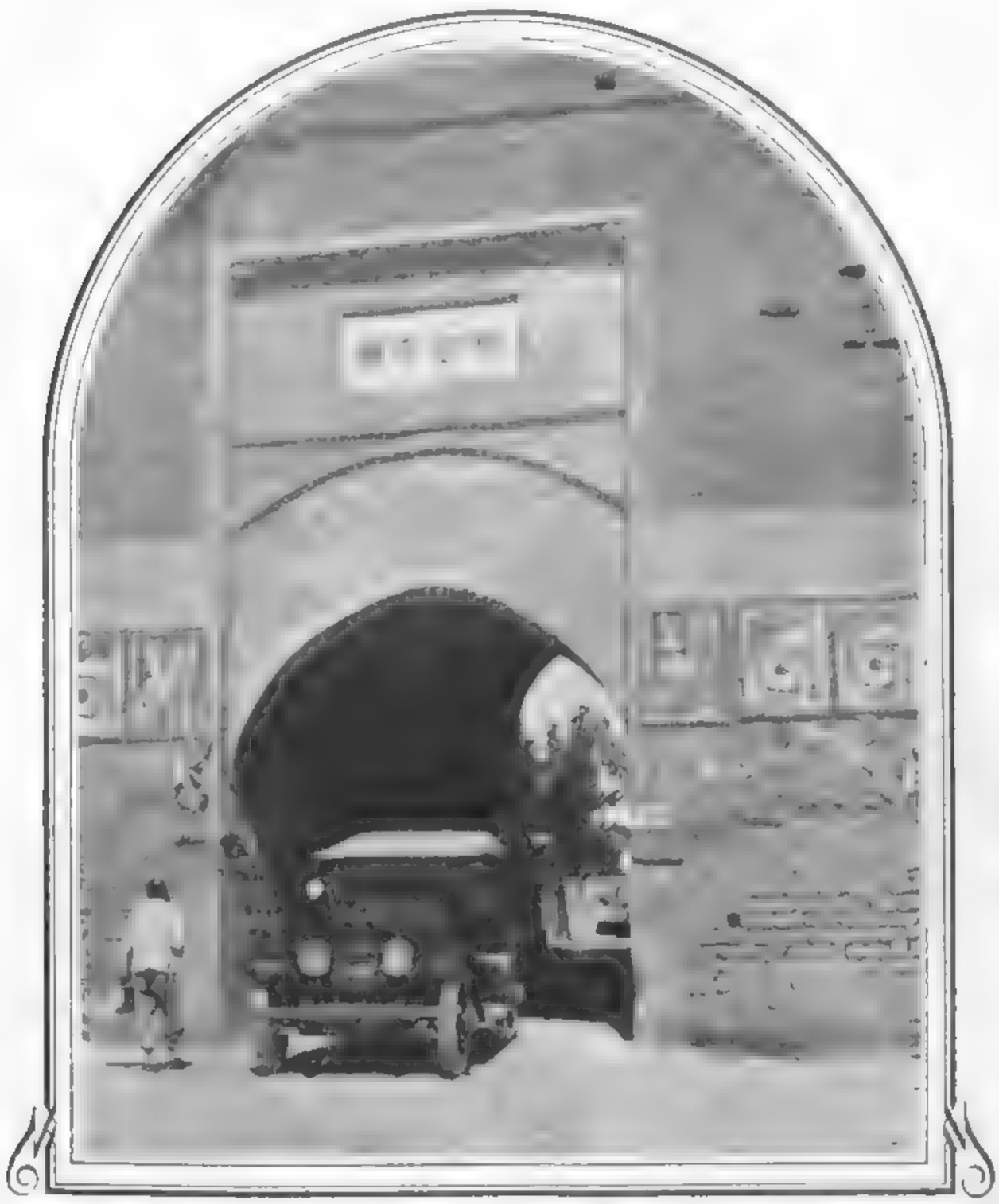
There came a great hush on the mill. Maybe a second's hush; maybe a minute's. And then, incredible to A Street's stricken senses, a mighty shouting of derisive laughter! A Street looked up and saw the long peel motionless, its burden still a-dangle, with crossed arms. A man was barring at the door, which presently dropped, smothering in the unbearable radiations. And back among his levers, the air about him sulphurous with Hun blasphemies, Steve Tokazh jerked frantically at dead controls. The fabulous Brontosaurus that he rode had suddenly turned plain Missouri mule.

"Look!" said an A Street husband, drama in eyes and voice and pointing finger.

Across the charging floor, close to a building column, stood a tall rangy man, awkward, in totally unheroic posture, stretching his highest, wielding a most unknightly implement for the succoring of cinder-dump aristocracy in jeopardy. With a long-handled shovel he was just able by reason of his height to lift the power wire off the little trolley wheels that gathered the juice for Steve Tokazh's controls. The man was Peter Carlock.

A grimy figure crawled out the long peel, searched a hip pocket, fished up a greasy knife, snapped out a blade, and amid a

(Continued on Page 48)



Photograph of Mr. Leiper's Cadillac taken at a gate of the walled City of Tungchow, China

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Between Pekin and Tientsin stretch 83 miles of typical Chinese highways—roads so rutted and difficult that the average driver in this country would think twice before even attempting to enter them.

Yet Mr. H. H. Leiper of the American Board Mission has driven his Delco-equipped Cadillac for many thousands of miles over these and other just such types of Chinese roads, toiling back and forth on famine relief errands of mercy.

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No. 83—GOLF OXFORD,
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PLANTATION
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CREPE RUBBER
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Packards sell for $8 to $10. Very few styles higher. A dealer in your city who values your custom sells them. If you don't know him, write to us.

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS.

(Continued from Page 46)

great guffawing slit full length the back of Ingoldsby Kernan's one-time immaculate coat.

He dropped on all fours, Ingoldsby Kernan, and without a single glance at A Street or toward the lady at whose side he had just so arrogantly paraded the long mill, he hurried out of the furnace glare into kindlier shadows, A Street and a great guffawing following after. Symbolic, maybe. Not long after that, he and the Gregg régime that fostered him and A-Streetism passed. And there are many who still hold that high-hat steel production was that very night laughed out of Ironville, Pennsylvania.

Pete Carlock and his wife were quite alone. The only light they had came through a grimy window from outside. The last of the new South End plant's long row of furnaces was pouring its first heat; a perfect heat that gushed on schedule with just as terrible eagerness into its ladle as though the new assistant superintendent and all A Street were on hand to approve. No ceremony, unless you would call it ceremony to have old Tom McIntosh stand and blink disapprovingly at you with night-owl eyes; but just the same the heat gets poured, and the blaze of that stupendous business fills the whole mill with light to bursting, so that long aurora streamers squirt out of it, streaking the smoke-canopied steelworks night with color.

Peter Carlock's wife was backed up into a corner of the little office where each day's progress of the mill that flamed outside had been a vision in her husband's mind the day before. In such a little office, on such a night as this, Peter Carlock had told her that he loved her; told her that while a great mill engine shouted its first hoh-ho, as it labored, laughing giant laughter, on the strong foundations Pete had made for it.

And now, in this other shabby little office, at the end of another job well done, this same Peter Carlock, two short years after, would just as passionately tell her how he hated her. Small wonder that this golden-helmeted Hungarian backed into shadows.

"You ride in his roadster and I burn the dirty letters that tell me of it—tell me I'm being made a thing to smirk at. They were the truth, then?"

There came no answer but the sound of labored breathing from the shadowed corner.

"You have been doing this three months—three months almost to a day. Almost the very hour is marked down in my head when you grew suddenly twice as tender, twice as warm and loving, twice as wonderful a wife, impossible as that seemed, as you had been before. It would not have been so bad if you had gradually grown cold. But to hide the thing you did with a show of deeper, sweeter passion! How could you do that thing to me, you yellow-haired Magyar devil?"

The shadowy corner still was silent except for panting breaths as of one who has run to the point where shortly he will fall and not get up again.

"Then when you think you've won that other one for sure, you pick tonight to flaunt yourself with him—meet A Street with him; tonight, when I'm bitter with the best two years of work I'll ever do gone unrewarded; tonight, when I've tried to drown that bitterness in solacing your own blood; tonight, when through me young Stephan Tokazh rests like a Christian and your mother has stopped that endless crying. You pick tonight to stay away from your own brother's burial and put my name along with yours in the filthy mouth of every cigar-store loafer and pool-room tout in Ironville!"

As though, after the lash had driven her back into that dark corner, the loaded handle had been suddenly brought down, there was not now even the sound of breathing where her figure shrank.

"All right, then," Peter Carlock said; "for that you think I'll tell you like the lover in the book, 'Here, take my gifts—your father out from under the very scalp plates of the electric chair, your mother out of the very portals of an insane asylum, your lover free of the very arm of death, with the smell of singed hair still on that romantic D'Artagnan mustache of his. He has my job; why not my wife? Here, take him! Take them all! It is your happiness that counts. God bless you! I go to join the mounties and find my solace in the wide open spaces and in the symphonies of the winds and the tremendous silences of the hills!' Any time I will! I'd sooner choke the life out of you down in that corner there. And I'd do it but for one thing That's this: Two hundred thousand years and sixteen minutes after hell has frozen solid, Pete Carlock will still be believing that his wife is white and square. Come over here, you little yellow-headed Magyar devil, and tell me what this everlasting tommyrot is all about!"

And so, in Peter Carlock's arms, on Peter Carlock's breast, it all came out.

Peter Carlock was the world's finest man. There could be no reasonable doubt about that premise to start off from. He loved men. They were his brothers. All men—even Rumanians, maybe. He could do more for the men of steel than any other; for all the men of steel, Magyar men amongst them, her own people. Relieved of handicaps, there were no heights in steel to which he could not rise, being Nadia Carlock's beloved, and so the world's finest man. There was nothing he could not do toward making the whole tremendous game of steel humane. Twelve-hour days, seven-day weeks, twenty-four-hour shifts, perilous jobs, jobs that made mules of men, jobs that broke men's bodies, jobs that broke men's minds, jobs that took the best ten years of men's lives and then kicked them out, drained dry of juice and fight—all these would go some day. No man like Peter Carlock to bring that day to pass. And then her own brother—her own brother Steve—and then her mother endlessly weeping. "Why, why, why? Why did the big ones not listen to your man, Nadia?"

That broke her. She knew why. She, Nadia Tokazh, hung like a social millstone around his neck. The welfare of ten thousand Magyar men in the mills waited her sacrifice. Her own blood brother's hideous death lay at her very door. That broke her. Peter Carlock would never do the splendid work ahead of him with a hunky for a wife. All right then, he should hate her.

No other way. No other way to make the finest man in the world break with his mate. So she had done these things—the unsigned letters—all. And now that he would not hate her, after all that, what in the world was she to do? And a very deluge of tears of the happiest despair you ever heard of rolled down Peter Carlock's chest.

Well, there were several things she could do. First of all, she was to come over here. What was she doing way over there, anyhow? That was better.

"The second thing to do is this," said Peter Carlock. "Remember till your dying day that no matter how much any man can accomplish by himself, he can accomplish more with a good woman and a couple kids beside him!

"And lastly, you can tell me something." Pete Carlock's voice was suddenly very soft, suddenly very full of an age-old adoration. "Three months ago—I almost know it to the hour—you suddenly changed to an even more wonderful wife than ever you had been before. But not to deceive me, Nadia Tokazh, while you tried your wiles on any stiff shirt like Kernan. Look up at me, you beautiful thing. Think you can hide it there against my shoulder? Look up at me and tell me something."

And so that lady with the golden Mogul helmet, and the eyes out of ancient Tur'an, and the mouth that, like her body, makes the censor wag an admonishing finger at all ambitious keyboards—that lovely lady snuggled a mysteriously ripening, lovelier-than-ever body into her husband's arms, and by a look in her tan eyes beyond the skill of all the keyboards in the world, mysteriously told Peter Carlock something.

AT HOME ON THE MARCEL WAVES

(Continued from Page 13)

Shoppe. But what a place now! The greeny-yellowy walls were gone. The dismal fixtures were gone. The melancholy calendars and the optimistically impossible hairdressing designs were gone. And in their place, rich whiteness.

The walls gave out light, subdued and creamy. Along one wall curtains hung, of the same canvas that was like velvet. It hung in stately folds, impressive marble. Evidently it curtained off booths. Where the faded green burlap had been, and Miss Julia's attempt at window decoration, there were more straight folds of white canvas right against the glass, through which the hot white sunshine of Florida winters, reborn after rain, fell on the bare floor in a shining soft glow. And all the rest of the place was bare—bare and white and empty, except for a long rope, clean, yellow, new rope, stretched like a life line along the bare wall. The simplicity and whiteness were at once stimulating and awe-inspiring. Miss Julia hardly knew whether to like it or not, and gazed timidly.

Augusta McCann, in her rattling white apron and cap, parted a canvas curtain and moved out on the scrubbed floor. Behind her darted a telephone man, with a loose handful of cord and a tool kit, looking subdued.

"And any time you or your putty-colored, cross-eyed, lantern-jawed telephone company think you can yank that telephone out again, you tell the president I'll come up and curl his hair for him, myself in person."

The mellow tones fell meltingly about the red ears of the telephone man, scurrying for the door. He shut it behind him very, very softly.

Augusta turned with her hands on her hips, surveying her work. Her red lips were calm and assured. She met the frightened gaze of Miss Julia and sauntered toward her down the scrubbed floor.

"Well there," she said in tones of soft thunder, "that's what I like to see. Fresh as new paint, aren't you? It's lovely weather. That squall passed us in the night and the wind's flattening. Sun's hot enough to scorch brasswork. Breakfast?"

"What—what has happened?" Miss Julia gasped, but Augusta was too busy with more beef tea to answer. It came out of a jar from her satchel and Miss Julia's mouth watered again at its strong hot saltiness.

"Tuck that into you and you'll be ready to begin on," Augusta remarked, studying the little figure with the straggling gray hair hunched up on the side of the bed, sipping the boiling stuff. "I want to get you on the scales."

Miss Julia spilled a scalding drop on her nightgowned knee. "On the what?"

"Scales." Augusta was still thoughtful. "You'll have to change the name of this place. This shoppy stuff isn't shipshape. Sentimental as a third-class missionary prayer meeting. Got no guts to it. Want some more?"

"No, no more, thank you. What do you mean? What have you done? What about the rent? I ——"

"Oh, stow that," Augusta said, pulling her to her feet and flopping the mattress over with the other hand. "The landlord apologized to you, the yella-livered old walrus. I told him he was making a mistake."

"But the paint, all this—how could you?"

"Can't work in a messy deck house," Augusta returned, towing her through the curtains. "Got to have good white paint and canvas. There was a marine-stores man that trusted me. I shipped once with an uncle of his to Rio. He was supercargo. Hurry up. I got to begin on you first before we get customers. You're poor advertising. Come in here."

Miss Julia's toes padded meekly across the floor. A curtain fell behind her.

"Now strip."

Never in her entire maidenly life had Miss Julia stood naked before the eyes of a single human being. In South Braintree one does not even keep a mirror in the bathroom which reveals anything more intimate than the point of the chin. Yet such was the effect of Augusta's imperial manner that Miss Julia Trimble actually saw herself from shrinking gray head to shrinking elderly toes, without a stitch to save her, in the long mirror on the wall. She looked and saw herself, and the blush that resulted turned all her scrawny flesh one hot pink.

Augusta remained calm. The same eye that had appraised the rent agent moved about Miss Julia. Then she was made to stand on scales. Then a tape measure was flicked about her. Then she was made to hop up and down violently while Augusta

(Continued on Page 50)

1899 – 1924

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Nothing can be better or finer than in the Packard. We submit Packard materials to comparison with any motor car on earth. Packard has only one standard—the best that money can buy and experience can select

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For 24 years Packard has had but one policy—to build as finely as human skill and the best machinery can build. It is recognized by engineers, manufacturers and laymen alike that Packard leads in fine manufacturing

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For years, Packard has set the pace in motor car development. The beauty and distinctiveness of Packard are traditional. There is, in Packard, an inherent exclusiveness that no duplication of mere dimensions can ever equal.

Four-wheel service brakes; 2 additional rear wheel brakes—a total of six—on all Packard cars

Packard Six

Packard Six furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed.

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Packard Eight furnished in ten body types, open and enclosed.

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Drink it through Stone's Sanitary Straws

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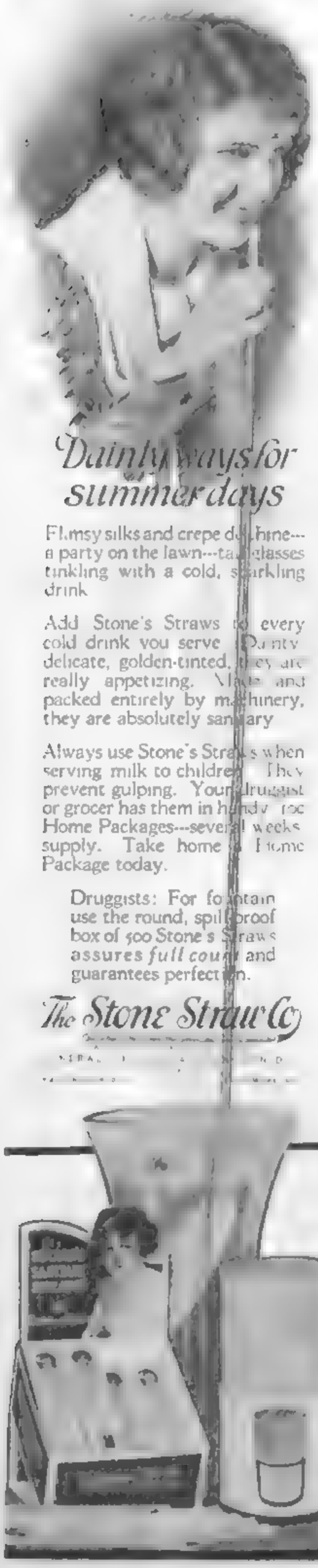

Dainty ways for summer days

Flimsy silks and crepe de Chine---a party on the lawn---tall glasses tinkling with a cold, sparkling drink

Add Stone's Straws to every cold drink you serve. Dainty, delicate, golden-tinted, they are really appetizing. Made and packed entirely by machinery, they are absolutely sanitary

Always use Stone's Straws when serving milk to children. They prevent gulping. Your druggist or grocer has them in handy 10c Home Packages---several weeks supply. Take home a Home Package today.

Druggists: For fountain use the round, spill-proof box of 500 Stone's Straws assures *full count* and guarantees perfection.

The Stone Straw Co

(Continued from Page 48)

referred to a huge masculine wrist watch. At the last, when there seemed no end to the shamefulness, the panting, shaking Miss Julia was allowed to huddle herself into her decent thick nightgown, which she buttoned hurriedly clear to the neck. Her head was swimming.

As Augusta spoke Miss Julia flinched. "'Swat I thought," she said. "Underfed. No wind. Flabby. No resistance. Must have been regularly starving yourself. You haven't slept. You haven't exercised. You haven't taken care of yourself any more than a sick kitten. And then you try to run a beauty parlor! Just like you women after thirty or forty, you thin ones. You think it's decent and respectable being sallow and miserable. You think there's a special orchestra seat in heaven for old maids who neglect themselves to spite their neighbors and onlookers. Why, hot hurricanes, woman ——"

"Oh, do you have to swear that way? It—it's dreadful." Miss Julia clutched to herself the remnants of her dignity. After all, a New England ancestry must count for something.

"Huh?" said Augusta from the next booth. "C'mere."

The things that happened in the next half hour to Julia Trimble were epic. First she was made to take the nightgown off again and stand up in a collapsible canvas tub, while Augusta poured bucketfuls of hot salt water over her and lukewarm fresh water after that. Then there was a tremendous rubbing and kneading of her bony back and arms and legs while she tingled. She was allowed to dress herself, but, immediately after, Augusta seized her again. This time she had to drink a quart of milk, slowly. Then her hair was shampooed, and while it was drying her face tapped, not rubbed, all over, with fingers like pink velvet and cream and electricity. Julia Trimble had no words, no thoughts, no protests left. She lay back unthinking, only feeling a new, quick warmth within her and, outside, the enveloping quiet of Augusta.

At the very last Augusta plucked her own gleaming marcel iron from the heater and clicked it with that subdued rhythmical aplomb possible only to masters of that exotic craft. Miss Julia, whose short course in beauty culture at a cheap school had been left with only a fumbling ignorance of all such mysteries, knew artistry when she heard it. Out of those gleaming steel jaws fell waves exact, rippling, shining gray, proceeding about her head in an ordered fluting, sophisticated magic. Beyond her head in the mirror she could see the absorbed glance of Augusta, her cap as stiff, her breathing as placid, as if this whirlwind of action had never emanated from her. She had not spoken for hours, it seemed. Hers was the indwelling rapture of the creative artist.

Finally "Now," she said; and Julia Trimble stood up.

"I—why, it isn't me. You've put rouge on me."

"Gaw, yes. You need it," Augusta murmured.

Miss Julia stared harder. She saw herself, undoubtedly. She knew her faded gray eyes, the long face, the thin hair. But this woman's eyes were warm and excited. She had dark eyelashes and eyebrows. When had Augusta done that? There was a flush like ashes of roses in her cheeks, and her mouth was faintly red. But her hair was the marvel. That stringy hair, yellowy-gray before, was now soft silver, a coronal of gentle waves close about her forehead, heaped high and distinguished over the ears. Distinguished—yes, really. That is exactly what she looked. And recognizing that, proudly Miss Julia remembered the ancestor who had been a college president, and held her chin up.

"Your clothes are fair," Augusta remarked behind her. "But you'll have to get better ones, gray and white and soft colors. There was an old French countess on the Trieste boat. Well, c'mere now."

Miss Julia recognized Augusta's key word for new disturbances. She was even a little curious. And she might well have been. For outside, in the long, bare half of the room, up and down the empty floor Augusta made her walk.

"Don't throw your shoulders back like that," she commanded. "Makes you look like a murderess in a strait-jacket. Hold your chest up and you can forget your shoulders. Make believe you've got a button on your chest and a rope from that to the ceiling. Hang up on it. Hang on it. Your chest; your chest, I said, not your shoulders. Hold your chin in. And for the love of the seven sacred cats yank your stummick in—in!"

Yes, she did too. Just like that. She said "stummick" to Julia Trimble; and

"What—What Has Happened?" Miss Julia Gasped

Julia Trimble, scared eyes on the stern face down the room, drew in that hitherto unremarked part of her body politic, got angry and strode, actually strode, down the room, eyes flashing. Never in her life before had she felt so vital and dominating. She could almost have thrown Augusta out of the shop. Almost—but Augusta was speaking again.

"That's more like a Christian. Now you're a better ad for the business. Looka here. Here's what you gotta do next. Here's some names I cut outa the morning paper. Staying at the Great Biscayne. You go sit on the front piazza there and you find out who is which and you sit there and take them all in. Don't miss anything. Take a paper and pencil and put down which ones are too fat and which ones are too thin and the ones with bad skin and their hair done wrong and don't know how to walk or wear their clothes—everything like that. Walk out in the sun all the way and take deep breaths, and in an hour get a malted milk with two eggs in it. Don't come back all afternoon. I got to be busy."

For the first time since she had come south Julia Trimble spent an afternoon sitting on a hotel porch, gazing at women who were fascinating to her because they lived in such hotels. She had walked slowly through the brisk crowded streets, slower yet up the avenue of queer feathery pines that reveal at a distance the reserved colonial yellow and white of the hotel itself. So that she sat, glad to sit, but feeling through her whole body a live vigor she had forgotten one could feel—a clean, scrubbed, massaged, well-cared-for feeling. She rejoiced in the knowledge that her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright.

The long, gay piazzas with the flashing bay beyond, the palms, the flowers, the glistening automobiles and the drenching sunshine—above all, the grouped chattering people seemed to make it the pleasantest place in the world to be. Bewildered as she was, she wallowed in content. A comfortable fat woman beside her, doing intricate things with needles and rose-colored wool, obligingly told her who everybody was. One by one she checked off the names on her list. She had never noticed women so much before, in spite of her so-called course in beauty culture. Under the necessity of remembering all this to tell to Augusta, her wits and her powers of observation were unusually sharpened. She saw these women, not only as they were but as they might be if Augusta could get those two great hands on them. She found herself using Augusta herself as standard with which to measure these women, her radiant soundness, her great wholesome, splendidly carried body against their lumpiness and scrawniness. Of course there were many well-groomed, finely healthy women dashing about, but too many oldish ones were too fat, with the tight, overstuffed look of the hotel dweller, thick thighs and hard, high bosoms in too elaborate sport clothes, or too thin, as she was, edged with unnecessary nerves that brought wrinkles and circles. There were women letting their—well, their abdomens slump; there were women waddling their hips. They pushed their shoulders too far back or they drooped them consumptively or they walked knock-kneed because of thick cushions of fat on the insides of their legs. And the ones with the most blatantly artificial complexions almost always lacked most that sense of thorough grooming. Hordes of women, all with something for Augusta to do to them.

Julia Trimble was thrilled. Going back, she sipped her milk and eggs with eyes wide and alert for the women in the drug store about her—the girls behind the counter, the middle-aged customers before it. Going home to the Sunbeam Beauty Shoppe, she walked now almost instinctively as Augusta had shown her, pulling herself up sharply when she thought she was slumping. Why, she wouldn't be like one of those feeble, round-shouldered old things for anything.

All this was excellent preparation for the work which had kept Augusta busy all afternoon. Miss Julia hardly gasped at all over the revelation which the shop front held for her. She merely gasped in surprise that such color should exist. Outside the shop Augusta had painted the woodwork a strange blue-green, and the little door was blue-green. It was a strange color to her, and yet it went perfectly with the blazing tropic sky and the white buildings down the street. She could not guess that that was the color of Italian peasant houses around Genoa, that Augusta used to watch from some passing deck, a color splashed on the rough masonry by the copper sulphide sprayed on the grapevines over the house. She was more engrossed by the awning, which swung, a great descending sail, from the low roof to the standard over the curbstone. She could not know that Augusta had held that color in her eye ever since she had absorbed, from a ship out of Trieste, the color of the stained sails of Venetian farm boats flaming against the Adriatic. It was the same canvas, creamy at the top but shading through amber and apricot into clear flame, dripping almost to the sidewalk. Down the whole length of the street that canvas leaped and shouted and sang. Its flamboyance was marvelous advertising. Its rightness of color made the whole street an adventure. Once Miss Julia would have thought it loud. Now, shamefacedly, she rejoiced in it. She rejoiced also in the window, mysterious in the heavy white curtains which hung against it. On the right-hand curtain, gleaming wetly, had been painted in discreet blue letters the words, "Miss Trimble." She read it with eyes shining with excitement.

They had what seemed to Miss Julia like a perfectly enormous dinner, which Augusta made her eat of lavishly, and only pecked

(Continued on Page 52)

DODGE BROTHERS
4-PASSENGER COUPE

Built for those who hitherto have thought it necessary to pay more for a car of equal beauty, roominess and good taste.

Dodge Brothers vast production and efficient methods have made this car possible at this price.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
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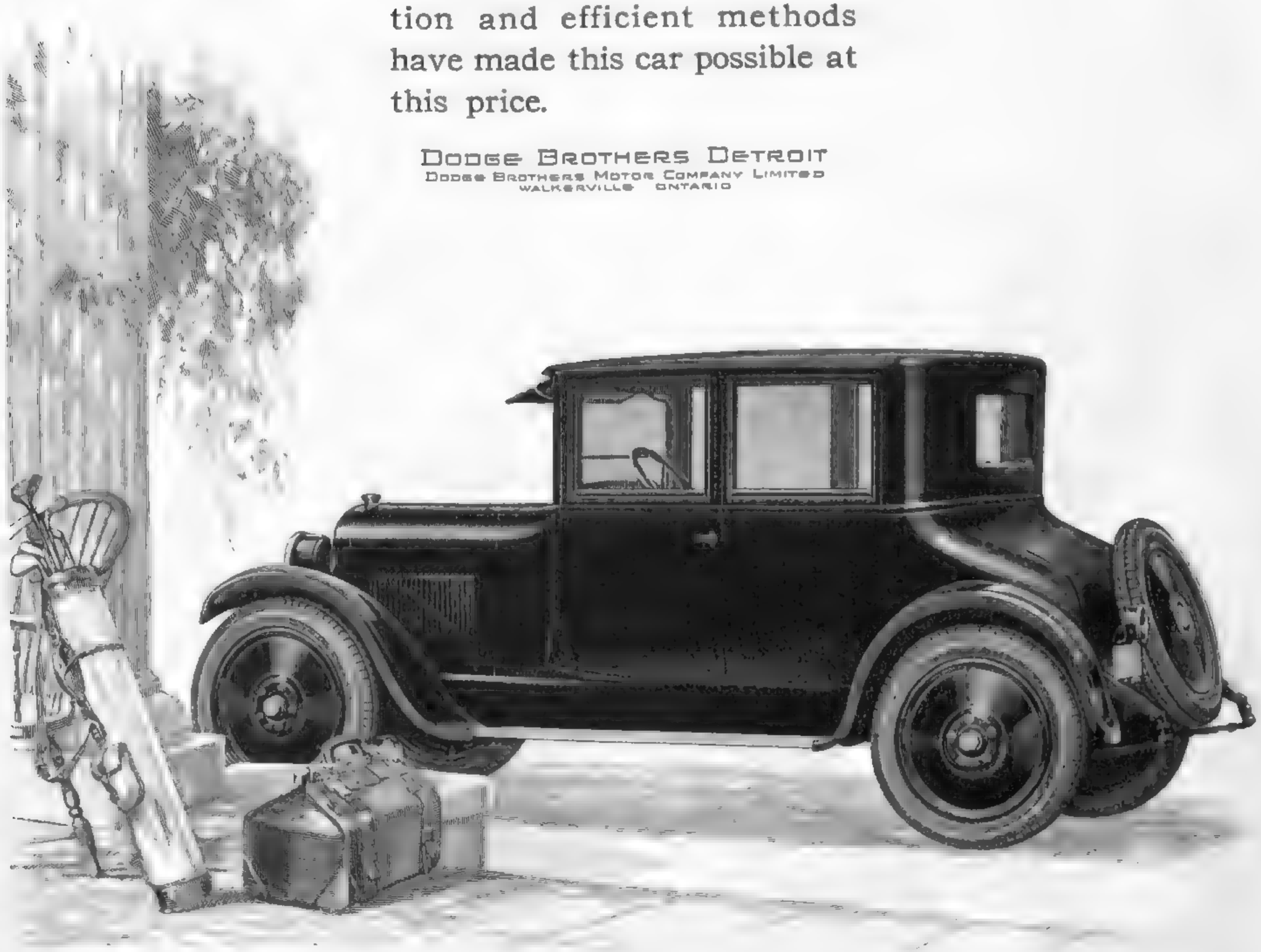

"Let's be fire engines"

Here they come—hair flying, feet racing, eyes sparkling! Gee—what fun!

Every little boy and girl wants a velocipede. Give your youngster an Iver Johnson—the *safe*, sturdy velocipede that will stand hard usage and last for years without repairs. It is the "vest pocket edition" of the world-famous Iver Johnson Bicycle.

Strong, Easy to Ride

Built by the same skilled mechanics that make the Iver Johnson Bicycle. Vital parts drop-forged; front axle bearings in a forged, hardened, ground steel housing that does away with all projecting screws and nuts. Flush joints throughout, and full one inch rubber cushion tires.

Made in three sizes, with baked-on enamel, either red or blue with white head; full nickel fork; all nickel plating over copper. Extra number of heavy spokes eliminates all spoke trouble. Other mechanical innovations make the Iver Johnson "America's best liked Velocipede."

The Iver Johnson Velocipede is attractive in design, handsome in appearance, easy riding, and long lasting.

Write for Free Booklets

Catalog "B" illustrates and describes the various Velocipede models, as well as the complete line of Iver Johnson Bicycles for men, women, boys and girls.

Catalog "A" illustrates and describes the complete line of Iver Johnson "Hammer the Hammer" Safety Revolvers, as well as Iver Johnson Champion Single Barrel Shot Guns and Hammerless Double Barrel Shot Guns.

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IVER JOHNSON VELOCIPEDES

(Continued from Page 50)

at herself. It was spread on the new white oilcloth of the little back room, which, with two cots instead of one, looked as compact and tidy as a stateroom. And later on, when she had been tucked early into her cot, with the sweet salt wind from the open window making her sleepy, she lay and watched Augusta stitching a new white apron, and they talked. Augusta learned all about South Braintree and Greataunt Julia and Cousin Lewis Smith and Miss Julia's lifelong secret ambition to come to Florida. Miss Julia, through Augusta's casual talk of strange seas and stranger ports, with liquid, far-off names, caught something of the inarticulate desire of Augusta which she had cherished secretly, with the marcel iron. Augusta had wanted to run a beauty parlor too. But hers was to be different. She explained it.

"It's women I get so sick of, the ones that aren't as the Lord intended them to be. Men are bad enough. But these namby-pamby females, too fat and too thin and delicate and no good to anybody, I hate 'em. They get green around the gills in any sort of sea and then I have to bring 'em the hot-water bag to save 'em from dying; or the doctor told them they had weak hearts and it's 'Go tell the captain the fowl at lunch was almost raw and the potatoes had lumps in them.' Fat and bloated like sea cows or thin as herrings, I've always had to jump around for them, and I've hungered for the time when I could get my hands on them and make them jump around. Not just marcel and fix them so their surface would be all right, but strip and overhaul them from the keel up. And then you seeming so forlorn and picked on, just set me off. I guess I can practice on you and that pink-candy baby that come in here for the rent. Of course you're the skipper, but I'll be a kind of first mate. Now tell about the women."

When Miss Julia drifted serenely off to sleep she was vaguely conscious of seeing Augusta scrubbing herself in cold water, her great body like that of some warm marble goddess come to life in the shadows. Funny, Miss Julia thought vaguely, in the idiom of New England, how only that morning she would have been ashamed to look at a bare-naked woman. Now she had to confess that it was sort of beautiful. But then, one looked at these things differently in Florida.

Truly, the next morning Augusta demonstrated to the still astonished Miss Julia, capable of more astonishment than she would have thought possible, further details of Augusta's own way of running a beauty-culture establishment. They had already accomplished the ritual of Miss Julia's rising, the hot salt bath, the cold shower, the thorough massage. This morning, in place of the shampoo and the wave, there were exercises. Gentle exercises at first, Augusta explained gravely; mere nothings. She stood Miss Julia down the length of the long, cool room and watched her carefully trying to touch the floor with her finger tips ten times, ten times making waist rings that tweaked unmercifully at what Augusta called Miss Julia's flabby corset muscles; and ten times—but this was the thing Miss Julia protested vigorously against—ten times trying to kick higher than her head, clutching for dear life the rope looped along the wall for just such purpose. This last Miss Julia flatly balked at. She considered it, for a gentlewoman of her years, unnecessary, undignified and the next thing to indecent.

"Well, for the love heck," Augusta remarked, "you'd think you was a near relative of Methusalem. Get that leg up there now. Way up. Swing it good. Holy catnip, lady, when I say swing it, you swing it!" It is amazing what the human frame is capable of, Miss Julia found.

More massage for the muscles that might be a little stiff, a quick rubdown, and an enormous milk-and-eggs breakfast completed the ceremony. And then Augusta went to the telephone.

Her telephone voice was a rich bellow, fit for hailing passing vessels through a thick fog across rolling deeps. So that Miss Julia, making beds with tremendous vigor, could hardly have avoided hearing Augusta had the telephone operator at the Great Biscayne Hotel.

"You get me Mrs. Peter Blair on her telephone, will you? Ye-ah. Mrs. Blair. Wanta speak to her." A pause. "Hello—hello—oh, that you, Mrs. Blair? Say, Mrs. Blair, you're getting kind of too fat around the hips, Mrs. Blair, seems to me. And I guess you forgot you couldn't drink two cocktails before dinner without it showing on your face, did you? Well, I —— What? Who, me? Why, I'm 'Gusta, Mrs. Blair." Pause. "Oh, yes, you do. That trip on the Kameha, the Royal Green line out of Honolulu five years ago—Honolulu, Yokohama and Singapore. The summer you was married. . . . Sure. You was sick. . . . Sure. I'm 'Gusta. Next trip they made me head stewardess. I told you then you'd hafta watch out about getting too fat. Your husband don't like 'em fat. . . . Sure. Sure, you remember. . . . Well, listen, Mrs. Blair, I'm here now, and I can fix you up all right—skin, figure and everything. . . . Yes'm. I'm working to Miss Trimble's. . . . Well, I don't know where you've been, not to. Miss Trimble is the famous beauty culture and female rejuvenator. . . . Uh-huh. Right here in Miami. Her and I can fix you up good. . . . No, you can't come right over. No, not tomorrow. Le's see. I want to give you a couple hours and go over you good. You've let yourself go somp'n awful. Come in at ten o'clock Thursday. And say, listen, that Mrs. Matthews that's with you. . . . Well, she was playing cards in the lobby with you yesterday. Well, you tell her to come in and see me three o'clock Thursday afternoon. She's worse than you are, even. Her hair needs attention and her stummick muscles have all give out. You tell her I said so. Augusta, at Miss Trimble's. Northwest Fifth Street, and look for the flame-colored awning. . . . Uh-huh. Bye-bye."

In such fashion, therefore, Miss Julia found herself famous. In such fashion Augusta began her great campaign against the errors of female flesh. Miss Julia became background, figurehead and business department. She learned to carry herself superbly, wear exquisitely simple gray dresses with a manner, look aloof and distinguished; live with a regularity and efficiency that would have shamed the crew of a warship, and keep silent. Augusta did the rest.

Augusta was amazing. Her first boldness bore good fruit. Mrs. Peter Blair, at once outraged and impressed, had come and had been conquered. Two hours alone with Augusta, her scales, tape measure and calculating eye had rendered her as helpless as Miss Julia. Her diet, her habits of living, her exercise, almost her thoughts were exposed to Augusta's calm analysis and scorching tongue. She was put on rigid schedule, with a weekly bill that went higher the harder she had to work. She rose in the morning when Augusta told her to, reported it by telephone to Miss Trimble, who checked it on a neat card index. She came three times a week for exercises, rubdown and massage. Augusta took care of her face, hair and nails. Augusta sent her to a dentist and made her learn to swim. She caused her to give up afternoon bridge and play tennis. The hours of swimming and tennis, even the hours she danced in the evening, when she went to bed, and everything she ate, were all recorded and checked by Miss Trimble, to whom Mrs. Blair spoke respectfully. But Julia Trimble had no illusions. She knew that no one but Augusta, serene in her blue serge and white apron, striding about giving orders like a bucko mate of a tramp ship, could have done it, and lived.

The result was a glorified Mrs. Peter Blair. She had been, as Augusta had said, too fat, too rouged, too well padded with soft, mushy flesh, too much the typical hotel-dwelling woman. Augusta called them sea cows, and if you have ever studied the sluggish fatness, the bloated lack of response to all stimuli but those relating to food, which is a sea cow, you would understand the cruel aptness of the illustration. But Miss Trimble's had changed all that. In three weeks the fat was melting away. In two months the Mrs. Peter Blair who swung down the street toward the familiar blue door was a sparkling-eyed, lithe, magnetic young thing whose thirty-seven years were a rosy twenty-two. Her chin was up. Her color was flashing. Her stomach muscles were flat and hard. She could wear clothes as the fashion magazines dream clothes should be worn. In Augusta's own words, she was a real he-man's female at last.

And what they had done for Mrs. Blair they did for crowds of other women, who by the third week were clamoring for appointments which were not always given them. Even the landlord's secretary, whose name turned out to be Della Mooney, had become, under Augusta's hard fist, a dewy-eyed lissom creature with personality, and she got engaged to a leading real-estate man almost immediately. And if that wasn't convincing, Augusta said, who was superbly unconscious of all men, then what could be?

Apparently there was nothing those hotel women would not do if Augusta, or rather, Miss Trimble's, would only make them slender and good-looking. And Augusta saw to it that they were kept busy. Miss Trimble had to enlarge the shop, spend money on better and more permanent fixtures. Augusta had a real gymnasium, with apparatus and a running track, where fat women panted and sweated all day in sweaters and in squads. There were hot and cold showers and massage rooms. There were more shampoo booths and expert marcel wavers and shampooers and manicure girls, on the more decorative side. They had to employ assistants. But the very girls who worked at Trimble's were a special lot, hand-picked by Augusta, trained by Augusta, disciplined by Augusta. They would no more have singed hair and ruined it to sell false hair goods, or applied cold creams which would ruin skins and grow hair, than they would have defied Augusta. They had a dormitory of their own. They were fed and dieted and exercised, had their swimming hours and their shampoo hours, their gym work, their dentistry and their manicures, as if they were paying patrons. Under Miss Trimble's quiet influence they were well mannered, charming. That, of course, meant more publicity, more attention for Miss Trimble's remarkable establishment. And when one Trimble girl was starred in the movies and another married a millionaire, you can see for yourself that the place began to be as well known as the Gulf Stream or the climate itself. Women on hotel piazzas boasted daily of the hardships they suffered at Augusta's hand. "My dear, really," they said pityingly to newcomers, "you mustn't waste a minute. If you are staying here a month you will just have time to let Miss Trimble make you over. Put yourself entirely in her hands and let her take charge of you. And besides, you meet all the really smart women there." The watchword ran up and down the tea gardens and polo games and piazzas.

Only Augusta remained unchanged through all of this. Miss Trimble had her tiny but charming apartment. The Trimble girls grew beautiful and famous. The Trimble patrons came, and went glorified. But Augusta moved as usual, calm, radiating health, level-lipped, her cap as starched, her aprons as snowy, her blue serge as neat, her vocabulary as red-blooded. She lived in the little old back room of the original shop, got up at dawn, ate sparingly and never went anywhere. Her thrills came as they must come to the captain of a great ship, through constant vigilance, constant discipline, plain living and the satisfaction of bringing his ship, its cargo and its passengers safely into port every trip.

Of course the establishment had been obliged to add what Augusta scornfully called eyewash. That became Miss Julia's part. By dint of visiting hotels, tea dances, tennis matches, polo games, as part of her tours of inspection, Miss Julia had developed rather a shrewdness in that respect. She had learned that it paid to be seen at smart places, but that it also paid to see. The comments and attention that marked the passing of her finely carried little figure, in soft gray silks, the aristocratic face with the rosy tint on the cheeks, the snapping gray eyes, the beautiful hair—were all good publicity. But she picked up ideas that way, too, and the ideas helped carry on the unique reputation they were gaining all the way up and down the coast. She had guessed that fencing would be the next sport for women, long before anyone else, and her fencing master was very French and very much a success. She was the one to suggest the sun bath in the patio, with exotically colored chaise longues and Cuban tiles like the colors of faded roses in a rose jar. She served tea there at four every afternoon, from an elaborate silver tea service, to those patrons whose diet allowed them tea, instead of milk and eggs, or nothing. And that became a ceremony, too, to which women sought invitations—a ceremony at which only the most habitual of the patrons, clad in the rose silk

(Continued on Page 54)

Sillimanite Discovered By Champion After Countless Ages

Although sillimanite was known to science for years as a shock-resisting mineral, it meant nothing to the adventurers who tramped the California mountains in their search for precious metals.

It was left for Champion scientists, started on the search by their laboratory experiments, finally to discover sillimanite in commercial quantities far up in the Inyo mountains.

Today this rare mineral is processed into the core which has caused Champion to outsell everywhere because it is the better spark plug.

Ordinary porcelains are subject to breakage under severe stress. Carbon accumulates on their surface, causing loss of current and sometimes pre-ignition.

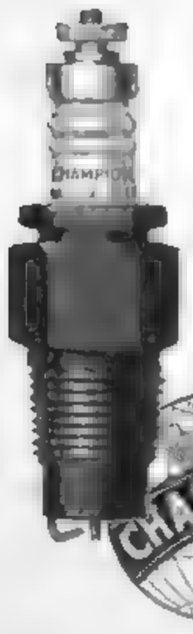
The Double-Ribbed Champion sillimanite core is better than the finest porcelains. It is practically unbreakable. It provides more complete insulation, making certain that a full, intense spark is delivered to the firing points.

The engine equipped with Champions yields more power. It is quicker in starting, more rapid in acceleration, and much faster. Performance is improved in every way and there is a marked saving in oil and gas.

Thousands of motorists have found these things out. That is why more and more Champions are being installed by the full set at least once each year.

They actually save their cost in a short time. They make certain greater motoring satisfaction.

You will have no difficulty in securing Champions. The seven Champion types provide a properly designed spark plug for every engine. More than 90,000 dealers sell Champions.



Champion is the standard spark plug for Ford cars and trucks and Fordson tractors. Recognized by dealers and owners for 12 years as the most economical and efficient spark plug. Sold by dealers everywhere

Know the genuine by the Double-Ribbed Sillimanite Core. Champion X is 60 cents. The Blue Box 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents.) Champions are fully guaranteed. Compare them with any other spark plug. Champion superiority is readily apparent.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Now women *can* swim!

Casually she pauses in her smart, trim Jantzen—welcoming coyly the appraisal of flattering eyes.

Then—she springs—rises—straightens—and disappears in a graceful swan dive.

Shades of yesteryear! Can this be the modern sister of the frightened young thing who bathed with trepidation and who couldn't swim if she wished because skirts and trappings impeded? Before the day of the Jantzen! With this *new* freedom of the Jantzen-stitch and the Jantzen patented features, women nowadays can *swim*.

See Jantzens in the fashionable 1924 colors for women, men and children—with the patented bow trunk and non-rip crotch. Send for style book and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric. Ask dealer for red diving girl windshield sticker, or send 4c for two.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND, OREGON

Jantzen
The Nation's Swimming Suit
THE SUIT THAT CHANGED *BATHING* TO *SWIMMING*

(Continued from Page 52)

scanty bathing suits prescribed for all Trimble activities, were permitted. Then Miss Julia, in gray crêpe de chine, under the tropic loveliness of a lavender-blue and blossoming thunbergia vine, with the sun pouring on naked legs and arms, bosoms and backs, in the patio before her, was most transformed. Nowadays a leg was a leg to Miss Julia, something to be studied and worked on and charged for, and not at all an appendage for making a mock of modesty. She took all that as matter-of-factly as the parked limousines, sport cars and dowager landaulets before the flame-colored awning, which now covered half a block.

It was on such an afternoon, late in such a tea hour, as Miss Julia sat breathing soft air and a great contented assurance that all was for the best in a rapidly improving world, that the one thing she could not possibly have believed could happen, happened. Augusta McCann fell in love. Little was Miss Julia aware of it. The sun, between the vine leaves, did not darken, but continued to fleck the silver with tiny points of dazzle. The silk-clad women lounging about her spoke in drowsy murmurs. It was all because of Augusta, Miss Julia was thinking. Her vigor, her passion for cleanliness and glowing good bodies, her wise, rigid discipline, pervaded everything, like the sun and the good wind. In fact, Miss Julia was so aware of Augusta in the abstract that she did not at first see Augusta herself standing by her elbow.

"Goodness, Augusta, how you startled me! What is it?"

Augusta was staring absently at the other wall. She gave no indication at all that she saw Mrs. Whiting steal a third lump of sugar, who should have had none. She remained oblivious of the fact that little Mrs. James Rutherford Duncan, 3d, was hiding out from a strenuous gymnasium appointment by pretending to be asleep over in the far corner. All that Augusta said, and to Miss Julia there was something hollow in the tone, was, "Is there any tea left?"

"Why, of course, Augusta. I didn't know that Mrs. Watkins wanted some or I would have had it sent in." Mrs. Watkins was the particular plush horse, in Augusta's words, then under private view.

"It isn't for Mrs. Watkins. It's for me."

"Well, of course. Sit right down. Is Mrs. Watkins gone?"

Augusta sat down and held her teacup in her lap, stirring and stirring it.

"I don't know," she said, stirring it more.

Miss Julia glanced at her, puzzled. There was certainly something unusual in Augusta's manner.

"Where were you last night?" Miss Julia asked idly. "I came over to show you those samples for the girls' new uniforms."

"I ——" Augusta hesitated. "I guess I was to the band concert."

"The band conc—— Well, I didn't know you liked music. Did you enjoy it?"

"Enjoy what?"

"Augusta, what's the matter with you?"

Augusta hesitated. "Miss Julia—ah—can I speak to you a minute? There's a—I got to ask you something. D'you think—I mean, wouldn't it be kind of a good idea to have a man around the place?"

"A what? What for, for mercy sake? Why, it wouldn't be decent."

"But I mean—well, but wouldn't you think we had something a man could do?"

"Have you got a brother or something?" Miss Julia gazed in suspicion and astonishment, to see the slow crimson spread from Augusta's firm cheek to her creamy throat.

"He—no'm, he isn't exactly a relative. He's a piccolo player."

"A—a what? For goodness mercy sake, what do we need a piccolo player around here for?"

"Well, you see, he hasn't got a job."

"But I thought you said he was a ——"

"Well, he was, last night. He worked in the band that plays in the park. Only last night his boss said he played out of his turn, said he played so loud you couldn't hear anything else, and he wouldn't let him have a part by himself, and so he resigned on him. And now he needs something to do, and I thought—I thought maybe he could stand out in front and open automobiles for the women. He's too delicate for heavy work."

"But but, Augusta—we can't we don't I don't see what's his name?"

"His name's Andrey Gobchek, and he's waiting in your office now to see you."

"In my—with that name? Why, Augusta, are you crazy? He might be a foreigner." Miss Julia rose and then stood, looking down at Augusta. Something in the unaccustomed droop in the square shoulders gave her a chill of dreadful premonition.

"Augusta McCann, I do believe you are in love with this—this piccolo player."

Augusta raised wide disturbed eyes to hers. Their steel blue was melted, suffused with a troubled moisture. The scarlet deepened on her cheek.

"Oh, Miss Julia, I I don't know as I ever felt anybody needed somebody to look after them the way he does. He's so—so helpless."

Miss Julia, with a dismayed exclamation, fled to her office on fearful toes, and stared at the man waiting in that blue and mauve and lemon taffeta sanctuary of her own. He got to his feet as she came in, and stood bowing. Augusta had said it. He certainly was helpless. He was the most helpless-looking object she had ever laid eyes on.

He was one of those slight, undersized, boyish-seeming male persons, with narrow shoulders and a thin white face made pathetic by enormous melancholy brown eyes, so liquid and appealing that she had to look twice to see that he, too, was not in tears. Standing half turned away from her, he was hardly as tall as she was, with a shock of silky black hair and a pathetic droop to his shoulders. Julia reflected sardonically that evidently Augusta had not ordered him to stiffen up his stummick muscles. He had a peaked narrow face with a skin so white it looked bluish in shadow, and his hand upon the corner of her desk was whiter and more fragile than her own. Yet she felt no warming rush of maternal interest in him, for all that. Rather she sat down behind her desk and looked with dislike at his slightly pouting red lips and his cream-colored silk suit with the miracle of peacock brocade that was his tie.

She said tartly, "I'm told you're looking for work."

He raised gentle, uncomplaining eyes to her. His voice was equally sweet and gentle. "If madame would be so very good."

Miss Julia felt herself sinking in a morass of gentleness and helplessness. She began to see how he had secured his great effect with Augusta.

"I'm sure I can't think of a thing we might need a man for, that a woman couldn't do better," she said resentfully. "Augusta did say something about standing on the curb and opening the doors of automobiles, but ——"

"Oh, thank you, madame; thank you a thousand times," he said quickly, and before she could prevent it he had stooped and was pressing kisses on her hand.

"Horrid wet, cold lips," she thought afterward. "Made me creep all over as if I'd touched a lizard."

But from that day forth Julia Trimble felt like a sailor sent to the masthead to keep a sharp lookout on the horizon, while the good ship of her establishment rode steadily on a seemingly calm sea, with no limit but the brilliant sky. Far down on the horizon she alone beheld a dark cloud rising, a cloud no larger than a man's hand. And the hand was the hand of Andrey Gobchek, opening automobile doors.

He was, the customers declared, a markedly picturesque addition to the place. He did his work with the melancholy distinction of a minor poet or a younger brother of H. R. H. Hamlet. He had discarded the cream-colored silk suitings for crisp white linen, a narrow black tie that was no blacker or silkier than his gleaming black head or his eyelashes, and a flame-colored cummerbund into which the tie tucked from a Byronic low collar. Under the flame-colored awning, dazzling white and black in the dazzling white light, he was a thrillingly exotic figure, or so the dowagers thought whose car doors he opened with a languishing grace. The plumpest patrons leaned heavily on his frail, boyish arm and he gazed at them with lustrous orbs, to the great nausea of Miss Julia. Even when there were no approaching automobiles he would stand under the awning, one slender hand on his hip, the other stroking wearily his glossy hair, his cameolike profile tilted to gaze in an aristocratic abstraction heavenward, and there was a small suggestion that he was aware of what a picture he was making. Certainly the shy, wistful smile, the eloquent glance, with which he moved forward to meet some heavily freighted landaulet, became more and more personal, more and more directly applied, in exact ratio to the amount of income tax therein implied.

"Oh, Miss Trimble, your adorable Andrey has such chic!" the fluttered dowagers chorused. "Where did you ever find him? He is perfect Dresden china."

To which Miss Julia's polite smile was growing more and more acid. The cloud upon the horizon was growing rapidly more threatening. For if the enchanting porcelain helplessness of Andrey so affected the dowagers, it was devastating to Augusta, for whom a life on strenuous decks had held nothing like this. In all her stern years the sentimental pangs of first love could never have touched her great heartstrings. If it had been one of the manicure girls—but no manicure girl would have taken it like this.

Augusta's forthright temperament took the malady as a strong man takes typhoid fever. Every keen, driving edge of her militant domination softened. Her eyes, with that troubled, hazy look in them, failed now to notice the little careless things which will happen in the best establishments if no one looks after them. She did not see them, because her softened gaze followed after the fragilities of Andrey.

She moved her desk near a window so that she could look out and watch him idling elegantly on the pavement. Miss Julia found her sitting there often, staring out with an absorbed, adoring gaze, while beyond, in the shampoo booths, in the gymnasium, in the baths, at the manicure tables, confusion left its untidy finger marks. Augusta seemed unconscious of a hundred matters needing her firm, hard hand. Even her cap and apron seemed not to be quite so starched. She called Andrey in for a brimming glass of eggs and milk in the middle of the morning. His tea in the afternoon, in her office, was glorified with special cakes and honey and crumpets. She cooked enormous dinners for him in her own little back room, and haunted him with hot milk and quinine when it rained. Evenings, Julia found them often in Augusta's office together, the curtains drawn, and Andrey tootling away plaintively upon his piccolo, while Augusta, otherwise a stranger to all music, let her hands drop from darning his silk socks to gaze at him enraptured. Miss Julia suspected that Augusta loaned or gave him money, for certainly they did not pay him enough to warrant the expensive room he occupied or the array of clothing he displayed. Yet she could say nothing to Augusta, who was the complete picture of the embattled maternal at the slightest suggestion that the exquisite Andrey really did not need all the pampering he got.

If it had been a matter only of Augusta's personal feelings! But the softening of her fighting edge was affecting all Miss Trimble's. Augusta's discipline, her unique personality, had made the establishment. But the day she saw Andrey kiss Mrs. Watkins' hand she forgot to discharge an incompetent and insolent manicure girl, who promptly inoculated the rest with the same virus. The day he was sick in bed with a cold she forgot two important appointments.

The afternoon when Andrey called her "Augusta darling" and borrowed fifty dollars she moved about in a starry-eyed rapture, and spoke meekly to a wealthy patron who should have been withered and reduced to discipline. As a result the woman organized a diet rebellion, with two others in the same stout class, and to their own complete astonishment succeeded in getting Augusta to agree with them. Later they stopped coming to Miss Trimble's. The saying began to move about the hotel piazzas that Miss Trimble's really was not what it used to be. And if there is any more damaging phrase for a business than that, Miss Julia did not want to know it. The patronage began to decrease alarmingly. The stout vessel of Augusta's piloting was drifting dangerously near the bursting thunder of the rocks.

And all the while Andrey Gobchek, the lily-cheeked little lost prince of fashion, was posing upon her pavement, under Augusta's devoted eye. The only comfort Julia Trimble had was in the knowledge that Andrey had not once spoken of love, engagement or marriage.

"All he wants from her is just what he's getting," Miss Julia thought. "Somebody to make a fuss over him and give him money. I'd like to have him kidnapped."

(Continued on Page 56)

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

Romance for Sale—Wholesale and Retail

KING ARTHUR, in the Round Table Days of his reign, was a retailer of Romance He sent forth his knights to sigh 'neath boudoir window, kiss the tossed rose, and carry silk kerchiefs in the tourneys

His Majesty, bless him, meant well enough, but the demand was too great. His knights might sigh and bow and prance and battle in their most chivalric fashion, but the unfilled orders piled up. So his most discouraged Majesty retired from the field

One must wholesale Romance and the 1924 method is via the motion picture. Millions of people will this month go their merry shopping way and see such pictures as "*The Woman on the Jury*"—a present day drama of tremendous power with Sylvia Breamer and a featured cast.

"*A Son of the Sahara*" a romance of the desert filmed in Algeria with a cast of American favorites.

"*The White Moth*" –in which Parisian theatrical life serves as a background for a charming love story by Izola Forrester. Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle are featured.

And the retail shops? They are the luxurious and comfortable theatres throughout the country which present these First National pictures.

Every boy and every boy that was will find himself again in a "Self-Made Failure," with Ben Alexander. On the left the boy star is seen with Mary Carr and above he interrupts the romance of Matt Moore and Patsy Ruth Miller.

J. K. McDonald, producer of the picture, made "Penrod and Sam" and "Boy of Mine" which you saw last year. What more need be said!

Filming a Prairie Fire

THE "Sundown" company has returned from its second extended trip. First the miniature movie army invaded Mexico to film ranch scenes, and then journeyed to western Texas to catch the sight of a flaming prairie with the camera's eye. This done, there but remain studio scenes, so that "Sundown" will be ready for your theatre by summertime.

Bessie Love in "Sundown"

Incidentally, Bessie Love, who plays one of the leading roles in the picture, found herself the lone woman among a hundred men at the Mexican encampment. But the strenuous work of acting in this virile story left her little time to enjoy her popularity

Have You Read "Born Rich"

HUGHES CORNELL'S novel, "Born Rich," is going to be a motion picture—which is good news to the many thousand readers whom it has held enthralled. Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell and Cullen Landis have been selected as principals.

Reading 5000 Stories

"THE PLAY," quoth a certain Will Shakespeare several centuries ago, "is the thing." And with him First National has ever agreed. In its efforts to supply perfect screen entertainment the scenario department pokes in all the corners of the literary world. During the past year 5000 stories were read, including all those published in current magazines, syndicated newspaper serials, all Broadway theatrical productions, and unpublished stories submitted by new writers.

And the result? Simply that such stories as "So Big," Edna Ferber's best selling novel; "The Ragged Messenger," W. B. Maxwell's powerful story; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "The Lost World," and Sabatini's "The Sea Hawk" are to be transferred into photoplay form

Prepare yourself for the screen feasts by first reading the novels. And in regard to "So Big" that delightful cross-section of a woman's heart which First National actress would you like to see in the featured role?

"The Sea Hawk" Is Loosed!

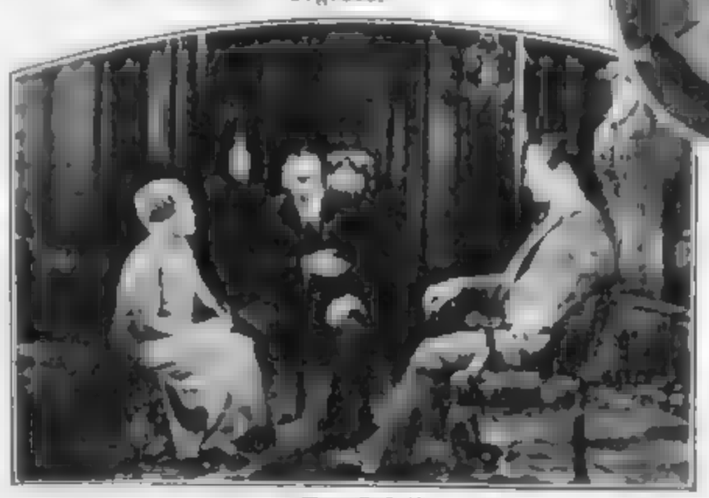
"HERE is romance, but not of your stuffy palace corridors; here is action, but not merely the flash of duelling swords Here is the sweep of far-flung action on pirate seas; here is the heart-pull of grimy, toiling, naked galley-slaves; here is the crash of ship upon ship, the color of Oriental slave markets."

We quote the above, the first criticisms of Rafael Sabatini's "The Sea Hawk," offered by Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc. It was written by R. E. Welsh, one of the leading motion picture editorial writers, and it will summarize, we prophesy, the opinions of all future reviewers. "The Sea Hawk" is loosed—to soar on wings of adventure and romance into ten thousand theatres and a million hearts.

Human and Sincere—"A Self-Made Failure."

J. K. McDONALD has at last found himself a name for his new picture featuring Ben Alexander It is "A Self-Made Failure." But no matter what he called it, the letters would spell Entertainment Young Ben Alexander you remember from "Penrod and Sam" and "Boy of Mine." Imagine with him the inimitable Lloyd Hamilton as a happy-go-lucky knight-of-the-road; Mary Carr as a kissable old grandma; and Patsy Ruth Miller and Matt Moore as the romancing girl and boy. Imagine also a story so human and sincere that the tears follow the laugh and a sigh comes with a smile. Then you have it That is McDonald's accomplishment in this story of small town life.

Comedy drama, they say in the motion picture world, is the most difficult of all types of stories to film, but McDonald and Director William Beaudine have both masters' degrees.



"For Sale"

His financial standing established, the suitor makes final arrangements. Above is Claire Windsor as the prize offering in the matrimonial market.

The Flapper Starts Flapping

THE movies have built houses and knocked them down again, but it remained for "The Perfect Flapper," Colleen Moore's new picture, to drag a full-sized house through the streets for the benefit of a screen thrill. And this incident gives rise to a difficulty—can one legally and constitutionally move one's "cellar" when moving one's house?

Colleen Moore as "The Perfect Flapper"

Let the lawyers settle this, the screen critics have already decided that the picture—recently issued—is Colleen Moore's most delightful offering and one that will supply an hour of sheer joy to a million fans

A Novel-Reading Vacation

THOSE who think that a motion picture director's vacation "between pictures" is a time of easy loafing, forget that the task of selecting a new story for screen adaptation is a heartbreaking and difficult one. Having completed "The White Moth," Maurice Tourneur spent the next few weeks in an orgy of novel reading. He has selected "Belonging," a story by Olive Wadsley, which will be presented by M. C. Levee in the near future

From Cutlass to Cutaway

MILTON SILLS, doffing the picturesque pirate costume of "The Sea Hawk," is once more a debonair man-of-the-world. The picture is "Single Wives," a society drama, in which Corinne Griffith will be featured. Verily, a screen actor's life is a varied one

Underneath the Veneer

A DIGNIFIED engagement notice in the society page. Receptions and luncheons and trousseau preparations. Later the bride's picture and a long account of the costly wedding; the gowns; the celebrities. Another wealthy wedding! How the multitude envies!

But there's often a different story underneath the veneer, if one can get at it. A story with a sob in it, and a thrill; of scheming parents and a girl sacrificed on the matrimonial auction mart. Once in a while a novel or a motion picture lays it bare.

When your local theatre shows "For Sale," remember there's an unusual and gripping drama waiting to entertain you.

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The lather of Mennen Shaving Cream causes each stiff, horny hair to become wholly soft and pliant. Hairs softened by the Mennen dermutation process offer no resistance and, instead of turning back the cutting edge of the razor, allow the blade to cut right through. This lack of resistance increases the life of the blade and prevents pulling at the sensitive facial nerves. That is why a Mennen shave is so completely effortless—so utterly comfortable. Dermutation does not require heat or pressure—so hot towels and finger-rubbing are unnecessary.

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(Mennen Salesman)

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Address _____

(Continued from Page 54)

There were only two things Julia Trimble could think of to help the situation. The first was by some hook or crook to disillusion Augusta. Miss Julia was not accustomed to intrigue. Now she moved about with her head buzzing with dark schemes whose only result was a headache. She knew Andrey must not be made to look any more pitiful or helpless, or Augusta would marry him by force, out of sheer protective passion. But if only she could discover in him some unguessed, by Augusta, criminality. She watched him with a grim and suspicious glance. In a dark veil she walked by his lodging house of evenings. She investigated Augusta's closet, where he kept his coats. She was tremendously disappointed with results. He seemed to live a suspiciously innocuous existence. He spent money lavishly only on clothes and jewelry for himself. His habits were regular. He went often to the movies. He went to bed early. His only friend seemed to be a slightly taller, much more vigorous young man who wore constantly a bright green belted coat, a checked cap, and carried the only suspicious thing Miss Julia could note, a heavy black box with a handle, and occasionally a tripod. In Andrey's closet there were some jars of face cream and an eyebrow pencil. Miss Julia sniffed bitterly at discovering him apparently harmless, if inordinately vain.

The other thing by which she tried to help business was the patronage, for Trimble's, of Marie-Élise, Duchesse d'Amboise. It was the first time Miss Trimble had deliberately gone out to bring in a customer. She had been very careful about it, of course. She was correctly and adequately presented. She made her little plea like a gentlewoman, and she had been successful. For at last Marie-Élise, Duchesse d'Amboise, was actually within the walls of the establishment Trimble, having her hair washed.

It was known everywhere. Three new patrons had followed her. You can imagine the flutter within and the aristocracy of Andrey Gobcheck, bowing forward the dark, simply dressed young woman who was actually a duchess.

Miss Julia sat in the patio, scatteringly filled with rose-silk-clad figures reclining in the long chairs, waiting for the tea things to be brought in, not at all with her one-time glow of contentment. If the duchess would only come regularly. If Augusta would only take her properly in hand. The duchess' skin was altogether too sallow, and her hair looked as if it were falling out badly. Apparently duchesses were just potential customers, after all. Miss Julia let her eyes lift contemplatively skyward.

It was an exquisite sky, the color of warm larkspur blossoms, pulsating with brilliant white light. Nearer her the pale lavender-blue of the thunbergia and the green leaves were outlined softly against it, as they hung on the tiles of the roof edge. Sky and blossoms were all she could see that way, except a glimpse of a higher neighboring roof which overlooked her patio. Afternoon wind from the sea and the distant fragrance of jessamine were all that she could smell. Yet suddenly something else twitched at her nostrils.

Mercy, someone must be burning a customer's head clean off! She hoped it wasn't the duchess'. But no, that was not quite the smell of burning hair. But it was the smell of something burning, and right within her own doors. Before she could move to investigate, a bluish haze puffed between her and that admirable sky. It turn d darker. It was smoke.

It was difficult for her to thread her way among the long chairs with any sort of swiftness, without alarming the women growing in them. Yet the smoke was growing in terrifying volume. There were a number of doors and windows, from the booths and offices, opening on the wide patio. The smoke was coming from the two windows of the door nearest Augusta's office. The place—why, the whole place must have burst into flame. Even as frantic fear tore at her, she had a queer wonder that any building of hers could produce so rich and black a conflagration.

Then a woman behind her screamed. There were screams within. Faces came to windows peering out at the smoke, now pouring in a slow, majestic column skyward. Miss Julia turned back to quiet the screaming half-clad women in the patio, urging them to drag the inflammable wicker chairs to the farther corner. From within a panicky manicure girl slashed a window screen and climbed out to the pavement, crying in a choked, faint voice, "Fire! Help! Police! Fire!" Two customers in starched dressing cloths, their hair a foamy mass of soapsuds, scrambled after her. From another door came a stream of expensive patrons, some masked with cold cream or face packs and crying, some with their hair in half finished waves, breathing deeply but silent. The hubbub of running feet and lifted voices continued within, while Miss Julia was crowded back in the corner by the press of queerly arrayed, unfinished patrons. She tried frantically to pass through them, while knowing relief that few of her well-trained girls had joined the panic.

"Where's the fire? Where's the fire?"

"The front office is a mass of flame."

"No, it's in the permanent booth."

"It's the gymnasium."

"Why don't they send for the department?"

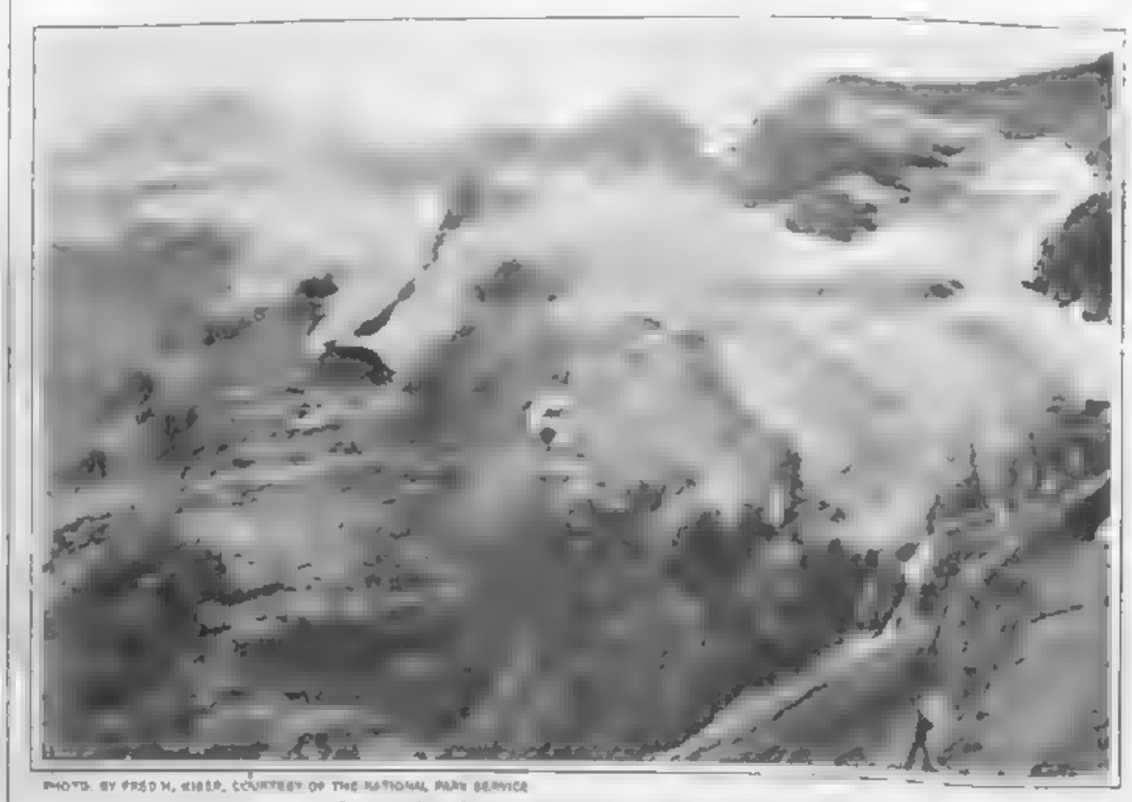
"Oh, I'm going to faint."

"Help! Fire! Fire!"

"Will you keep quiet!" Miss Julia heard herself panting, as she edged her way forward.

And then she stopped, and everybody shrieked and stared. For in the end doorway, where the smoke clouds were billowing the thickest, appeared a heart-lifting and heroic spectacle. Andrey Gobchek, coatless, in gleaming white against that dark, his immaculate shirt open at the rounded throat, his dark hair picturesquely disarranged, staggered into the open air, bearing across one shoulder the unmistakable figure of Marie-Élise, Duchesse d'Amboise. She was swathed in a dressing cloth, her hair was dripping inelegantly down her own and Andrey's neck, and it must be admitted that she was kicking and protesting most emphatically. But he strode with her full into the sunlight and continued to hold her, the black smoke curling behind his brilliant

(Continued on Page 58)



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Pumpelly Glacier, Glacier National Park

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SPARK PLUGS

(Continued from Page 56)

figure, his inflated chest, his noble, his heroically pallid countenance. It was a perfect picture, as the patrons around Miss Julia evidently felt, for three began sobbing wildly and rushed to embrace him. The duchess finally struggled from his arms and pushed free, in a very bad temper. More women scrambled through windows. More women ran to Andrey. It was a confusion which he mightily dominated, having discarded all fragility. He lifted his arms in a noble gesture.

"Ladies, ladies!" he cried. "Be calm, I beg you. It is nothing. I will save you, I will save every one of you personally."

And while they gasped in awe and several protested with screams, he turned to dash back through the very door by which the smoke was rolling. But he made only three steps toward it.

The reason why he did not go any farther was that the smoke seemed to be getting very much thicker. And the reason why it was getting thicker was that Augusta was stalking through the doorway, carrying in each hand a galvanized iron pail, from which the smoke issued, oily and black and sluggish. It was not half so picturesque an entrance as Andrey's had been. There was a smudge on her nose, her cap was awry, and her nose was twisted in disgust as far away from the enveloping smoke wreaths as possible. Yet out of the smoke she loomed, as he could not, portentous, calm, vibrant with authority. Her very cap, one-sided as it was, fairly crackled with domination. In a silence broken only by the deep relaxing breaths of the customers, she moved to the middle of the tiles and dumped out the smoldering contents of the smudge pails. From within the building no more smoke came. Behind her a tall calm girl, in the immaculate uniform of Miss Trimble's, inverted a patent fire extinguisher hissingly on the smolder. The charred rags were scattered. The fire was out.

Not until then did Augusta straighten herself slowly upward, a towering figure with the head of a stern peasant goddess.

"Show me," she said, in her quarter-deck voice that might have boomed across thundering seas or stopped a riot at the lifeboats—"show me the double-dyed, crazy-brained, cockeyed descendant of four million prize idiots who put those smudge buckets in my closet."

No one spoke. There was only the deep breathing of half-clad patrons regaining their lost aplomb. Several, with hair scattering blobs of soapsuds, slipped through the open doorways to the soothing hands of operators. Miss Julia, with an exultant leap of her heart at Augusta's beloved old fighting voice, moved over to the duchess, who was sitting bolt upright on a chair edge, her dressing cloth tight about her under her folded arms, eying Augusta, the crowd and the empty iron pails with an enigmatic expression. Only Andrey Gobchek held his pose of heroism, his chest arched, his noble head high. There was certainly nothing of dependence about him now.

Something in Augusta's glance as her eyes fell on him altered for a moment. For a moment it seemed to the agonized Miss Julia that her gaze was going to soften. But it did not soften. It grew hard, grew chilly, grew icy, pierced like gimlets. Her hands went to her hips, her chin lowered, her eyes narrowed.

"So we have with us the boy hero, have we?" she remarked, and beneath the dragging calm of her tone there was the savage edge of the woman who learns that she has been duped. "All fixed up to save the lovely ladies from the hellish holocaust, hey? Yay-ah, you got over bein' helpless in a hurry when there was a way of being a hero, didn't you? Gaw, how I hate a hero! C'mere," she said, and shot out a long arm. Her hand closed on the shoulders of Andrey Gobchek, who made the mistake of defying her with a fiery glance. She shook him as one would shake an exasperating urchin. "Now you get down and clean up that mess on our good tiles. I guess I know all about those smudge pails. You been using that closet a lot lately, haven't you? Now get busy. Ladies, you can all go back, and the girls will finish you up. There isn't any fire, there won't be any fire, there never was any fire. Everything you're having now is on the house, on account of us letting you get scared this way. But everybody that is on schedule tomorrow better not forget it, because I'm going to give everybody a thorough inspection. People have been getting so absolutely cockeyed careless around here. And the next time any employe of this place even thinks fire, by the living Lord Harry, I'll ——"

Augusta stopped. She had lifted her eyes to heaven to improve her vehemence. And now her glance rested upward, fixed and staring. Julia Trimble and the duchess and the silk-clad patrons who remained in the patio turned their eyes to stare as she did. All but Andrey, who now resumed his gentle fragility and edged hurriedly toward the door.

But Augusta reached a long arm and caught him, dragging him back while she stared. "You, up there on the roof," she called suddenly, "you slide down here, and bring that camera, you hear me?"

Subdued shrieks came from the less clad customers. For high on the overhanging roof, partially screened by tree branches, and now struggling frantically with a jammed tripod, was a young man in a bright green belted suit and a checked cap reversed upon his heated brow. As Augusta's regal tones carried up to him he had just unscrewed his camera. He looked down with a bland and surprised countenance.

"Ma'm?" he inquired innocently. "Speakin' to me?"

Augusta's grip tightened on the squirming Andrey. She crooked his arm behind him, held him and it with competent muscular hands.

"You come down here with that camera or I'll break your friend's arm here, and you needn't be afraid I won't, either."

Andrey yelped as she tightened a little on the hammer lock. His friend in the green suit looked uncertain. But Augusta's expression was not one to be doubted. Leaving his tripod jammed like an injured spider in the roof gutter, he scraped and slid to the patio roof, swung and landed on the tiling, his heavy moving-picture camera under one arm.

"Bring it here," Augusta ordered.

She released Andrey to seize it. And then with competent fingers she opened it, tore out the drum of narrow film and dropped the camera, which the young man seized. She held out the roll of film to the duchess.

"Here you are, duchess," she said, and good humor was victorious in her voice. "I bet you never had a picture of yourself like that before. Guess maybe they thought they'd put something over on you and us, the crazy pink-eyed idiots. That picture would go big, wouldn't it? You better keep it hid, with Miss Trimble's compliments. It isn't the kind of publicity she wants."

Behind her the two men slipped unobtrusively to the door and were allowed to go. The sounds of the usual peaceful activity of Miss Trimble's were coming through the doorway. The silk-clad patrons in the patio were either going in to dress or remaining to shape their conduct on the attitude of the duchess. Julia Trimble, looking on, felt the whole of their future depend upon the facial expression of their distinguished guest.

She looked up into Augusta's calm blue gaze. Suddenly a little gasp of mirth came from her lips, her eyes crinkled with delight. She put out one hand for the film drum and rocked herself with an uncontrolled crow of laughter.

"Oh, you funny Americans!" she cried, wiping her eyes. "I never acted in anything so droll in my life. I shall show the picture to all of my friends, all. But you, my dear woman, you were superb, you were magnificent. I only hope he got your pi'ture too"

Everybody burst into delighted laughter with the duchess. Julia Trimble sighed happily, a long, long sigh of relief. Now they would all take it as the finest joke in the world. How amazingly lucky!

But Augusta, standing before the shaking duchess, had already snapped back, as if no mere male had ever been, into the serious business of life.

"Looka here, duchess," she said abruptly, "it isn't only a shampoo you need. Your skin is altogether too sallow. I bet you've been real careless with your diet. I don't think you hold your shoulders right either. You better just come in here with me and I'll give you a thorough going over and see what you need. Hurry up, it's getting late"

And the still mirthful duchess, clutching her roll of film and her dressing cloth to a shaking bosom, obediently moved behind Augusta's invincible back. Miss Julia smiled pleasantly at her remaining patrons, ordered tea. All was well with her once more in a rapidly improving world.

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DEEP-SEA TREASURE HUNTING

(Continued from Page 17)

Inventors have for long been concerned with the problem of a diving dress that will allow a diver to go to any depth without danger. The greatest danger, of course, is that he will be crushed to death by the pressure of the water, and to overcome this danger more than one man has invented an all-metal diving dress with flexible joints. In appearance these diving dresses seem cumbersome, and the diver looks more than ever like a knight in armor.

Another form of dress largely in use enables the diver to descend in shallow water without relying on the usual air pipe and pump. In such dresses, the diver carries certain chemicals which not only purify the air he is breathing but also furnish him with fresh oxygen. One chemical absorbs the poisonous carbonic-acid gas given off by the breath, and the other chemical gives off fresh oxygen as the moisture of the breath touches it. The smoke helmets which enable men to enter a mine after a disaster, or a building full of foul fumes, are equipped with the same chemicals and made on the same principle as the diving dress. Instead of completely covering the man, however, this dress is made like a jacket reaching to the waist, where it is securely buckled.

So commonplace is the diving dress that it no longer excites curiosity. Yet it remains one of the wonders of modern civilization. Merely by utilizing the sap of a tree, which we know as rubber, and fresh air, men are now able to work and live at the bottom of the sea.

The story is told of a certain diver who was sent to the coast of Galway, in Ireland, on a piece of salvage work that was to last some little time. He was a companionable sort of man, and after finishing his spells of work would adjourn to the taproom of the village inn to spend his evenings in yarning with the fisher folk.

For years a story had been current in the neighborhood that a Spanish galleon, one of the ships of the Armada, had gone down in the vicinity. Those who heard the yarn smiled.

"It's just a rumor," they remarked.

Whether it was merely a rumor or something more, the story had been told from father to son for generations. So persistent a rumor was it that it survived century after century, living in the traditions of these simple Irish fisher folk, passed on by word of mouth in the little community, until it survived to our own times. Most of the fishermen knew the yarn of the sunken Spanish galleon, but perhaps the passage of time had made many of them rather skeptical.

A Galway Rumor

Anyway, one evening the diver was enjoying his pipe and his beer and talking about his work, when an old fisherman said to him, "Why don't ye thry for the galleon?"

"What galleon?" the diver inquired.

"Why, yon one wrecked just outside the bar," the fisherman answered. "Ye can walk about the sea bed in that suit of yours?"

"I do it every day," the diver replied.

"Well, why don't ye walk out and get the treasure?"

The diver smiled.

"Show me the treasure and I'll soon get it," he said. "Where is it?"

Solemnly the fisherman looked at the diver.

"My father, he told me; and his grandfather, he told him. A mighty ship from Spain it was, full of treasure, that went down in a storm. They saw it from the shore here."

Puffing away at his pipe, the diver considered the matter. The story in his judgment might easily be true.

"Show me the spot and we'll share the treasure, if there is any," he said.

"All right," the old fisherman agreed. "She's there all right. Sometimes we catch our gear in her."

Completing the task on which he was engaged, the diver began his search for the sunken treasure. Day after day he and the old fisherman went out in a rowboat, threw a grapnel over the stern and dragged it about the sea bed in the hope of lighting on the wreck. Many of the villagers laughed at them and thought them crazy, but the two treasure hunters paid no heed. They just went ahead with their monotonous task, buoyed up with the hope of the treasure to come.

The end of the first week saw them as far off the treasure as they had been on the first day. They dragged on through another week with a like result. A month of fruitless endeavor failed to rob them of their faith in the truth of the old story of the wreck. Week after week they searched the area in which the wreck was supposed to lie, tugging placidly at the oars, dragging the grapnel along the bottom.

One day the fisherman was rowing slowly along when the diver felt his grapnel catch in something. He gave the rope a sharp tug, then another, but the grapnel held firmly.

"We've got her," he said.

Marking the spot with a buoy, they rowed ashore for the diving suit and air pump; then they went back to where the buoy floated on the surface. The diver donned his suit, the fisherman screwed the helmet securely into place, started to heave the handle of the air pump as the diver went over the side and slid down the shot rope to the bottom. The ghost of the galleon greeted his eyes, the skeleton of the ship of long ago. For three centuries she had lain undisturbed in her watery grave, slowly rotting away until she had all but vanished. The diver climbed over the rotten remnants of the hulk into what had once been the hold of the ship. The place was full of weed; fish fled at the approach of the strange monster that was invading their domain; barnacles and sea growth flourished on the decaying timbers.

Wealth of the Spanish Armada

With the same patience that had enabled him to locate the wreck, the diver searched the sea bed until at last he came on what appeared to be several small barrels. He went up to them, tapped them. The much talked of treasure was his at last. Beneath his fingers were solid stacks of Spanish doubloons, from which the wood had long since perished, leaving the coins still shaped like the barrels into which the Spaniards had packed them when they set out on that ill-fated expedition of theirs to conquer England.

These two men, with a diving suit and rowboat, found a greater treasure than has fallen to many a powerfully equipped expedition; and it is strange to think that the fisherman who hauled the doubloons up from the bottom was probably a direct descendant of one of the Irish peasants who stood on the shore on that wild Armada night in 1588 and watched the mighty Spanish ship founder. The diver had the good sense to realize that there might be something in the old story; he spent weeks investigating it; and he reaped a snug little fortune as his reward. Nor did he squander the treasure that fate flung his way. The same good sense which enabled him to find it also enabled him to keep it, for he turned his Spanish doubloons into a row of houses which he called Dollar Row in order to perpetuate his good luck.

It is another tale of the Spanish Armada, a tale which up to the present has not ended quite so happily, that lures men to try their luck in the Bay of Tobermory in the Isle of Mull, just off the east coast of Scotland. Somewhere beneath the waters of this pleasant bay is averred to lie a treasure so prodigious that it would make its discoverer a millionaire twice over. Here, if tradition speak truly, a man has the chance of dragging from the sea bed beautiful jewels and wonderful golden cups, with Spanish doubloons worth at least $10,000,000 which went down with the Florencia.

Many who have studied the question believe that the Florencia undoubtedly sank here, but an element of doubt creeps in when it is known that the Spaniards themselves swore that the Florencia returned after the disastrous expedition. During the Great War the British Government did its best to conceal the loss of H. M. S. Audacious in order to deceive the Germans as to the strength of the British Navy, and it may have been the Spaniards, three centuries ago, who introduced this practice. About this nothing is known with certainty. It all happened a long time ago, and the years have tended to obscure the facts. Whether the statement that the

(Continued on Page 62)

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A light, strong hose for ladies' use

While ELECTRIC Hose is made for *durability first*, our process makes a hose that is *lighter, as well as stronger.* Ladies can easily handle a length of ⅝-inch diameter ELECTRIC Garden Hose.

The pure new rubber used in ELECTRIC weighs less and wears twice as long as the adulterated rubber often used to cheapen hose. Common hose is made with strips of cotton duck, where ELECTRIC Hose has a double jacket of stout cords moulded into the rubber—much lighter, and many times stronger.

ELECTRIC GARDEN HOSE

It cannot kink

ELECTRIC Hose will not kink. Kinking ruins garden hose quicker than any other cause. ELECTRIC is flexible and resilient—bend, twist, or tie it in knots, and it springs right back to shape. Live, lasting rubber and tubular construction make ELECTRIC the most durable hose you can buy.

Ask your dealer for genuine ELECTRIC. He has it or knows where to procure it quickly.

ELECTRIC HOSE & RUBBER CO.
Wilmington, Del.

As large a stream of water is delivered from the nozzle of ¾" hose as ¾" hose. It throws the stream further! This ⅝ size is lighter as well as cheaper, and being lighter it does not wear out so quickly when dragged over rough cement and cinders.

(Continued from Page 60.

Florencia returned was true, or whether it was a deliberate falsehood spread forth to give her enemies the impression that Spain was still strong in ships of the line, is an open question.

Whatever be the name of the vessel, the evidence that a Spanish galleon actually did founder in Tobermory Bay in 1588 seems fairly strong. Moreover, it is backed up by material facts in the shape of a cannon, some cannon balls, a weapon or two and a doubloon that have been brought up from the bottom of the bay by different treasure hunters.

From what we can gather of that distant happening, it appears that the Spaniards, sailing down the Scottish coast in their galleon, and seeking perhaps to replenish their water casks, must have made a foray or two ashore. During one of these they captured a Highland chief, one Donald Glas McLean, whom they held prisoner aboard their ship. So bitter a blow was it to the Scottish chieftain that, reckless of his own life, he sought a terrible revenge. Waiting his opportunity while the ship was anchored in Tobermory Bay, he managed to enter the powder magazine. In a moment or two his revenge was complete. The mighty galleon blew up and the proud chief accompanied her crew of nearly 500 Spaniards to their doom.

Many a tide has ebbed and flowed, many a storm arisen and subsided since that catastrophe. Timbers have decayed and mud and sand have gradually covered up the remains. The treasure by now may be buried twenty or thirty feet at the bottom of the bay and, unless some lucky chance leads an expedition to hit on the exact spot, may remain buried there forever. Divers may have walked over the treasure dozens of times without knowing that the gold and silver they were seeking lay actually under their feet.

Millions in the North Sea

The Duke of Argyll, who possesses the right to salve the treasure, has proved his belief in its existence by spending considerable sums in hunting for it. In addition he has given permission for several expeditions to prosecute the search, and these expeditions, in the aggregate, must have expended a deal of money. The lack of success on the part of the previous expeditions seems in no wise to deter others from following in their steps, and the last expedition to work in Tobermory Bay reflected the great changes of modern life by including a lady diver among its members.

Meanwhile the treasure of Tobermory Bay, which has excited the minds of treasure hunters for many a generation, still awaits discovery.

Whatever doubts there are about the treasure of Tobermory, there can be none about the treasure of the Lutine, for official records prove that when she came to grief she must have carried bullion worth more than $5,000,000.

H. M. S. Lutine was a frigate of thirty-two guns, one of those wooden walls of old England of which the poet sings. Not always had she sailed under the British flag. Time was when the tricolor of France broke at her masthead and French sailors crowded her decks; but Admiral Duncan captured her and brought her home as a prize, and thereafter it was the white ensign of England that flew at her peak and a captain of the British Navy who commanded her.

In the early days of October, 1799, at which time the British were warring with Holland, H. M. S. Lutine was lying at Yarmouth, while the British troops garrisoned on the island of Texel off the Dutch coast were waiting anxiously for their pay. The Lutine was commissioned to carry the $700,000 due to the troops, and hearing that she was departing for the Continent, many merchants sought permission to ship gold and silver by her for the relief of the merchants of Hamburg, who were financially embarrassed by the wars and the ensuing depression of the money market. The permission was readily granted, and 1000 bars of gold and 500 bars of silver were taken to Yarmouth and safely shipped aboard. In the ordinary course of business, the owners of the bullion went to Lloyds and effected an insurance for the sum of $4,500,000.

In October of the year stated the Lutine weighed anchor and sailed out of Yarmouth Roads on her voyage to Hamburg. As she bowled across the North Sea, the wind freshened and culminated that night in a terrific gale which the Lutine, gallant ship though she was, could not weather. The treacherous shoals off the Dutch coast reached out for her, and the mighty seas battered the life out of her and engulfed her. Of all aboard, but one human soul survived to tell of the wreck before he, too, succumbed from exhaustion.

Fishing in the Lutine

The loss of the Lutine was a tremendous blow to Lloyds. It meant that the underwriters had to find the sum of $4,500,000 with which to meet the claims of the insurers. Somehow they found the money and met all claims, thus adding fresh luster to the name of Lloyds and helping to raise it to the position it occupies today. In return for their $4,500,000 the underwriters became possessed of the treasure—or rather of the right to recover it. At that time, immediately after the calamity, when salvage operations naturally stood the best chance of success, the underwriters were prevented from doing anything at all owing to the war with Holland; and later on the Dutch Government made its position clear about the matter by claiming the wreck and all that was in it.

As the vessel lay, it was just possible to get to her when the sea was calm and the tides were at their lowest. It can be imagined that the Dutch fishermen made the most of their opportunities. Their government encouraged them by offering them one-third of everything they recovered, so the fishermen found it profitable to leave their nets and spend their time fishing in the Lutine. Although the bulk of the treasure was beyond their reach, they managed during the next couple of years to lay their hands on a good deal of it. The Dutch Government received from the wreck treasure to the value of $280,000, and of this over $90,000 was paid to the salvors, while the rest was minted into Dutch money.

The amount of treasure which passed into the hands of the Netherlands Government during this period was not necessarily all the treasure that was taken out of the Lutine. It is possible, and indeed probable, that much of the treasure recovered was concealed by the fishermen salvors and used secretly to swell their own private hoards; but even assuming that twice as much treasure was salved as was actually declared, there would still be a vast treasure worth nearly $5,000,000 remaining in the wreck.

A series of fierce storms wrought havoc with the wreck and placed her quite beyond the reach of the fishermen, who were at last forced to abandon their profitable quest. For years the wreck was the plaything of the storms, and not until Napoleon was safely imprisoned on St. Helena did anyone give a thought to the treasure that lay amid the shifting sand banks off the island of Vlieland. Then a Dutchman, going to his government, obtained a concession to salve the bullion on condition that half of what he recovered went to the government. For two or three years he fought the sea and sand to get at the treasure. No sight of gold or silver gladdened his eyes. Season after season, for eight years in all, he did his utmost to recover the fortune from the grasp of the sea, but without success.

The underwriters at Lloyds, however, were not content to see the treasure which had cost them such a huge sum of money pass into the hands of a foreign nation, and at their request the British Government began to treat with that of Holland to induce them to relinquish their title in the wreck. Many years elapsed before an agreement was arrived at and the Dutch gave up their claims and allowed the legal title in the treasure to pass to Lloyds, its rightful owners.

For well over half a century the Lutine bore the brunt of the gales which afflict the Dutch coast, spending their strength on the belt of islands and the shifting sand banks at the entrance to the Zuyder Zee. She was utterly lost amid the sands. Then came a terrific gale that blew for days, and the heaving waters washed the sand away from the wreck and made it possible to get at the treasure. For a period of five years, from 1857 to 1861, salvage men toiled away, and the results of their work was the recovery of bullion to the value of a little more than $200,000.

The Ship's Bell at Lloyds

Once the salvors heaved the bell of the Lutine clear of the sea. It was brought to London and hung in the main hall at Lloyds in the Royal Exchange. Whenever there is any important announcement to make to the underwriters about a ship being wrecked or an overdue boat reaching port, the bell of the Lutine is sounded to call the attention of all concerned. Another time the salvors managed to bring up the rudder of the Lutine, and this was made into a chair and placed in the wardroom at Lloyds.

For another quarter of a century the sand and sea were left in undisputed possession of the wreck; then a new expedition set out to wrest the treasure from the encompassing sands. Right valiantly the salvors fought for that fortune, but luck was against them. Now and again they managed to bring up some of the coins that were lost in the Lutine, but the amount of treasure they recovered totaled considerably less than $5000 in all. So they discontinued further attempts and returned to England.

Since then more than one expedition has gone out to try to win the remaining treasure from the wreck of the Lutine. In the year 1908 the natives of Brightlingsea, England, were astonished by the sight of a weird object that was anchored off the mouth of the River Colne. So strange a thing they had never seen before, and they puzzled their brains for an explanation of it. The strange object which caused so much amazement was a wonderful device for recovering the treasure of the Lutine. It was a great steel tube with a little iron ladder running down the inside of it. At one end were gigantic hooks for hooking it to the side of a salvage vessel, and at the other end was a steel chamber with water-tight compartments and air locks.

This marvelous contrivance, which took years to construct, was designed to be sunk in an upright position right down to the wreck of the Lutine. It was

BY COURTESY OF H. ESDON AND SONS

The Timbe, a Hundred Feet Above High-Water Mark, Where She Was Cast Ashore During a Terrific Gale. Salvors are Propping Up Her Bilges to Prevent Her From Falling Over Before They Start Their Repair Work

(Continued on Page 64

No. 2674
Long-range focusing spot-light. 300-foot beam bores through bright-est night. Can be diffused to wide spread. Nickel or rib-bon-fibre case.
No. 2631
Tubular type of Eveready gives a bril-liant flood of diffused light. Popular in and around home. In nickel or ribbon-fibre case. Octag-onal, non-roll-ing lens ring. Very practical.
No. 2692
Aluminum pocket Ever-eady. Handy, com-pact. Two sizes. 65 and 75 cents, com-plete with battery.
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This type of Eveready Flashlight gives big, broad beam of bright, white light. Popular battery type for all purposes. In nickel or ribbon-fibre case.
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Eveready Unit Cells last and improve all makes of flashlights. Eveready Unit Cells mean brighter light and longer battery life.

22 fine flashlights—*new features*

TWENTY-TWO fine flashlights in the four general types illustrated above. New designs. New features. New reasons for owning and enjoying the *perfect portable light for every purpose and purse*. There's the new safety-locking switch that cannot be turned on by accident. Then, there's the octagonal lens ring—non-rolling, better-looking. Cases are more handsome than ever. The new ribbon-pattern fibre case is practical as well as good-looking. Water-proof, warp-resisting. Some of these flashlights have beveled lenses; others have moulded bull's-eyes. Standard Eveready features are retained, of course. No change in prices—65c to $4.50, complete with battery—anywhere in the U. S. A. Buy the improved Eveready Flashlights from electrical, hardware and marine supply dealers, drug, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES
—they last longer

Manufactured and guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., New York—San Francisco
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Put an Eveready in the grip for that vacation trip

A Marvelous Discovery!

Delicious Iced Tea— Without Boiling Water

Made possible by the use of Tao Tea Balls

Drop a Tao Tea Ball into a teapot of cold water (not ice-water) after breakfast, and for luncheon you have the most fragrant and delicately flavored tea you ever tasted. (Use one ball to four cups.)

Fill teapot with cold water (not ice-water).

Add a chip of ice to frost it, a dash of lemon, and serve. Sweeten with powdered sugar.

Add a dash of lemon, powdered sugar, and a chip of ice to frost

Drop in one ball for each four cups of water

Only Tao Tea will make iced tea this way. Blended from tiny bud leaves from the tips of the plants of the finest gardens in Ceylon, India and Java. Tea experts call it Flowery Orange Pekoe.

Put on lid and let teapot stand (not in ice-box)

Packed in handy gauze balls. No heating water. No waste of ice. No waste of tea. No messy tea-leaves to clean up. So convenient, so economical—so good

3 SIZES

50 Ball Caddy

Ask Your Dealer Today For

TAO TEA BALLS

Flowery ORANGE PEKOE Blend

TAO TEA CO., Inc.
103 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y. 6-71

Free Trial Offer!

Name

Address

PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME PLAINLY

Here's a 2-cent stamp to cover mailing. Send me two Tao Tea Balls—delicious Flowery Orange Pekoe blend—in the modern, economical Tao Tea Ball packing. My grocer is

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 62)

water-ballast tanks to sink it into place, and the steel chamber was furnished with cutting edges so that the weight would gradually enable it to cut down right through the sand until it reached the wreck

Divers were to descend the iron ladder in the inside of the tube until they reached the submerged steel chamber. Then they were to enter the air locks, where the water was kept back by compressed air, and walk out into the wreck. The divers would then communicate by telephone with the engineers in the steel chamber and direct the powerful pumps that were to suck away the sand until the treasure was reached. Once the treasure was found, the divers were merely to remove it to the steel chamber whence it could be transferred to the salvage steamer above at their leisure. Excellent as the invention seemed, it did not recover the treasure of the Lutine.

Three years later, in 1911, another British expedition more powerfully equipped than any of its predecessors resumed the search which had been going on for more than a century. Notwithstanding the fact that the position of the Lutine was fairly well known, the obliteration of a landmark by a violent gale made it very difficult for the salvage men to find the wreck. The divers went down and searched the sea bed vainly for a single sign of the old frigate. Not a spar was to be seen, not a rib of the hulk.

Captain Gardiner, who was in charge of the treasure seekers, was a man of resource. He realized full well what had happened. The sand of the treacherous banks had completely buried the Lutine, and before he could make the slightest attempt to salve the treasure he would have to locate her and dig her out of her sandy grave.

So Near and Yet So Far

The problem of finding a wreck that lay buried deep in the silt would prove too much for any ordinary man, but Captain Gardiner was equal to the occasion. In his equipment were some of the most powerful sand pumps in existence, pumps capable of removing nearly 1000 tons of sand an hour. Dropping the end of one of these pumps to the sea bed, he began sucking up the sand at a prodigious rate, cutting a deep channel right across the area in which the wreck lay. Slowly the pumps of the salvage ship devoured the sand, and at last the salvors found the wreck buried thirty-six feet deep under a bank. The finding of the wreck was in itself a wonderful feat.

If only the other difficulties could have been overcome as easily, the treasure by now would have been won. But all the time the divers had to contend with the most difficult set of currents in the world. A strong tide, always running, plays incredible pranks with the bottom thereabouts. The submerged sand banks are almost like cliffs some thirty feet high, and the tide molds them and remolds them almost day by day. A vessel at dawn may anchor in a deep channel, and by night the tides in one of their playful moods have poured tons and tons of sand into the channel, completely filling it and building up a sand bank on the very spot where the channel existed only a few hours previously.

It will be realized how difficult this made salvage operations. The strong currents tended to wash the sand back directly it was removed, and the salvors were faced with what seemed like an endless struggle with the sea. They did not shirk the struggle; they went on dredging whenever the weather allowed, and they fought the tides most brilliantly by dumping the sand in such a position that it deflected the current right across the wreck. Thus there was a continual flow of water over the wreck to prevent the sand settling and keep the site fairly clear.

Meanwhile they literally sifted the bed of the sea for traces of the elusive treasure. Every ton of sand sucked up by the pumps was poured through a gigantic sieve erected upon a boom over the stern of the salvage steamer. The sieve was like a giant bird cage with a small mesh, and the men who watched the sand pouring through were more than once gladdened by the sight of a coin from the Lutine.

They were weeks battling with the tides before the sand was cleared from inside the vessel and around the hull, but the day came at last when the divers went down to investigate the interior for the long-lost treasure. Everyone aboard was keyed up to concert pitch. It seemed certain that the Lutine's treasure was to be lifted at last

But the divers found the place in a sorry state. Much of the wooden hull had, of course, been preserved by the sand; but the magazine, in which the treasure lay, had collapsed, and there was practically a solid mass of iron five or six feet deep lying on top of the bars of gold and silver. When the magazine collapsed hundreds of cannon balls had poured all over the place and these had been rusted together by the action of the water, locking up the treasure as securely as though it had been in a steel safe.

The only hope of the salvors lay in blasting this mass of rusted cannon balls to pieces and removing them bit by bit. In no other manner could the treasure be reached. Accordingly they set about their task, and little by little blew away the first layer. It was slow, tedious work, and all the time the salvors were harassed by the thought that the autumn gales might spring up and put an end to their operations, undoing in a single night work which had taken them months to accomplish.

Day by day they continued steadily with the blasting, and they had just succeeded in blowing away the second layer of rusted cannon balls when the dreaded gales came on. Further work was impossible, and sorrowfully the salvors left that exposed spot and went to Amsterdam to lay up for the winter.

A little more time and they might have succeeded in their quest. There is evidence that they were somewhere near the gold, for one of the pieces of rust brought up bore the impression of a gold ingot, and when this rust was treated with acid it yielded five grains of the precious metal to prove that the gold was quite close.

Ten divers and a powerful plant had been seeking the Lutine's treasure for nine months. A small fortune had been spent on the operations. The workers removed a veritable mountain from the sea bed—and they were rewarded with five grains of gold. They had shifted 1,000,000 tons of sand to find five grains of gold! In this way does fate taunt the deep-sea treasure hunter.

The following winter the wreck was buried under five feet of sand by the tides, and by now she is lost once more, buried perhaps deeper than ever. The exposed position and the strong tides have kept the Lutine's treasure safe for more than a century, but whether they will keep it safe forever no one can say.

The Wreck of the Skyro

It is a dozen years ago now since I fingered one of the silver coins salved from the Lutine and wondered whether the treasure was to be recovered at last. Still the Lutine is not forgotten, and only a few months ago I received from Lloyds a letter from an inquirer in Vancouver who desired full details of the wreck, with a view to carrying on further salvage operations. I sent him the particulars he required, but so far I have not heard of operations being started.

For more than a century wind and wave have beaten the men who sought to recover the wealth of gold and silver that went down with the Lutine on that wild October night. The fortune still lures men on to win it, and in spite of the many disappointments a lucky turn of the wind and tide, combined with improved salvage appliances, may yet make some future treasure hunter a millionaire.

It was in 1891 that the steamship Skyro pulled out of the port of Cartagena, in Southern Spain, and set her course for London. The coast of Spain glided by as she proceeded through the blue seas of the Mediterranean, speaking Gibraltar as she passed, and setting her nose north to skirt the coast of Portugal. Oporto dropped far astern, and the Portuguese coast changed to the western coast of Spain as a fog quietly stole down and blanketed everything. The fog was dense. Not a thing could be seen, and the warning notes of the Skyro's siren blared monotonously as she felt her way blindly along. The captain and officers stared anxiously ahead, hoping that the fog would lift; but there was no sign of a break around them, nothing but fog and the sound of their siren to warn passing ships.

Of a sudden the ship staggered and halted. It was as though a giant hand had reached up from the depths of the sea and grasped her keel. The crew were thrown higgledy-piggledy. There was an awful rending sound as the Skyro swung onward. She had struck the dreaded Mexiddo Reef off Cape Finisterre, and as she slid over the cruel rocks they literally tore the bottom out of her. Slowly she carried on, while that rending sound continued, and twenty minutes after striking she slipped off the reef and plunged to the bottom.

A few hours later the bell of the Lutine in the Royal Exchange, London, was clanging loudly. The underwriters paused in their work. All voices were stilled, and the scarlet-coated crier, mounting his rostrum, announced in stentorian voice that the steamship Skyro had struck the Mexiddo Reef off Cape Finisterre and was a total loss.

Then the bustle of business began again, but a little knot of underwriters gathered together and started to talk quietly. They were interested in the silver bars that the Skyro carried.

"What about salvage?" one inquired.

Another, who joined the group, shook his head.

"Hopeless. She's down in twenty-five fathoms or more."

"You never know," said one of the men who was more intimately concerned.

A Stupendous Feat

He was quite right. You never know. Men manage sometimes to achieve the impossible.

Fuller information made the salvage seem more remote than ever, for instead of being down in twenty-five fathoms, as had been supposed, she was several fathoms deeper; and her keel, resting on the bottom, must have been well over thirty fathoms from the surface. Nothing had ever been salved from such a depth before, and it seemed unlikely that any man could go to this depth and survive the enormous pressure.

However, an expedition went out and fought to get at the treasure; but the depth was too great, and at last the salvors withdrew from the spot. Four years passed and there came to the underwriters another offer to attempt to salve the silver. The salvage vessel anchored off the fringe of the reef that had stripped the bottom out of the Skyro, and the diver slid down the shot rope to try to find out how the wreck was lying and if possible to bring out the precious bars. Before he could do anything of importance, however, bad weather set in and drove the salvors back to harbor. But the lesson learned from that attempt was that, if the treasure were to be recovered, more powerful diving gear would have to be used.

The winter months were spent in obtaining much more powerful gear from England, and the following season, directly the fine weather set in, the treasure hunters repaired to the Mexiddo Reef to try once more to achieve the impossible. The diver feared nothing. Brave as a lion, he took the shot rope in his hands and slid straight down to the deck of the Skyro, which was 171 feet below the surface. Carefully and quietly he surveyed the ship, seeking the cabin in which the silver was stored. The deck had collapsed on top of it, and the only way of getting to the treasure was through the deck.

Angel Erostarbe, the diver, came to the surface and reported what he had seen. Difficult as was the task, it seemed to him by no means impossible. So he dropped down the shot rope again and again. Gradually and with infinite patience he blasted away the deck, fixing his charges and withdrawing while they exploded.

So exposed was the wreck that at times he could hardly keep his feet. Time after time dirty weather came and prevented him from working at all. The difficulties left him unmoved. He set his teeth and stuck to his task. He was working at a record depth, a depth which most experts considered was beyond the reach of a diver at all. The diver did not worry about this. All he thought about was getting at the treasure.

To attain his end he practically blew the ship to pieces, and his marvelous feats of endurance were crowned by the recovery, in two seasons, of fifty-nine bars of silver worth $50,000. It was a stupendous feat which has never been equaled since. At times he was actually working in 183 feet of water, so it will be seen that he was an exceptional man. Toiling at this depth—where his body was subjected to huge

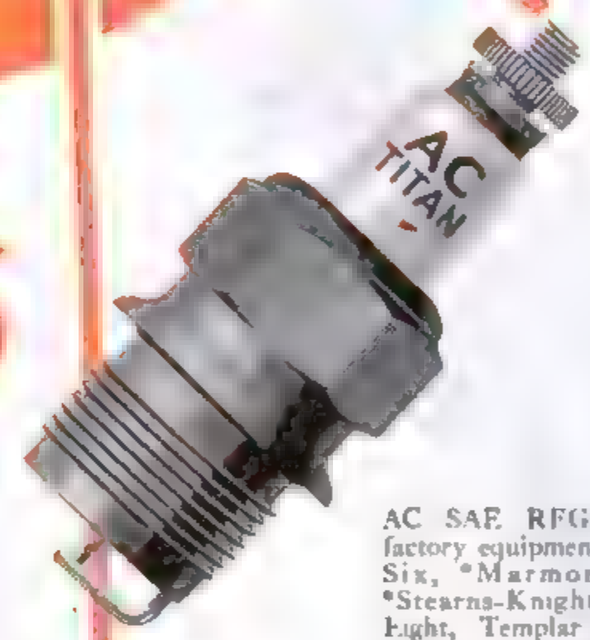
(Continued on Page 67)

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

SPARK PLUGS

AC 1/8" REGULAR type: factory equipment on Cadillac, Chalmers, Cleveland, Cole, Chrysler, *Flint Six, Hupmobile, Jewett, *Maxwell, Paige, Peerless Six, *Star and more than two hundred other manufacturers, also recommended for *Jordan, Packard, Pierce-Arrow, Lincoln and Locomobile.

*With carbon-proof porcelain



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*With carbon proof porcelain

WHAT spark plugs will give the very best results in your motor?

The maker of your car answered that by careful tests, when he chose AC's of a particular type.

Automobile manufacturers use AC's year after year because they have found them to be best.

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When you buy new spark plugs be sure you get AC's of the type specified for your car.

The carbon-proof feature of the AC-1075 makes it a better plug for Fords

More than 85 per cent of all cars and trucks produced in this country, Fords excluded, are factory equipped with AC Spark Plugs. Among these cars are:

Buick	Chrysler	Durant	La Fayette	Oldsmobile
Cadillac	Cleveland	Essex	Marmon	Paige
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Chevrolet	Dort	Jewett	Oakland	Yellow Cab

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

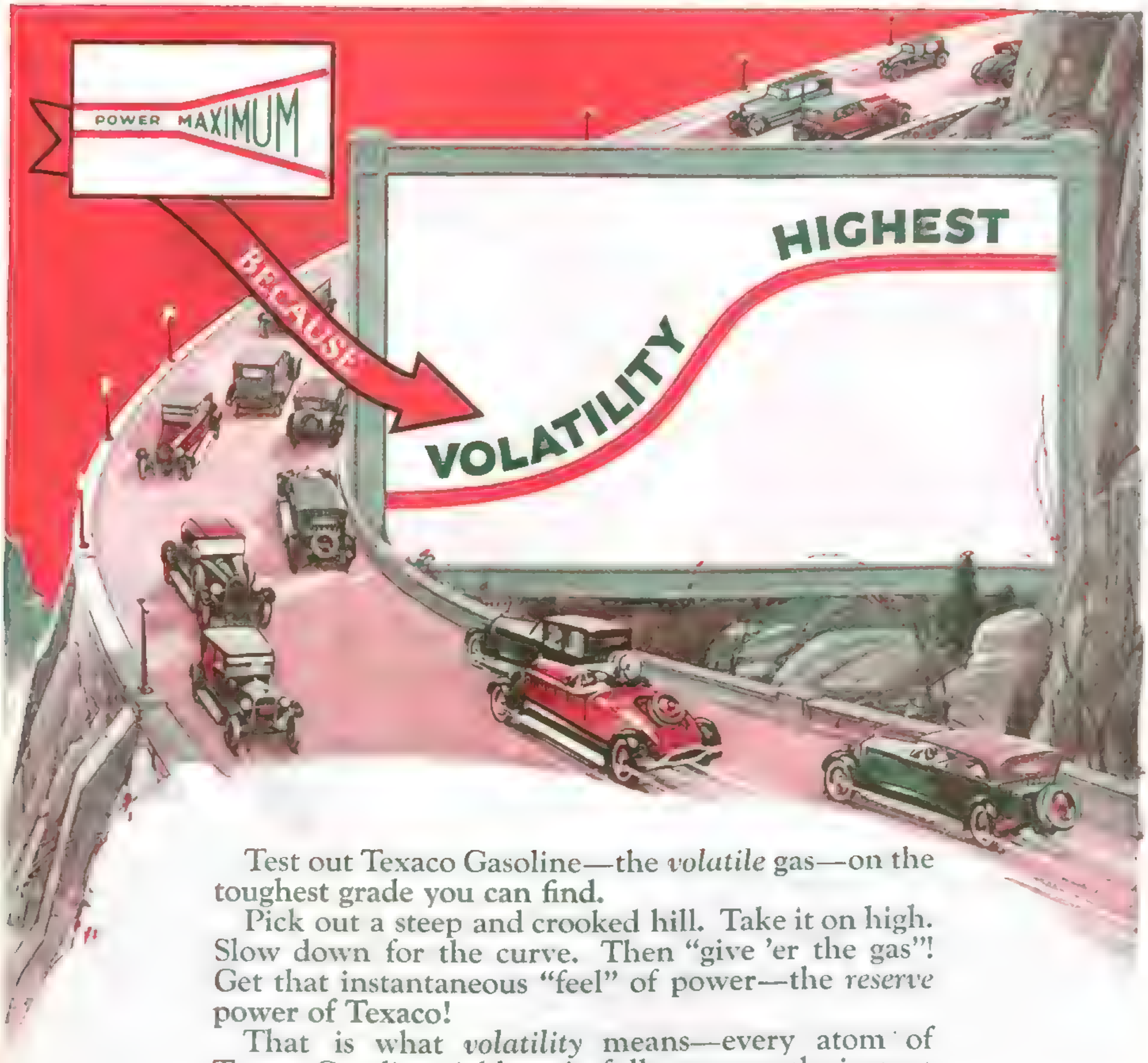
Makers of AC Spark Plug —AC Speedometers

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915; U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb 13, 1917 Other Patents Pending

It's no pleasure to drive a car by guess.

This high-grade instrument tells you all you want to know about mileage per hour, trip and total, and tells you accurately.

The model for Ford cars comes complete with all attachments; installation is easy—ask your dealer.



Test out Texaco Gasoline—the *volatile* gas—on the toughest grade you can find.

Pick out a steep and crooked hill. Take it on high. Slow down for the curve. Then "give 'er the gas"! Get that instantaneous "feel" of power—the *reserve* power of Texaco!

That is what *volatility* means—every atom of Texaco Gasoline yields up its full power on the instant you want it.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.

Texaco Petroleum Products

RUN IT WITH TEXACO GASOLINE

SAVE IT WITH TEXACO MOTOR OIL

TEXACO

GASOLINE MOTOR OILS

(Continued from Page 64)

pressure—left its mark on him, and he was never the same man again. His share of the treasure amounted to $2500.

Compared with this, the recovery of the treasure from the Oceana, when she sank in the English Channel in 1912 as the result of a collision, was a comparatively simple matter, yet it was not without its difficulties. The Oceana went down in ninety feet of water and only her masts peeped above the surface when the salvors arrived on the spot. Plans of the ship were obtained from the owners and carefully studied so that once the divers got aboard they would know exactly which way to go.

It is difficult enough for the average man to find his way about a strange liner when she is afloat, so it can be imagined how difficult it must be for a diver to wander about such a vessel when she is ninety feet under water. All the time he is adventuring through the saloons and other compartments he is running continual danger of his air pipe catching on something and tying him up. He may lose himself. Doors may slam to with the current and imprison him while cutting off his air supply. The men manning the air pumps will quickly find out that something is wrong, but by the time assistance is sent, the imprisoned diver may easily be in a sorry state.

The ordinary difficulties were intensified in the case of the Oceana by the strong currents racing down the Channel. So strong were they that even in favorable weather it was possible for the divers to work for only one hour a day when the tide was at its lowest. To make matters worse, there was so much sand in suspension that the divers could see nothing at all. The electric lamps which it was hoped would help them were quite useless. The divers were like blind men, groping in the dark, feeling their way about the ship and working by touch alone.

Alexander Lambert's Heroism

They blasted their way through two decks, and stumbling along a passage, found the strong room. Ingot by ingot, they took out the treasure and sent it to the surface, where each bar was carefully checked and marked off in the records as it was recovered. If only all the treasure had been carried in the strong room, the game of blindman's buff on the part of the divers would have been at an end. But a good deal of the silver was stowed in the after hold, and before the divers could get at it they had to force their way through three decks. Ultimately all the treasure, to the value of $3,500,000, that went down in the Oceana was recovered and the treasure hunters sailed away in triumph with their spoil.

The astonishing feat of Erostarbe was almost equaled by Alexander Lambert, one of the finest submarine workers who ever lived and the chief diver of Siebe, Gorman & Co. He covered himself with glory during the building of the Severn Tunnel when, owing to an error, a door was left open and the workings were flooded. The water rose some forty feet up the shaft leading to the workings, and it was impossible to continue building the tunnel until this door was closed.

Realizing that the only thing to be done was to send down a diver to close the door, the engineers called on Lambert to essay the task. Descending the ladder of the shaft, Lambert disappeared under water and made his way to the bottom, where not a single ray of light could penetrate. Feeling round the wall of the shaft, he found the opening to the tunnel and began slowly to venture along. But the rush of water had worked tremendous havoc and the tunnel was strewn with débris which was most difficult to negotiate. At any moment Lambert's air pipe was in danger of being cut by some projecting piece of the wreckage, and in addition to the weight of his dress, he was terribly hampered by the weight of the 1200 feet of air pipe which he was forced to drag along after him as he stumbled about the workings.

Hearing of Lambert's baffling problems, Fluess, the inventor of the diving dress which dispensed with the air pipe, volunteered to go down in his self-contained dress and see what he could do. Fluess was a clever inventor, but the only diving he had ever done was in connection with his experiments on his new type of dress. Besides being a clever inventor, he proved himself a man of courage.

He arrived on the spot with his diving dress and studied the plans of the workings to find out which way he had to turn when he got to the bottom of the shaft. He thought it would then be just a question of walking through the tunnel, finding the door and closing it, little knowing that the place was in a deplorable condition and beset with all sorts of obstacles.

"Lambert had better go down first to take off my life line and tell me which way to go. He knows the place a bit by now," the inventor suggested.

Accordingly Lambert went down and waited forty feet under the water in the inky blackness for the inventor. Fluess made his way down the ladder in the center of the shaft, taking a firm hold on the rungs with his hands and feeling for the next one with his foot. As it happened, the ladder was short of the bottom by some ten feet, and they had forgotten to inform him of this fact. Fluess, coming to the end, felt as usual for the next rung. It was not there, so he lowered himself one rung by his hands, expecting to touch the bottom with his feet. His feet merely churned in the dank water, so he went down rung by rung until he was clinging to the last rung with his hands. After vainly feeling with his feet for the bottom, he let go his hold and dropped about six feet.

Some boards creaked and tipped ominously under him as he landed; then he felt his way round until he came to Lambert. The diver took off the inventor's life line and Fluess fared forth into those underground workings some 200 feet beneath the surface. It was a weird experience. At first he tried to walk; and being without any guide whatsoever, he lost all sense of direction. Then he tried for the sides of the tunnel, but there were ditches and wreckage which brought him down so often that he was forced back to the center of the road. So he went down on his hands and knees and began to crawl along, feeling the sleepers of the tram track with his hands, using them as a guide. He came, after many tribulations, to a place where the sides and roof had fallen badly, and very laboriously managed to crawl over the heap of débris. After struggling about the underground tunnel for an hour, he was forced at length to turn back. Another and yet another attempt he made, each time getting a little farther along the tunnel.

"Why not let me try?" said Lambert at last.

"Very well," said the inventor.

Lambert had never before used the new type of diving dress, but that did not deter him. He got into it and had a short trial dive one afternoon, and the next morning went down the shaft to try in dead earnest to close the sluice which was letting in the water.

The Left-Hand Valve

The inventor went down too, and sat there waiting, waiting, and wondering what had happened to Lambert, and whether the new diving dress was going to justify his hopes. The diver meanwhile was fighting his way forward over the numerous obstacles in the tunnel, crawling over the falls and squeezing between the roof and the débris. It was nervy, risky work, for he did not know whether another fall would come and bury him or close the small exit; nor did he know whether he could manage to find his way back again. Under such difficult conditions anything is possible.

Nevertheless, he managed to get to the door that had caused all the trouble. Feeling round, he found one of the valves open and succeeded in closing it. Then he investigated the door and found that before he could close it he would have to take up a couple of rails that were obstructing the entrance. Away down in the bowels of the earth in that flooded tunnel, far from help, relying upon his own strength and courage alone, he struggled with the rails and managed to get one free. The other baffled all his efforts, and reluctantly he turned round and made his slow way out of the tunnel, after being away for an hour and a half.

He was drawn up with Fluess, and directly their helmets were unscrewed the inventor turned to Lambert.

"How far did you get?" he asked.

"Right up to the door," said Lambert. "It's wedged open by two rails. I managed to get one away and to close one of the valves. I think if I take a crowbar along I shall be able to manage it all right."

Sure enough, he went down and fought his way along the flooded tunnel again. After a struggle, he levered the other rail up and succeeded in passing beyond the door to close another valve, afterwards shutting the door that had caused all the trouble. Before returning, he knew that one more valve must be screwed up to keep the water back. The tips of his fingers slid over the surface of the door like those of a blind man until he found the valve, then he screwed it round until it would screw no more.

He little knew, as he screwed away, that he was screwing the valve open; but so it was. That valve, instead of following the usual rule and screwing up to the right, actually screwed up to the left. Whether anyone knew of this variation, or whether the engineers forgot it in their fight to free the tunnel of water, the fact remains that no one told Lambert, who unconsciously screwed the valve open, with the result that the tunnel took longer to pump out, because the water still poured through this valve.

Not until the water was overcome was the mystery of the open valve solved.

The diver who performed this brilliant feat salved many fortunes from the sea bed and was perhaps the greatest hunter of sunken treasure who ever struggled into a diving dress. Even the experts, however, thought little of his chances when he went out to try to salve the treasure of the Alphonso XII, which was down in 160 feet of water off Point Gando in the Grand Canary.

"Lambert has the job in hand," said one.

"He can't do it. She's too deep for mortal man to tackle," came the reply.

Another Triumph for Lambert

Lambert dropped down to the deck of the Alphonso and knew that a fortune lay under his feet. He paced the deck until he came to the exact spot beneath which the treasure should lie. Then he began to investigate the ship; but skilled as he was, he would not face the risk of getting lost in its interior, of fouling his lines while he groped his way in the darkness along passages and through cabins and saloons to the strong room. To venture into the bowels of the ship would probably mean that he was going to his death.

He summed up the situation. The treasure lay beneath two decks. To tear a way through with crowbars or to chop a way through with axes was impossible. Every movement at that depth was terribly exhausting, and he had to rest, to recover, after doing the slightest thing. His only means of getting the treasure was to blast a way through with explosives, to harness explosives to do the work and thus save his own energy.

He set to work and after tremendous trouble blew through the top deck. Clearing the shattered pieces away, he let himself down into the saloon and began his attack on the second deck. It, too, succumbed to the mighty concussions of the explosives, and Lambert dropped into another saloon. He looked about him, and in the floor at the farther end he found the entrance to the strong room. The trapdoor resisted his efforts, but in the end Lambert's crowbar, skillfully wielded, pried it up.

Lambert went into the treasure room and saw the little chests of treasure, each one of which contained a fortune. He signaled to the surface and a cable was let down. The tremendous pressure hampered his movements, made them seem slow and clumsy. Nevertheless, he raised a chestful of treasure and managed to slip a rope beneath it, then he secured it to the hook hanging beside him. The signal was given and Lambert watched his first haul of the treasure mount through the opening he had blasted in the ship. That chest swinging on the end of the rope was full of gold coin worth $50,000!

Every time he braved the depths to seek the treasure he took his life in his hand, but he did what he set out to do, and in the end he managed to send to the surface seven boxes of treasure worth $350,000, leaving another two boxes worth $100,000 to be recovered at a later date. Lambert received $25,000 as his share of this deep-sea enterprise, in addition to his pay of $250 a month and all found.

Thrilling as were these treasure hunts, the most romantic story of all is that of the Hamilla Mitchell. Here we have treasure and pirates and a desperate chase all mixed up in the most approved adventure-story style. Only, unlike a work of fiction, this story happens to be true.

an Opportunity TO CONVINCE YOURSELF!

IF you knew that 70,000 progressive farmers are producing and selling, *direct from their farms*, an evaporated milk containing even more nutritious milk fats and solids—richer and creamier than is required by the high U. S. Government standards—

Wouldn't you want to enjoy its high quality yourself?

Here is your opportunity: Ask your grocer for DAIRYLEA Brand Evaporated Milk—the milk that is gaining such wide-spread popularity for its delicious, fresh, creamy flavor.

* * * *

THE 70,000 farmers who produce and also sell DAIRYLEA to you, *insist* on this increased merit and food value. They know this is the right way to ask you to consume more of their milk.

Such are the high business ideals that built up the Dairymen's League Co-operative Association—the world's largest organization of its kind. Each of its 70,000 farmer members shares equally in the control and responsibility of its $7,000,000 a month business.

* * * *

YOU will find DAIRYLEA Evaporated Milk the concentrated wholesomeness of the purest fresh bottle milk—exactly the same milk which U. S. Senator Copeland, when Health Commissioner of New York City, called "the best in the world."

Ask your grocer and see that he gives you this familiar can:

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Spur Tie
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ALL TIED FOR YOU
MEET THE SPUR TIE—Today—at some nearby shop. This all-tied-for-you bow gives you a new slant on neckwear style and value. Its unfailing good looks are due to an exclusive, patented, shape-holding feature, which allows you to shape it as you please. Will not curl, roll or wrinkle.
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If your dealer will not supply you send $1.00 for two, 50c for one specifying size, style and color preferred
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES—LOOK FOR THE NAME ON TIE
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SUSPENDERS GARTERS—BELTS and VESTOFF SUSPENDERS. Leaders for a third of a century. Quality merchandise.
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Guaranteed 365 days' Wear
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Style - Quality - Value
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Guaranteed 365 days' Wear
Write for Style Book A
VESTOFF SUSPENDERS
Worn under the Shirt

The Hamilla Mitchell came to grief on the Leuconna Rock near Shanghai and carried down with her $250,000 of specie. She was a total loss; and the underwriters, after paying the insurance, considered the question of trying to salve the treasure. They instructed an expert to visit the scene and report on the case. The expert in due course considered that the case was hopeless, that the specie was lost for all time, and that the wreck had gone down in such deep water and in so exposed a position that it was much too dangerous for divers to work there—not a very cheerful report for the underwriters to receive.

There for a time the matter rested. Then upon the scene came a Captain Lodge with an offer to do his best to recover the treasure. The underwriters, unwilling to allow the specie of which they were the owners to remain at the bottom of the sea, agreed gladly to the proposal that was placed before them. Captain Lodge considered the problem most profoundly. He knew that what was lost would not be won back easily; that the odds were, indeed, very much against a single ounce of the precious metal ever again seeing the light of day. This did not dismay him. Securing the services of two clever divers, named Ridyard and Penk, he made the trip to Shanghai, taking out with him some special diving apparatus—the finest and most powerful equipment to be found in the world.

He wandered about Shanghai, looking for a vessel that would suit his purpose; and, coming across a small sailing craft, chartered her and proceeded on his quest for the wreck. Small as was the salvage vessel, she was yet too large to take inshore among the high rocks, and so the divers had to prosecute their search from the small boat which they towed behind. They searched here, they searched there, dropping over the side of the boat in their cumbersome dress, facing all the unknown perils of the unknown depths. Now they were carefully exploring a ledge perhaps twenty feet deep, and a little later they would be slipping down the face of a chasm that plunged sheer into the sea for another 100 feet or more. They did not spare themselves in that search, for at times they penetrated to a depth of 160 feet.

They were exploring a ledge one day when a dark mass loomed up at one end. They approached it, to find the wreck at last, noting with satisfaction that it was in a comparatively shallow depth, which made the prospect of salvage fairly easy. Their jubilation was cut short, however, as they drew nigh. It was the stern that held the treasure, and the stern was missing!

Wading in Gold

Fate had once more been up to her tricks. The Hamilla Mitchell had settled with her stern overhanging deep water. Not for long did she remain intact, for the gales soon broke off the unsupported after end, which slipped off the ledge into the abyss, where the divers managed to locate it in 156 feet of water.

The never-ending lines of bubbles from their outlet valves flowed upward to the surface as they slowly explored the stern and prepared for their assault on the treasure room. It was a most dangerous as well as a most difficult task to work in that chasm more than fifty yards down. The currents were strong, the rocks were sharp and the possibilities of air lines being cut or fatally fouled were not pleasant to dwell upon. Nevertheless, they stuck to their task and eventually Ridyard managed to break a way into the strong room.

The sight which met his eyes as he gazed through the windows of his copper helmet was like a scene from some fairy tale. The light, filtering through to that great depth, enveloped the hold in a sort of twilight gloom, and all over the place he dimly saw heaps of dollars scattered about. He stooped down to the treasure chests, to find that the contents of many of the boxes were spilled in all directions. He walked about on the floor of solid gold; golden coins slipped about under his leaden soles. Anything more romantic would not be easy to find, yet the romance did not appeal to Ridyard. He was working against time, knowing that he would not be able to stand the pressure for long. Every movement was slow and difficult. The water was striving to crush him flat; he was being saved from this terrible fate solely by the continual flow of air coming down the rubber pipe to his helmet.

Four times Ridyard underwent that ordeal of getting into the treasure room and working under the enormous pressure until he was quite exhausted. On the last occasion he surpassed his previous feats of endurance and struggled doggedly on, loading up the treasure and watching it disappear toward the surface until he had sent up the contents of sixty-four boxes.

Strong and fit as he was, he became thoroughly worn out with the toil, so he signaled to those above and made his way slowly to the surface. They dragged him to the deck of the salvage craft and unscrewed his helmet. His face was lined, his eyes very tired and his body clamored for moisture, although he had been immersed in it for a long time. Not a glance did he give to the treasure lying about; the fortune at his feet did not interest him.

"Give me a drink," he said. "I'm dying for a drink of water."

Penk nipped up a bucket and made his way to a spring at the top of the island off which they were working. Putting down his bucket to fill, he scanned the horizon, as sailormen will. A sudden amazement came over him. The sea was dotted with sails, all making in the direction of the island. Wasting no time, he picked up his precious pail of water and ran down to the ship.

"What's up?" asked Captain Lodge, as Ridyard took his much-wanted drink.

"The sea's full of junks—hundreds of them," Penk replied.

A Race With Pirates

Taking his glasses, Captain Lodge quickly identified the oncoming ships as the junks of Chinese pirates who were making their way toward the island from the farther side to avoid being seen. There was no doubt in his mind as to what they were after. There was but one thing in that quarter worth having, and that was the treasure stored in the salvage craft. It was obvious that the pirates had been watching operations carefully and had planned to allow the divers to recover the treasure before the plotters stole upon them unawares, wiped out the expedition and sailed away with the gold.

The pirates were in overwhelming numbers, and Captain Lodge realized instantly that the only thing to do was to run for it. Slipping the anchor to save the time required to haul it up, the salvors hoisted sail. Gradually they gathered way and stole from under the cover of the island. Directly the salvage craft appeared in the open, the junks altered course and started to pursue her.

Pity the poor salvors! The wind had practically failed them, yet they could see some of the junks bending to a lucky breeze and overhauling them. In desperation they put out the big sweeps and toiled like galley slaves to force their craft through the water. Ridyard, tired as he was, took his turn at the oars to try to save the treasure he had salved at such risk. So the boat crept along, with the pirates slowly gaining.

More exciting grew the chase. With anxious eyes the salvors watched the distance between their own craft and the Chinese junks growing gradually less. Harder than ever they strained at the oars, dipping them into the sea, throwing all their weight upon them, pulling until the muscles of their arms ached and their backs were nearly breaking.

It looked as though the salvors would lose their lives as well as their treasure, when the sails, which had been flapping idly, began to swell. A puff of wind stirred their flag and a steady breeze began to blow. It was none too soon. The salvage craft started to gather way again and forge through the water. Still the junks hung on. They were not going to relinquish their prize without an effort.

The pirates continued to chase the salvage craft right until sundown, when a friendly darkness hid pursued from pursuers and enabled Captain Lodge to shake off and lose the bloodthirsty Chinese pirates. In the end he managed to make Shanghai in safety with the rich treasure of $200,000 aboard, thus bringing to a happy ending one of the most exciting treasure hunts ever known.

If Ridyard had not worked quite so hard and grown quite so thirsty, and if Penk had not gone to fetch that pail of water, the salvors would have remained in ignorance of the approaching pirates and would have met a tragic death at their hands.

That lucky drink of water saved a fortune of $200,000.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Masters, dealing with salvage. The second will appear in an early issue.

FYRAC *Night* GUIDE

the Super Spotlight

The Modern Pathfinder

HOW many times have you lost your way at night? You *thought* you were on the right road, and drove along in hope and trust. Then, in bewilderment, you stopped to ask . . . and found you should have turned miles back!

The touring season is here. With the Fyrac Night Guide, you can read the road signs and *know* where you go. And between times, your Fyrac will guide you safely against the glare of oncoming headlights—just shoot its clean white beam on the right hand road-edge.

Bad weather or fair, the Fyrac Night Guide is always in service, unhampered by curtains or closed windows. It fits through your windshield glass. Its Gun Grip control is inside the windshield at your finger ends—its 1500-foot beam shines from without. Movable in any direction, and "stays put" where desired, regardless of road shocks. Quickly removed for use as a trouble lamp.

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COMPLIES WITH ALL STATE LAWS

BYERS PIPE

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A remarkable demonstration of the rust-resistance of Byers pipe is furnished by the above building—a Byers puddle mill erected in 1881 and covered with sheets made of Byers genuine wrought iron.

FOR forty-three years this mill has stood there, hemmed in on all sides by other mills, furnaces and smoke stacks. Two long batteries of furnaces, sheltered beneath its roof, have devoured mountains of coal.

Ferrous metals succumb with astonishing rapidity to the fierce onslaught of the smoky, sulphurous atmosphere for miles around. Ordinary galvanized sheets at best survive for four or five years; but most of the sheets covering this Byers mill still shed water after 43 years' exposure. They have outlived ordinary sheets ten times—truly an amazing demonstration of the rust-resistance of the metal from which Byers pipe has always been made.

In thousands of buildings throughout the land, Byers pipe is found in good condition after 40 or 50 years' service in plumbing, heating, and power systems.

If the reasons for this astonishing durability interest you, write for free copy of Bulletin 26-A, "What is Wrought Iron?"

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Established 1864
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Look for the Name and Year rolled in every length

WEBER AND FIELDS

(Continued from Page 25)

be a man down to meet his aunt from Moosup, or a furniture salesman returning to Grand Rapids.

At twenty minutes to train time the prospects of ever learning whether Colonel Hopkins talked in Union or Confederate money were poor. At nineteen minutes to, the Three Herbert Brothers, acrobats, and Nellie Parker, wife of one, came through the door. Providence was their destination and they would be glad to accommodate. The boys sat up all night in the day coach and listened to one of the Herberts describe the glories of the Freeman Hotel at Providence—dollar a day and ice cream every noon.

From the Herberts they borrowed make-up stuffs and money with which to buy two canes. The only curved sticks to be had at the price were blackthorns, hard and knobby. Pillows for padding were sneaked from the hotel. A fellow actor, Alex Zanfretta, lent Weber a skullcap. Coated heavily with flesh-colored grease paint and a handkerchief stuffed beneath as a pad, it would have to serve instead of the steel reënforced wig in the trunk presumedly at Fall River.

Joe coached Lew carefully on the location of the handkerchief, but early in the knockabout at the opening show the makeshift pad slipped out of place. At the first clout over the head Fields' blackthorn cut through the skullcap and laid open his partner's scalp. A trivial scalp wound bleeds alarmingly, and this was to require four stitches. The audience, which had been enjoying itself moderately, exploded. In the violence of the knockabout and the elation of their first important out-of-town engagement, Weber had felt no hurt. Accustomed to end the act in a drench of perspiration, he mistook the wetness of his scalp. Weber raised a hand to his forehead to wipe away the obtruding moisture as they took their second curtain call before an uproarious house. His hand came away covered with blood and he fainted in full view of the audience.

FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

John L. Carncross, the Philadelphia Minstrel Man

Colonel Hopkins, who had looked in from the box office to see what his patrons were exciting themselves about, was backstage by the time Weber had revived.

"Where are those two kids?" he shouted.

A Horse on the Colonel

Lew was pouring a trickle of cold water on Joe's head. They set themselves for bad news. Here would be the alibi for not paying that one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

"Great!" yelled the colonel. "Wonderful!" He danced and waved his hands. "I don't see how you worked it! Looked just like real blood! Most natural thing I ever saw! It wasn't in the act when I saw it at Miner's. When did you think it up?"

Joe still was too weak to talk. The thing to do was to tell the boss what he wanted to hear. That was Lesson One in How to Get On in the World, as they had read it. Lew did the telling.

"Why, last week," he invented, "when we hadn't much to do, we tried soaking a little sponge in carmine and putting it underneath Joe's wig. It worked pretty well, so we thought we'd try it out here and ——"

"Bravo!" the colonel cut in, oblivious of the fact that the "sponge" still leaked. "You actors do get an idea now and then. Keep that in the act, whatever you do. You've got a gold mine." And then as an afterthought, "You might rehearse that faint a bit. It looked kinda forced tonight."

This was a horse on the colonel; so good a one, it was thought backstage, that no one disabused his mind. It was not by design that Fields' blows reopened the cut on Tuesday night. But if he must bleed afresh, Weber meant to bleed to some purpose. Intentionally now he wiped his forehead, stared at his hands as Lady Macbeth at hers, and swooned to the queen's taste.

Wednesday the trunk came from Fall River and Weber recovered his armor-plated wig. Hopkins had been bragging the act the length of Providence, and Wednesday night he enticed three politicians down from the State House to see it.

Vinegar Just as Good

"The first time the tall one hits the little fellow over the head with his cane, watch what happens!" he coached them.

Lew whacked Joe's head once, twice, and many times, and nothing happened. The colonel, denied his evening's blood, came backstage in a rage. It seemed a moment for the truth, and they told him.

"You kids deserve to get on," was his tribute. "You've got nerve."

Monday was New Year's Day, and there was an extra matinée. On Saturday the house treasurer paid them not one hundred and twenty-five dollars but one hundred and thirty dollars. They counted the roll four times to make sure, then turned five dollars back. The treasurer waved it aside. It was for the extra matinée, he explained. Here were men who were above taking advantage of unpracticed youth. Champagne was being opened in the box office in honor of the year 1883, and the treasurer even invited them to join him. Not with one hundred and thirty dollars in their pockets did they intend to dally with the mocker, wine. The treasurer was insistent and the bubbles flirted with them. To humor him, each took a sip. When they were outside they exchanged impressions. Vinegar was cheaper and tasted the same, they agreed.

With Colonel Hopkins and his one hundred and twenty-five dollars as a reference, the firm laid in a new stock of Gilsey House and Fifth Avenue Hotel stationery and gave their afternoons to letting the out-of-town managers know what they were missing. No answers came, at any rate, and they were reduced to taking thirty dollars at Col. Bob Waring's German Beer Garden in Hoboken. The name to the contrary, it was merely a theater in which beer was sold during the performance.

An act was an act to the Hoboken colonel, and he had one price—thirty dollars for teams, fifteen dollars for singles, take it or leave it. The first four acts to apply were as apt as not to be hired, and all turn out to be acrobatic turns. It was said that he once had engaged four separate and distinct ventriloquists for the same bill. Joe and Lew never doubted it, for on viewing his program that Sunday night the colonel discovered that three out of the four turns were Dutch comedy numbers. As the two others were better known to him, he paid the boys two dollars and fifty cents apiece after the Sunday show and fired them.

Within a month they had descended from one hundred and twenty-five dollars and wreaths of bay leaves in Providence to thirty dollars and the hook after one performance in Hoboken. A neat morsel for the Bowery to roll under its tongue; the Bowery, which had had to listen for two weeks to Providence this and Providence

(Continued on Page 72)

"The most manly thing that any man can do — *yet most men are ashamed to do it!*"

She has talked with 200,000 men!

"Men are like small boys who walk in puddles to impress their playmates with their hardiness," says Carrie Blanchard. This extraordinary woman speaks from an unusual knowledge of men's peculiarities, for she entertains approximately 25,000 men and women a year.

I HAVE had an unusual opportunity to meet and talk with men. My work takes me all over the country, attending food fairs and expositions, and brings me in contact with many thousands of people a year. You see, I am a food demonstrator. When I am not traveling, my headquarters are here at Battle Creek, where hundreds of visitors call on me every day.

In this way, during the last few years, I have served over 500,000 people. I estimate that 200,000 of these were men. Usually I have a few minutes' chat with each one. I have learned a good deal about man nature from these conversations—and something, too, about the condition and problems of men.

Most men, I have found, are ashamed to be caught taking care of their health. They seem to feel that such care is an admission of weakness. How often our conversations run something like this:

"I had no idea Postum was this good," they say when I serve them. "Why, I like this as well as any drink I ever tasted!"

Of course, this isn't news to me. I know that Postum, properly prepared, has a wonderful flavor. I know that those who have tried it without liking it have simply failed to prepare it in the way which would suit their tastes. But these men always speak as if they were the original discoverers of the true Postum flavor.

"You never tried it before, did you?" I ask them.

"No," they usually admit.

"Why not?"

"Well, Postum has always been advertised as a health drink, so I supposed I wouldn't like it."

The tragic part of it!

Can you imagine anything more absurd? As if everything agreeable to the health must necessarily taste like medicine! But the real prejudice, I am afraid, lies deeper down in man nature than this. They shy at the word "health." They want people to think they can stand anything.

The tragic part of it is, men are *not* made of iron. Millions of them are overworking and taking stimulants to keep up the pace. The Army examinations during the War showed the startling number, even among young men, who are undernourished and overstimulated. And as for the older ones—the nervous, overwrought, dyspeptic condition of the American business man is notorious.

I see the marks of fatigue on their faces, and although my real work is only to teach people how good Postum tastes, I sometimes say:

"Don't you think your health deserves a better deal? What is more manly than to preserve, for yourself and your family, the health and vigor that mean a successful life? Wouldn't it be a good idea to try Postum for thirty days, just as an experiment?"

"Well, of course, you are right," comes the admission. "I should take better care of my health. If Postum is the way, I'll do it."

"Postum is one easy step in the right direction," I tell them.

Millions have taken this step

Postum certainly is not a cure-all. It is simply a delicious drink, made of whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted. It is not an imitation of any other drink. It has the rich, full-bodied flavor of roasted wheat—and wheat is the best-liked food in the world! Most important, Postum does not contain a trace of caffein or any other stimulant. There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in it. It is an appetizing, satisfying hot drink for every member of the family every meal of the day.

I am pleased to think that my work has to some extent been effective. People in 2,000,000 American homes have divorced themselves from caffein and its effects by drinking Postum, and this number is steadily growing. There is satisfaction in knowing I am doing my work well, but I assure you there is much greater satisfaction in contributing to the better health which millions of Americans are enjoying!

This may have sounded like preaching. If it has made you think more seriously about a very real problem, I don't care what you call it. So I am going to finish in true sermon fashion.

I want you to make this test

I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to send you, free, your first week's supply of Postum for this thirty-day test. But it isn't fair to expect to throw off the effect of a habit of years in a week. I want you to carry on for the full thirty days—*then* decide.

With your week's free supply I will send you my own directions for preparing Postum. One hundred thousand men have told me they liked Postum made my way. I think you will, too.

Just indicate on the coupon whether you want Instant Postum (made instantly in the cup) or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). And I hope you send the coupon right this minute!

Carrie Blanchard

MAIL THIS FREE COUPON NOW!

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum — Check here if you prefer Postum Cereal

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St. East, Toronto, Ontario.

S.E.P. 4-24

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is the easiest drink in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is also easy to make but should be boiled 20 minutes. Either form costs less than most other hot drinks. Iced Postum—a delicious summer drink.

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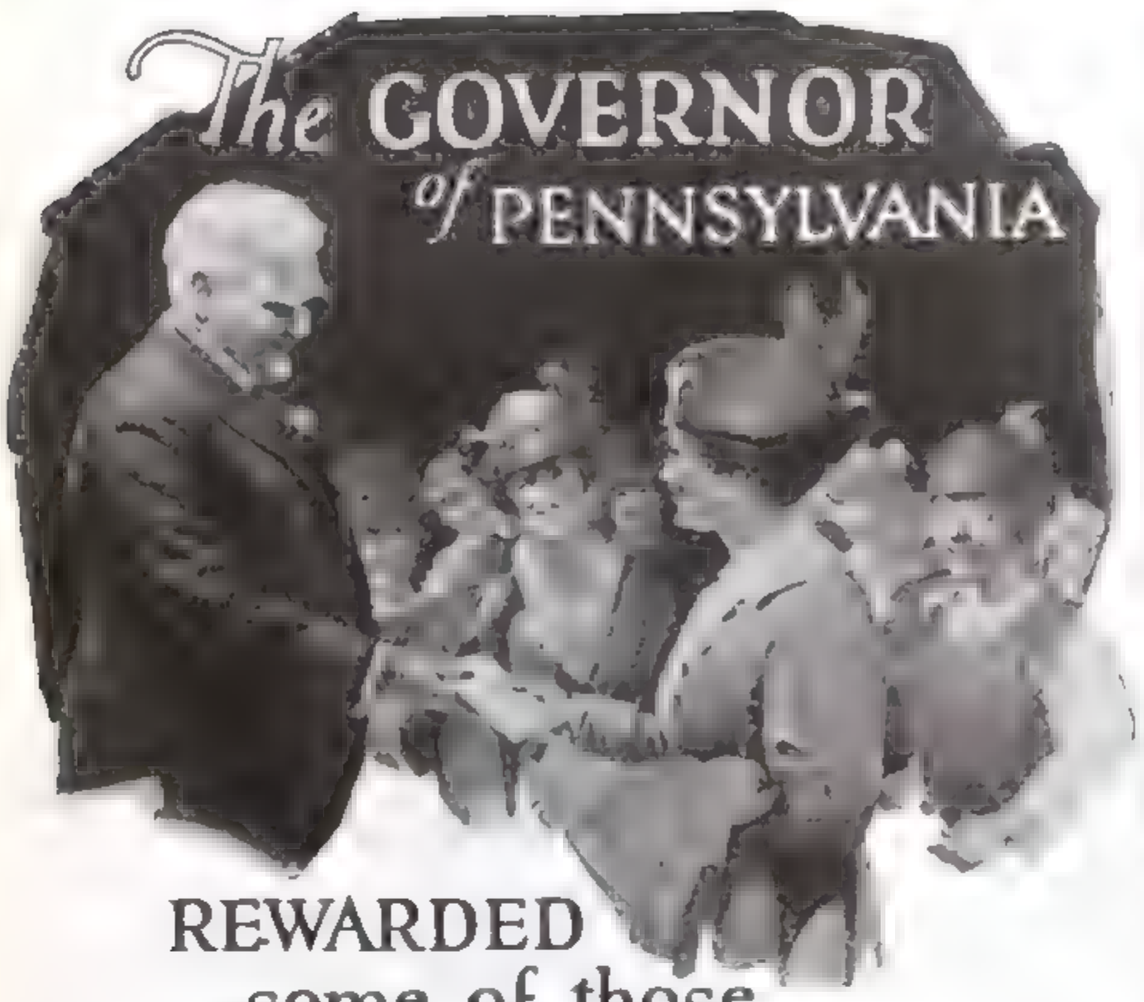

REWARDED some of those 43,040 Housewives

PHILADELPHIA demands over a million loaves of Bond Bread every week!

This overwhelming popularity started eight years ago when 2000 Philadelphia housewives submitted their own home-made loaves in the Bond Bread Baking Contest. Martin Brumbaugh, then Governor of Pennsylvania, personally made the presentation to the prize-winners.

The Philadelphia contest was part of a nation-wide referendum through which 43,040 housewives showed us how to make Bond Bread.

Modeled after the best of home-made loaves, Bond Bread comes naturally by its home-like quality. Its "home" ingredients are guaranteed by the Bond printed on each wrapper. From that Bond, Bond Bread gets its name.

Bond Bread

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GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

(Continued from Page 70)

that. Not if they could prevent it would the Bowery know.

Monday night they returned to Hoboken as usual. There was a rival beer garden down the street. The manager was not interested, but they quoted bargain rates. He closed with them at a dollar and a half a night for the team and a night-to-night contract. After the last performance Saturday night they carried their trunk to the ferry—a trunk with genuine leather straps now. On the Manhattan side they hefted the trunk again and set out afoot for the Bowery. It was 1:30 A.M. and three miles or more to go, but there was no place in the budget of a dollar and a half a night act for baggage-hauling charges.

Two partly grown boys carrying a trunk through the streets in the dead of the night was a spectacle that could not escape the eye even of a New York policeman of the 80's. They were halted before they had crossed West Street.

Actors, eh? A likely tale, that! No nonsense now, and open up that trunk!

At Ninth Avenue a second patrolman stopped them, at Bleecker Street a third, as skeptical as the first, and not to be convinced under twenty minutes. And with only eight blocks to go, a fourth copper not to be convinced at all.

"Here, look in the trunk and see for yourself!" they pleaded.

"I'll look well into the trunk, but it'll be at the station house," he answered, and took them there.

It was a dull hour, and the drowsing sergeant thought he might believe their story if they should put on their costumes and dance for him. Dawn was creeping over Williamsburg when they came home to East Broadway. The taste of Hoboken is bitter in their mouths after forty years.

Those afternoons of letter writing bore their first fruit the next day. A note from Gilmore's Grand Central Theater, 809 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, was in the letter box back of the bar at Miner's saloon. It ordered them to come on for a try-out at eighty dollars a week.

Gilmore's was a byword in the variety world. Its owner was a tart, irascible character, as tough a customer as ever bought goods. Playing his house was both an ordeal and a speculation as uncertain as a horse race. He held himself privileged to fire an act as the spirit moved him. Invariably he sat in the first entrance at rehearsals and the opening show, looking his hired hands over sourly. To survive a rehearsal was a feat, to last out the opening performance entitled to wound-and-service stripes, and to finish the week was a patent of theatrical nobility. Gilmore found his justification in the box office. There were no empty seats in his house.

Great-Hearted Mother Bunger

One story told of him was characteristic. A man with a trained dog played his theater. The man recited Paul Laurence Dunbar's poem, A Yellow Dog's Love for a Coon, and the dog did the rest. When the actor applied at the box office on pay day, Gilmore yelled in a voice that all Walnut Street could hear, "Send in the dog. I'll pay him. He did all the work."

There were other actors on the train for Philadelphia. They recommended Mother Bunger's boarding house, good board and clean rooms, six dollars a week.

Mother Bunger greeted them with, "Vere is you kids playing at?" At the mention of William J. Gilmore she started. His caprices had cost her many a defaulted board bill. She could not be sure of Gilmore's reception of an act that was unknown to her, and she would gamble on no novices. "Funny," she said, "dey ain't got your names on de bills vat I see, und besides I ain't got some more rooms left. Better that you go by the Irishman's. For four dollars he has fine grub and beds."

The Irishman's was Murphy's boarding house. Murphy took them in and his faith was justified. Gilmore watched them without comment, and put them next to last on the bill, where they remained the week. Eddie Foy had been loaned that week to Gilmore by John L. Carncross, the minstrel man. Foy liked the Weber and Fields act and spoke of it to Frank Dumont, who was to succeed to Carncross' minstrel mantle at the latter's death. A letter followed them back to New York. Carncross asked their terms.

The letter caused a small sensation among the professionals gathered in Miner's saloon. Privately the crowd didn't believe it. Carncross never had been known to play a white-face act. To be the first to break that precedent was to be made, they were told with much back-slapping which called for drink buying. They named seventy dollars a week in their reply and got an acceptance the next week.

This time whatever Mother Bunger had was theirs. That lady posed as the actors' best friend and never ceased to ask her boarders to pause in astonishment at her greatness of heart. Her life, as she described it with each dinner, was one long succession of sacrifices and disinterested services for "mein children," as she pleased to call her patrons. Against any possible skepticism, she had at hand a clinching case in point with which she always closed.

Years before, an actress had abandoned her infant son in the boarding house, and Mother Bunger had reared the boy, now half grown.

"Lou-ee," she would call to him as she approached her peroration—"Lou-ee, tell the ladies and gentlemen what did I take out of my ears and send them to the pawnshop for to lend that poor lady, Mrs. So-and-So."

"Your earrings, mamma." Lou-ee knew his one line well.

The Minstrel Show de Luxe

The golden age of negro minstrelsy was on, and Carncross had the pick of the land at his peculiar institution at the Eleventh Street Opera House. A churchman himself, he kept his entertainment immaculately clean and attracted a clientele all his own. Quakers and other religionists made a sharply drawn distinction between the theater, which they regarded as a halfway house to perdition, and minstrelsy. Philadelphia was not alone in this discrimination, though Carncross' was its most notable example. Throughout America, until the prejudice against the stage began to relax, the minstrel show was sure of an audience no other form of the theater except the circus could attract.

The first half of a Carncross show was the conventional farrago of quip, quirk and sentimental ballad. In 1883 he had as end men, tambos and bones such comedians as Lew Dockstader, Eddie Foy, Hughey Dougherty and Dick Turner. Such tenors as Chauncey Olcott sang the ballads dear to the hearts of mid-Victorian Americans. The second part was a burlesque of some folly or sensation of the moment and a potpourri of the current theater, a mild approximation of the topical revue of today. Carncross is dead, Frank Dumont is dead, minstrelsy is all but dead; but in its early stock form it holds out feebly still in Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Weber and Fields went on with their Dutch knockabout at the Eleventh Street Opera House on Monday evening and made the flattest failure of their lives. The audience gave them dead silence from entrance to exit. They finished with the feeling of having rehearsed in a morgue. In their dressing room they waited for a knock on their door, and dismissal. The knock came, but no "Sorry, boys, I can't use you" they had looked for.

"If you are not doing anything else about ten o'clock tomorrow morning, you might drop in at the theater," was the owner's message. It was a rule that an act must be discharged after the first performance or be paid for the week. So there was hope.

"Don't let last night discourage you," Carncross told them in his office the following morning. "I have a peculiar public here, unlike anything you ever met with in the theater. My patrons are very conservative. Few of them ever attend another theater, and the more familiar a song, a joke or a piece of business, the better they like it. You must give them time to get used to you

"There is another thing or two. They thought you really were hurting each other, and were uneasy. Why not shake hands and kiss exaggeratedly when you finish? I think that would do the trick. Those loud check suits you wear no doubt are just the thing for your usual audience, but if you will permit me, I will buy you other clothes that will suit my people better. I know them, you see."

Carncross took them to a secondhand shop on South Street and bought them two full-dress suits, the first use of formal evening dress by a comedy act on the American stage. Tuesday night they embraced

(Continued on Page 74)

Architect: "Put the matter of the roof entirely up to me—
then it will be off your mind"

Get the roof off your mind—
definitely and permanently!

On home, garage, barn, use only the toughest shingles and roll roofings

—and be done with it

Throughout the centuries the architect's ideal has been *permanence*. Today, as in the past, he builds for future generations as well as his own.

When it is a question of roofs, architects and business men link permanence with Barrett. For 66 years the two words have been inseparable in the building world.

Barrett permanence means a roof *that won't talk back*. No leaks to be patched, no maintenance or repair expense. When the roof is built according to The Barrett Specification under the careful supervision of the Barrett Inspector, the owner is handed a Surety Bond guaranteeing him against repair expense for 10 or 20 years.

Twenty years—that strikes you as a long and liberal guarantee period. But we can point to many roofs of this type built 35 and 40 years ago that are still in excellent condition.

The Barrett Specification Roof (bonded for 20 and 10 years) stands as the leader of a broad, comprehensive line of Barrett Built-Up Roofs.

But whether your roof is constructed according to The Barrett Specification or your own specification—

Whether your building is new or old—

The experience of well-known architects, engineers and contractors has proved that it pays to see that the materials used in any built-up roof bear the Barrett label.

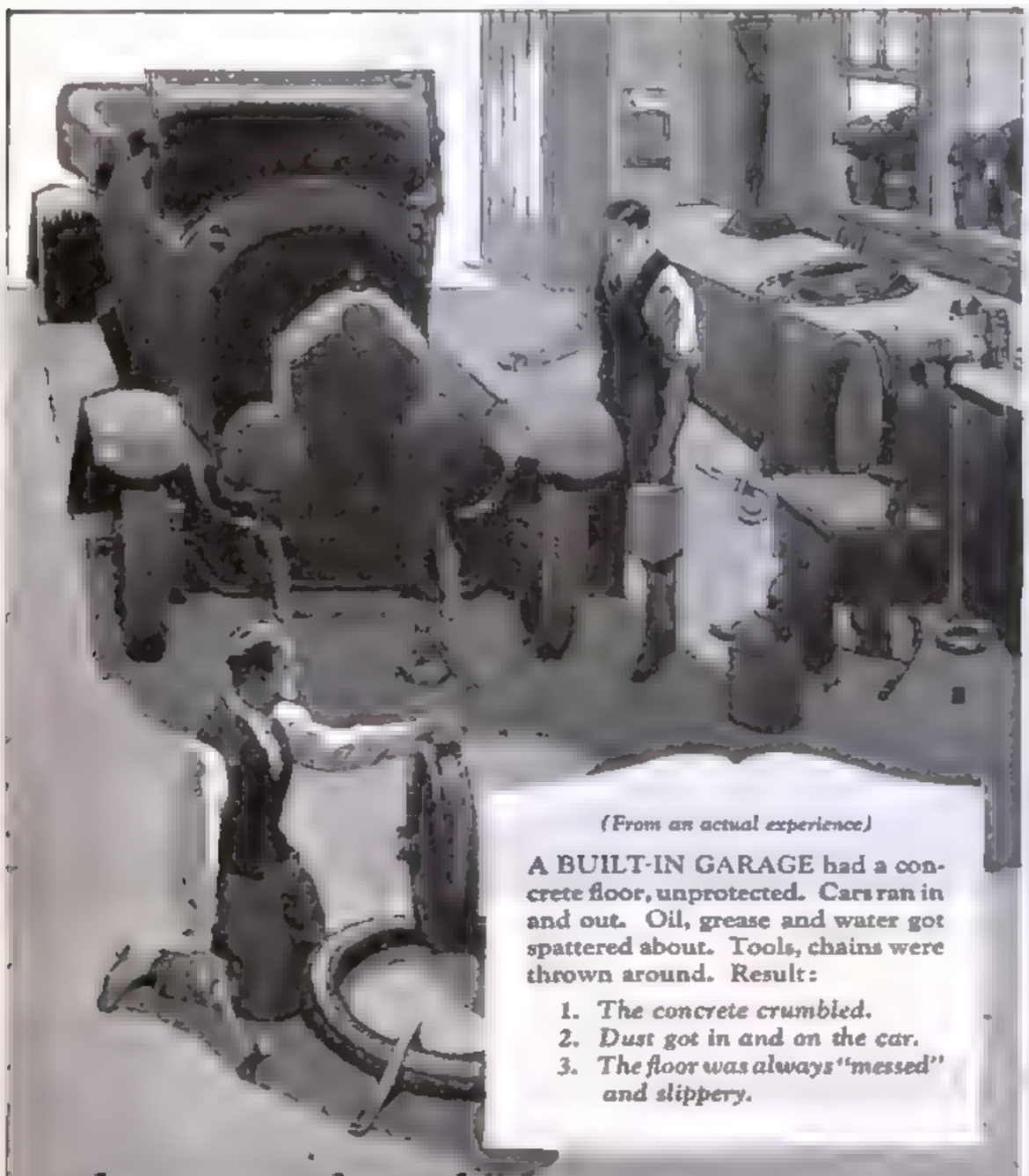
Barrett

ONCE ON YOUR BUILDING, IT'S ENTIRELY OFF YOUR MIND

ROOFINGS

The Barrett Company
40 RECTOR STREET, NEW YORK CITY

In Canada
The Barrett Company, Limited
2021 St Hubert Street
Montreal, Que., Canada



(From an actual experience)

A BUILT-IN GARAGE had a concrete floor, unprotected. Cars ran in and out. Oil, grease and water got spattered about. Tools, chains were thrown around. Result:

1. *The concrete crumbled.*
2. *Dust got in and on the car.*
3. *The floor was always "messed" and slippery.*

—*the owner heard about*

The *Liquid* Floor Covering

He tried it. He now reports: "the floor cleans up like new." "All dusting is eliminated."

In countless other floor problems, on the inside and outside, Koverflor is doing the thing that couldn't be done.

It keeps wood from decaying, cement from disintegrating. At the same time, it withstands hard wear. It is impervious to water; is grease and oil proof. The surface it creates is hard—almost tile like. Koverflor is easy to use; you apply it like paint.

Koverflor is supplied in solid colors, for homes; industrial and commercial buildings; and steamships. Hardware and paint dealers handle it. If unable to secure it conveniently, we will supply you direct.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS
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KOVERFLOR
TRADE MARK

CUT AND MAIL TO MOST CONVENIENT OFFICE

Two Helpful Books Free

The Standard Floor Covering describes [illegible] does. Contains [illegible] inside floors. Immediate [illegible] about enamels and [illegible]

Name and Address

Check here if you want us to include information about other famous Standard Varnish Works products.

Salinette Enamel — the china-like enamel. ☐
Elastica Varnishes — specific varnishes for all purposes. ☐
KwicKwork Auto Enamel — the auto enamel that dries overnight. ☐

(Continued from Page 72)

and exchanged a loud smack. Carncross' diagnosis was perfect. His peculiar public warmed to them, and took them to its heart the second week. Their engagement ran eight months without a break, the first and one of the few white-face acts ever seen in this home of burnt cork.

All rules failed at Carncross.' When they had flopped he had told them not to worry, and set them aright. Now that they were an established success, he called them in and amazed them by saying, "I'd like to keep you the balance of the season, but I don't want to pay you the same salary."

They retired to consider. Their conclusion was that a long run would be so good an advertisement that they could afford to cut their price as low as fifty dollars.

Reporting back, they said, "You have been so decent to us that we will leave the salary to you. Whatever you think fair will suit us."

"Good!" he agreed. "Your wages will be sixty-nine dollars after this week."

They could only look at each other stupidly, and put it down as the Carncross idea of a practical joke. He was, however, entirely serious. Among the superstitions he practiced, but did not like to admit, was one that it was unlucky to pay out an even sum. All accustomed to doing business with him—actors, stage hands and tradesmen—were prepared to receive $1.99 or $2.01 for two dollars, and were expected to accept it without comment, as a normal business practice.

Off and On at Newark

Eight uninterrupted months of well-paid work—a new high-water mark for Weber and Fields. Six dollars each for room and board, a few dollars for incidentals, a few more for ads in the theatrical weeklies, and the balance flowed back to the East Side to raise the Weber and Schanfield families to comfort.

From the time they were twelve until they were sixteen a duel of wits with the railroad companies went with every out-of-town engagement. Long before Sir James Barrie invented and named him Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up was arguing with New Haven and Pennsylvania ticket agents and trainmen. For all railroad purposes, Joe and Lew turned the calendar's face to the wall and hugged their eleventh birthdays as a woman does her twenty-ninth; clung to it until the pretense would not have passed in a home for the blind.

On their first trip to Baltimore to play at Herzog's Museum for fifty dollars a week, and to live with the freaks at Hancock's boarding house, they began a contest with one Pennsylvania conductor that went on for a year. In the opening skirmish Fields took a seat in the forward end of the smoker, Weber in the rear. The conductor looked at Fields, then at his ticket, and asked his age.

"Going on twelve," was the answer.

The same question and answer when he reached Weber.

"Do you know that boy up front?" the conductor demanded.

Did he or didn't he? Maybe Lew had referred the conductor to him in support of his age. Joe flipped a mental coin and it came down heads.

"Sure!" he said. "He's my brother."

The wrong answer!

"How does it happen then," the conductor wanted to know, "that he is going on twelve also?"

One reply only to this embarrassing inquiry was possible.

"We're twins," Joe exclaimed, as if that fortuity had just occurred to him.

"Twin liars, at least," the trainman commented dryly. "I'll let you by this time."

Baltimore liked them so well that Herzog booked them to return in three months. Homeward to New York they rode with a strange, and, they suspected, a nearsighted conductor. But on the second journey to Maryland they were so unwise as to take the midnight train as before. The same conductor found them in the same relative positions in the smoker.

"How old are you now?" he asked Fields.

"Going on twelve," Master Lew replied.

The conductor punched a check, slipped it into Fields' hatband and passed on.

"And how old are you today?" he inquired solicitously when he came to Weber.

"Going on twelve," Joe thanked him.

"And going off at the next station unless you pay full fare," was the rejoinder. "I let your 'twin brother' up there ride on a half-fare ticket. It's my guess that neither one of you ever will see fifteen again, but I'll compromise with you. One half and one full. Are you going to pay?"

Joe had eighty cents and a package of cheap cigarettes. He tendered them. The conductor replied in the manner of France to Germany. The train was pulling into Newark, and he saw Joe to the station platform.

Railway coaches were not vestibuled in the 80's, and Joe swung onto the open platform of the last coach as the train pulled out. Near the rear of the coach a buxom negro woman slept, her limp body slumped toward the aisle. Joe slipped past her noiselessly and curled up in the shelter of her bulk, his face averted. The car lights were dimmed and his presence went unnoted by the trainmen.

Toward four o'clock in the morning, Weber thought the train near enough Baltimore to risk going forward to reassure Fields, whom he pictured in a frenzy of anxiety. This picture was not to be reconciled with the facts. Lew he found snoring unfeelingly. Joe woke him with a jab. Fields rubbed his eyes and registered surprise.

"I thought they put you off," he managed to say.

"And what were you going to do about it?" Weber asked.

"Oh, I had all that figured out," Fields assured him. "As soon as I got to Baltimore I was going to look up Herzog and ask him to wire you an advance on our salary."

"Wire it where?" Weber persisted.

Lew began to be annoyed.

"I could have sent it to the depot and asked them to call out your name, couldn't I?"

"What depot?"

"Why, at Elizabeth, where they put you off, of course!"

"I thought as much," Joe retorted.

It appeared that the conductor had waited a station before telling Lew that he had lost his partner.

Again Baltimore encored their act. When they set out on their third trip to Maryland, in another ninety days, they took the precaution of asking questions at the Jersey City terminal. Their old enemy was taking out the midnight train, they learned.

"If anybody gets put off at Newark tonight, it's not going to be me," Joe gave notice, and bought a whole ticket for himself. So fortified, they claimed seats together in the smoker.

Honors Were Even

"Still going on twelve, I suppose," the conductor greeted Lew, who sat on the aisle. "A fine big boy for twelve! I'll bet your mamma is proud of you."

Lew thanked him for his friendly interest.

"And you?" He turned to Joe.

"Going on fourteen," Weber chirped, and surprised the conductor with a full ticket.

"My, how you have grown in a couple of months!" the man with the punch and lantern exclaimed. "I'm afraid my putting you off at Newark aged you considerable. Maybe if I put your 'twin' here off at Newark tonight he would be going on fourteen, too, the next time he rides with me. It'll be worth trying anyway."

Lew was not put off at Newark, but only because he made up the balance of a whole ticket in cash. In Baltimore they heard that Hallen & Hart's road show would be returning to New York the next Saturday night. Traveling troupes were granted greatly reduced rates by the railroads. The boys persuaded the manager to elect them members of his company for the duration of the trip. Their pro rata was less than two half-fare tickets, and fingers could be snapped at the race of conductors. Most of the company spent the night in Pullmans. Joe and Lew sat up to save two dollars, and wondered if they would travel with a road show some day.

The Pennsylvania conductor had his counterpart on the New Haven. They clashed first with him on the memorable occasion when they missed the Fall River boat, and he had been making pointed comments at every meeting since. It was getting so any trip to New England was good for a garland of insults.

Bound for Providence to play at Drew's Museum, they received an ultimatum one Sunday night.

(Continued on Page 77)

ATHLETIC-TRIM KEDS

Keds with athletic-trim come in various styles—lace to-toe and lace-to-instep, black, brown, and grey trim. They are built for the hardest sports and vacation wear.

A KEDS PUMP

One of the many Keds models specially designed for children. Cool and comfortable, attractive in appearance and—like all Keds shoes—built to wear

A KEDS MODEL WITH CREPE SOLE

Crepe Sole Keds are distinguished by springy lightness, ground grip and long wear. Keds Crepe Soles are vulcanized which makes them tough, and gives the greatest possible adhesion between sole and upper. Insist on Keds.

* * *

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes, varying in price according to grade, size and style—from $1.25 to $4.50.

Keds with athletic-trim are not only standard for sport and vacation wear, but are also the ideal long-wearing every-day summer shoe for boys and girls of all ages. Keds with Crepe Soles are the choice of thousands of tennis players—including the ten leading players in the country. Other Keds include attractive pumps and oxfords for street, home and all outdoor wear.

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Matches that demand every last ounce of energy from a human dynamo!"

11 National Championships
2 World Championships
Won on Keds!

Here's the list—one of the most amazing tributes to the quality and leadership of Keds ever made!

World's Singles on grass	National Women's Doubles
World's Hard Court Singles	National Mixed Doubles
National Clay Court Singles	National Junior Singles
National Men's Singles	National Junior Doubles
National Men's Doubles	National Boys' Doubles
National Women's Singles	National Junior Indoor

National Boys' Singles

No one gives canvas rubber-soled shoes a harder test of wear than championship tennis players today. Day after day of grinding, tearing wear. Only the toughest rubber—only shoes built with the quality of Keds—can withstand it.

Keds are not only the standard shoes for sports—but their long wearing quality makes them the ideal summer footwear for the active feet of growing boys and girls everywhere.

They are built to stand the continuous racing and tearing about—the games, hikes and camping trips of vacation time.

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes, varying in price according to grade, size and style—from $1.25 to $4.50. No matter what price or style of canvas rubber-soled shoes you want, it will pay you to insist on Keds.

It is important to remember that all canvas rubber-soled shoes are not Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. They come in a wide range of styles and prices. But every pair of Keds is built to give longer wear and better service.

If you want the standard shoes for sports of every kind—if you want shoes for a boy who seems to "go through" everything—if you want the longest wearing quality your money can buy—look for the name Keds!

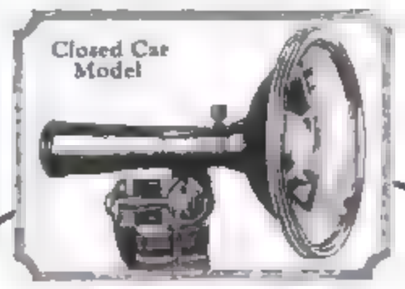
Information on games, woodcraft and dozens of other things boys are interested in, is in the 1924 Keds Hand-book for Boys; and vacation suggestions, sports, recipes, etc., are in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. R-4, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

STEWART CUSTOMBILT ACCESSORIES USED ON 9 MILLION CARS

The Best Car is a Better Car When Stewart Equipped



Stewart Spotlight $4.00

A Spotlight and Trouble-Light for Only $4

Only four dollars for the neatest, handiest, most attractive little spotlight ever offered to motorists. It throws as bright a light-ray as more expensive spotlights. It can be turned up, down, or to either side.

You can use it as a trouble-light just by loosening the wing-nut, as shown above, and snapping it out of the bracket. This feature gives you a spotlight with double efficiency.

It is given a beautiful, weather-proof black finish, with a polished nickeled rim around the heavy glass.

Make night-driving a pleasure, not a risk, by having your car equipped with this Stewart Spotlight. Your garage-man can put one on your car while you are having the motor oil changed.

For all cars, open or closed.

$15.00

(Western price $15.50)

Chart snaps up, out of sight, when not in use

Cut Your Ford Repair Bills In Half

Nearly all car troubles result from lack of lubrication. We don't remember to oil and grease when necessary, although our intentions are good.

In the total mileage opening of this Stewart Speedometer for Ford cars, various colored dials turn up at definite mileage intervals to remind you that lubrication is necessary.

For instance, when a green dial appears you refer to the chart. It tells you where oil or grease is needed. For every color that appears, lubrication directions are given on the chart. Proper lubrication will eliminate trouble and save you money.

Stewart Mirror $2.00

Watch Rear Traffic and Avoid Collision

You can tip the Stewart Mirror up, down, or sideways, and it stays firmly in position over roughest roads.

It is over seven inches in length and gives you a clear view of rear traffic so that you need not turn your head, with danger of colliding with a car in front.

Your garage-man, accessory dealer, or you, yourself, can put one on your open or closed car in a few minutes' time. You will know then why car-owners say, "I don't know how I ever drove my car without a mirror."

Look for the name Stewart. It is a guarantee of quality.

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automobile Accessories

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 74)

"What, again?" The conductor shook his punch under their noses. "Get this, now!" he told them. "This is the last time you ride on my train at half fare. It's a wonder one of you doesn't sit on the other's lap and ask me to believe he is an infant in arms. I'm warning you now! The next time I'm going to reach for the bell cord and put you off ten miles between stations."

One week later the night train from Boston picked up at Providence, among other passengers, Masters Weber and Fields, the Big Little Four, consisting of Harry Kelly, Charles Buckley and the Callahan brothers, and the Parker Twins, all kid acts familiar to variety audiences.

The eight crowded into two seats turned face to face. The most commodious suitcase in the party was laid across their knees, the Parker Twins passed cigars around, Harry Kelly shuffled a deck of cards and a penny-ante poker game began.

"Tickets!" a voice commanded.

Eight poker players smoking eight cigars laid down eight sets of five cards, fished in eight pockets and brought out eight half-fare tickets. The conductor they looked up at was the one of the week before. As a comedy situation none of the eight ever surpassed it on the stage.

Fifty years of education in applied profanity went for nothing. The conductor's cuss words melted on his tongue and he laughed through his set teeth.

"I'll frame these," he said when he got his face straightened out. He put the eight tickets in a special pocket and went on.

Weber and Fields had played every dime museum in New York save one, but that one was the aristocrat of the lot—G. B. Bunnell's, at Broadway and Ninth Street. Bunnell looked something like P. T. Barnum, the father of the dime museum, then still alive and a circus proprietor, and he cultivated that resemblance assiduously.

The team had finer feathers in its cap than this, but there would be a gap in the record until Bunnell's had been conquered. For five years they had failed to catch his interest. When Doctor Cole, whom they had known as lecturer on the freaks at the New York Museum, 210 Bowery, was promoted to the lectureship at Bunnell's, they tried again—and got a curt refusal. They would show this man Bunnell.

The wild talk of a drunken sailor on the Bowery was the seed of the plot. The sailor claimed to have shipped from Chi-fu with a Chinese helmsman who had one eye, and that in the center of his forehead. Days later it occurred to Lew and Joe that the yarn had practical possibilities.

The Chinese Cyclops

Dropping in at Bunnell's, they spoke casually to Cole of having seen such a Chinaman in Doyers Street sometime before. They described him with great detail. His peculiarity, it seemed, was little known even in Chinatown because of his habit of pulling his hat far down on his forehead. A slit in the hat fitted over the single eye.

Cole declared excitedly that the Chinese Cyclops was a phenomenon without parallel in his experience. Bunnell would pay three hundred—four hundred—even five hundred dollars, perhaps, just for the tip.

A pity they had not thought of Mr. Bunnell at once. Meanwhile, unfortunately, P. T. Barnum had opened negotiations with them and would have the first call.

Bunnell was with them within the minute. Just the two boys he had been hoping to see. Lucky chance that they should happen in. Would they like to play the museum next week? The pay would be forty dollars, Bunnell's top. Nothing was said of a one-eyed Chinaman.

Bunnell booked them for a second week. By the by, Doctor Cole had said something about a Chinaman with an eye in his forehead.

To Joe's and Lew's expressed sorrow, Mr. Barnum had first call on the marvel and had all but closed with them. Bunnell thought he could meet Barnum's offer—possibly better it. Would they give it their best thought? They would indeed.

Bunnell had two other museums, one in Brooklyn, the other in Jersey City. The third week he sent them to Brooklyn, the fourth to Jersey City, the fifth he brought them back to Broadway. A funny thing, it was being said in Miner's, this sudden popularity of Weber and Fields with Bunnell.

Bunnell began to be pressing. Where was the Chinaman to be found? Couldn't he see the man himself? What word from Barnum? Were they certain that there was only one eye, and that in the center of the brow?

Their little jest was beginning to grow claws. Practical jokes and tiger whelps have their similarities. Amusing pets in their infancy, awkward playfellows as they approach maturity. Joe and Lew conferred and decided to break with Barnum. The next day, in Bunnell's presence, they denounced the circus man's lack of good faith. They had learned that while he pretended to dicker with them he was attempting to go behind their backs and deal independently with their property. All that he had accomplished was to frighten the Chinaman away. He had fled to a cousin's in New Orleans, and they now were trying to coax him out of retirement. As soon as they succeeded he would be Bunnell's for the asking.

When they had played twenty consecutive weeks at the three museums, and had been booked for the twenty-first, Bunnell demanded a showdown. Lew ducked around the corner and sent a message by an A. D. T. boy to himself and Joe in care of Bunnell. The Chinaman had returned.

Twenty Weeks of Delusion

Bunnell sent for his carriage and the three started for Doyers Street. Doyers Street was around the corner from the old Chatham Square Museum where they had begun their career. In half an hour now, when the cat got out of the bag, their career might end there too. They pointed at random with nervous fingers. Bunnell alighted and led the way. The house which their fingers had chanced to indicate proved to be a warren of Orientals, all of whom at once protested utter ignorance of English. When in doubt, Chinatown always fell back on "No savee," and such cryptical talk as this of eyes in foreheads was suspicious.

Out of the jabber of Cantonese, at length a voice suggested in perfect English that they address their inquiries to the Chinese consul in Clinton Street. Objections by Joe and Lew. A consul could not be expected to concern himself with museum freaks. He probably was very busy on matters of state, and anyway the only sure method of locating a Chinaman was to wait him out. Patience—that was it! They had unlimited patience, and Bunnell could return to the museum. He went, however, to the consul's and took them with him.

The consul was a Princeton graduate. He listened politely and gave it as his opinion that his callers had been imposed upon.

"You Americans are an incurably romantic people," he philosophized, "and you insist on inventing and believing weird and devious fictions about our quarter. You will have it that we are an enigmatical race given to strange deviltries. This, I judge, is another of these nursery tales. At any rate, I can assure you that every Chinese in greater New York reports to me and that there is none such among them. Were he here, I would be compelled by your immigration laws, no doubt, to return him to China."

Bunnell's twenty weeks of delusion ended abruptly while the consul spoke. He had believed in the existence of the Chinatown Cyclops because he had wanted to believe, and these young scoundrels had played shrewdly on this obsession of outdoing the great Barnum. He stopped outside the consul's door.

"Tell me the truth," he asked. "There was never any one-eyed Chinaman, was there?"

It had come. They suddenly felt very sorry for their victim and for themselves. They looked at each other. Which one should tell him? They began the confession, now one talking, now the other, then both at once. The drunken sailor; how they had tried so long to get on at Bunnell's; how the joke had got out of hand, an Old Man of the Sea clinging to their backs.

Bunnell only stared, with a look half hurt, half quizzical. In their remorse they seemed more undersized, more underloved than ever; two of necessity's children, faces wistful with an age beyond their years. It was long before he spoke.

Then it was to say, "An old showman taken in by a pair of kids? I'd be a poor sport if I hollered. Shake hands on it, and no hard feelings." He stared at them longer. "You two ought to go far," he said, half to himself.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Isman and Mr Stout. The next will appear in an early issue.

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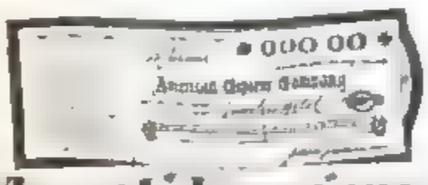

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GIVE AND TAKE

Continued from Page 23

its hint of more solid fare at the other end of the bell wire.

"This is all very nice," he said; "very nice indeed. Now where shall I put my hat?"

Anne put it on the lower shelf of the bamboo table on the landing.

When she returned Frank was toying with a radish, having dipped it moistly in the salt and left a trail of water across the table.

"Walked here from Fulham and feel a bit peckish," he explained. "Capital radishes! Where do you get 'em?"

Anne told him "Jenkins," the while dabbling the table with her handkerchief.

"Do sit down, won't you?"

Frank said he preferred to walk about; it kept him in touch with the radishes.

"I haven't seen hundreds and thousands since I was a kid," he said. "Where do you get 'em?"

Anne told him "Sopwith's, round the corner."

Frank detached a piece of crust from his roll and dipped it in the custard of the trifle, whence it was conveyed to his mouth, bright with many colored specks. He was disappointed at the absence of a sherry flavor. The trifle itself did not look quite so nice after this small attention. Also there were bread crumbs on the floor.

"I thought we'd have tea about six," said Anne defensively.

Frank looked at his watch and marked with horror that it was only four o'clock. The sight of so many good things to eat had temporarily banished a half-formed idea that the afternoon might be agreeably spent in honest and gentlemanly courtship. Up to the present, barring a little hand holding under the tarpaulin of the motor-bus, tender passages between them had been remarkably few, and it was clearly evident that here was a chance to make up for lost time. But Frank, in spite of undoubted physical attractions, was diffident and poor-spirited as a lover. He was slow at the get-away and could be relied upon to be more ardent in public than in private. His ignorance of women was abysmal and he had not the veriest idea how far he might go with them or how far they might wish him to go. He felt it would be very pleasant to put an arm round Anne and give her a kiss, but he dreaded making a muddle of it and lacked the natural courage to take a chance. In his lurid past he had kissed other girls and even had been known to steal home guiltily late at night and mount the stairs in socked feet long after his mother was asleep—but in these instances his behavior had been governed by information received at secondhand from other men. He had never found anything out for himself, and Anne to him was a complete mystery. He knew he had achieved a subtle hold over her, but he had not taken his own measurement well enough to know by what means or to what extent this had been accomplished.

He did not even know what he wanted or expected of her. So far as he was aware, his attentions were honorable and would center after a passage of time in making her his wife. But for the present he was satisfied with all he could get out of her in the way of companionship—admiration, creature comforts, praise, self-sacrifice and loving. To judge by her beginnings, it seemed she was well adapted to supply his needs with liberality. He had not made up his mind to do anything by way of return, because he did not see the necessity. Having accepted himself at her estimate all he would have to do would be to criticize the quality of her gifts and inspire fresh ones. In short, he proposed to occupy a position equivalent to that of a peacock that struts about the lawn, spreads its tail at its own will, makes loud and threatening noises, and in all other respects is useless and unprofitable.

Frank restored his watch to his pocket with a sigh which conveyed to Anne's attentive ears evidence of an unrequited appetite. Her sound woman sense, however, persuaded her that it would be disastrous to yield to his unspoken demand for nourishment. She was hoping he would stay until ten o'clock, and if the meal was consumed straight away it was certain a second edition, impossible of achievement, would be required later in the evening. By hook or by crook she must contrive that he should hold out until the appointed hour, and to that end she plumped herself down on the couch-by-day bed-by-night and patted a place by her side.

Here was an invitation that civility could not refuse and, albeit reluctantly, Frank sat down.

What followed was unexpected and disconcerting.

The spring mattress, powerful to support Anne's light body, was no match for Frank's enormous weight. Under the combined pressure it expanded to the fullest, with the result that the two lovers passed through the wooden frame and rudely bumped against the floor boards those portions of themselves devoted to the task of sitting down. The sage-green cover was dragged away and revealed a white pillow and bolster beneath.

Had he been a better man Frank Norris would have chosen that moment to kiss the convenient Anne very soundly indeed; but he was not a better man; his *amour propre* was offended by the indignity of his position and his stupid conventionality outraged by the discovery that, however heavily its identity might be concealed, he was being entertained in a lady's bedroom. Moreover, the business of extrication was one that could not be accomplished with ease or grace, and the unhappy incident conspired toward a loss of temper.

Ignoring Anne's difficulties and struggling to his feet he remarked coldly, "If that's a joke it's rather a poor one."

Crestfallen, yet at the edge of laughter, Anne replied, "Of course it wasn't a joke. I didn't know the silly thing wouldn't hold us."

"And I didn't know it was a bed," he added with point.

For one moment Anne delayed answering, then she said steadily, "Why shouldn't it be a bed?"

Frank hesitated, unequal to the task of penetrating whether or no she was brazening out of the difficulty or was offended by his rebuke. He could detect no shame in her voice, nor was there the smallest hint of archness such as might act as a guide for future conduct.

"You never told me you had a bed-sitting room, I mean."

"Yes," she answered in the same voice, "it's a bed-sitting room. Do you mind?"

Frank Norris hedged.

"I was thinking of you," he said.

Anne wondered—but only for the briefest instant—then she gave him the benefit of the doubt.

"Thank you, Frank. If you think I ought to have told you, I'm sorry."

He became magnanimous.

"Oh, that's all right, I suppose. I only thought—well, old-fashioned people might think ——"

"But you're not old-fashioned, Frank. Besides, I couldn't afford two rooms."

"That's true enough."

"And it would be a bit hard if I couldn't have anyone—have you to see me just because—and anyway, I can't see that it matters."

Her capacity for dealing with this moral emergency disconcerted him and for a moment Frank doubted his wisdom in having brought up the discussion. After all, there is nothing immoral about a bed if you can persuade yourself to take that view.

"Oh, well," he said, "I don't mind," and made a clumsy effort to cover up the pillow.

When he turned Anne looked as if she were going to cry, but instead she went out of the room with the words, "I'll fetch a box from upstairs and put it under the mattress."

During her absence Frank steadied himself with a morsel of bread dipped in the sweet oil of the sardines. It did not occur to him to lend a hand with the box. He was not imaginative.

It may have been the spoliation of the sardines coupled with intermittent raids upon the radishes that persuaded Anne to ring for the chops at five o'clock instead of six. Almost indefinably Frank had disappointed her in the matter of the bed. He had shown a narrowness of mind inadmissible in a man who knew well enough the limitations of her resources. Her inclination before his arrival had been toward coziness—contact and perhaps a little rather breathless whispering. But that mood he had clumsily dispatched, and apart from showing him a few prized books and small possessions Anne made no effort to advance their intimacy.

The demolition of the sardines and the advent of the chops fizzing hot upon the dish induced a happier atmosphere. Anne said that she did not feel like meat that day, so Frank ate her cutlet as a second course, and flourished greatly as a result. One little incident arose which might have been unfortunate but for some clever eye work between Anne and Mrs. Nesbit. Frank was asked what he liked to drink—the alternatives being tea and cocoa. Rather ruthlessly he replied "Stout," adding: "If it happens to be a Guinness so much the better." This may have been an act of greediness or merely evidence of a cultured palate. Anyway he got his stout, and it was a Guinness, and marking with what gusto he consumed it Anne did not count the cost.

Good food and drink expanded Frank's nature largely and when the table was cleared it was he who suggested they should sit on the couch together. And she, consenting, found very presently his arm go traveling round her waist. This successful advance, while inducing in Frank a feeling of natural pride, also begat nervousness, and he made no attempt to match his words to the gallantry of his acts. On the contrary, the more loverlike his embraces, the more prosaically did he converse. Thus, while he pressed Anne's warm little hand in his and tightened his grip about her small willing body, he described the virtues of a new typewriter which had been recently installed in the City house where he worked. Here was a shyness of which Anne was both proud and sensible. Love is too precious to be grabbed at—it must be reached by easy stages, and in those first steps of courtship Frank scored a maximum.

Presently, having need to throw a cigarette end into the grate, Frank leaned forward, and in so doing his cheek brushed her lips. She did not kiss him—but oh! the ecstasy. Neither of them moved. Then somehow they were looking at each other. Question and answer were in their eyes. A tremendous question and only one possible answer. There was no need for words, but Frank, although he must have known this to be so, was too slow-witted to believe it. His was a simple philosophy which dictated asking for a thing if he hoped to get it.

Wherefore he said, "Anne, look here—I'd like to—may I ——"

Her answer was to shut her eyes. Then they kissed each other for twenty-seven minutes by the clock. A simple, straightforward kissing contest of give and take. The close work on both sides was very good. At last Anne rose suddenly with one cheek scarlet where his bristly chin had pressed it, and throwing open the window she leaned out and breathed a spring-scented south wind and thought how exquisite it would be to die at that moment, with sublimity in her heart.

And Frank lit a cigarette and passed a pocket comb through his ruffled hair, and was very pleased, too, as well he might be.

He had smoked three-quarters of the cigarette when Anne said, "Let's go out. Let's go on the Embankment."

"Do you want to?"

"Yes, please."

"But I'd like to kiss you again."

She gave a shiver of delight at the words.

"I know—but I want to walk now want you to talk to me—to say the things. Here you wouldn't—couldn't ——"

"Yes, but ——"

"Oh, it's all too wonderful to use up. Come along." And she took his hand.

"But you haven't a hat."

"Do I need one? I'd forgotten. Oh, well! . . . Now."

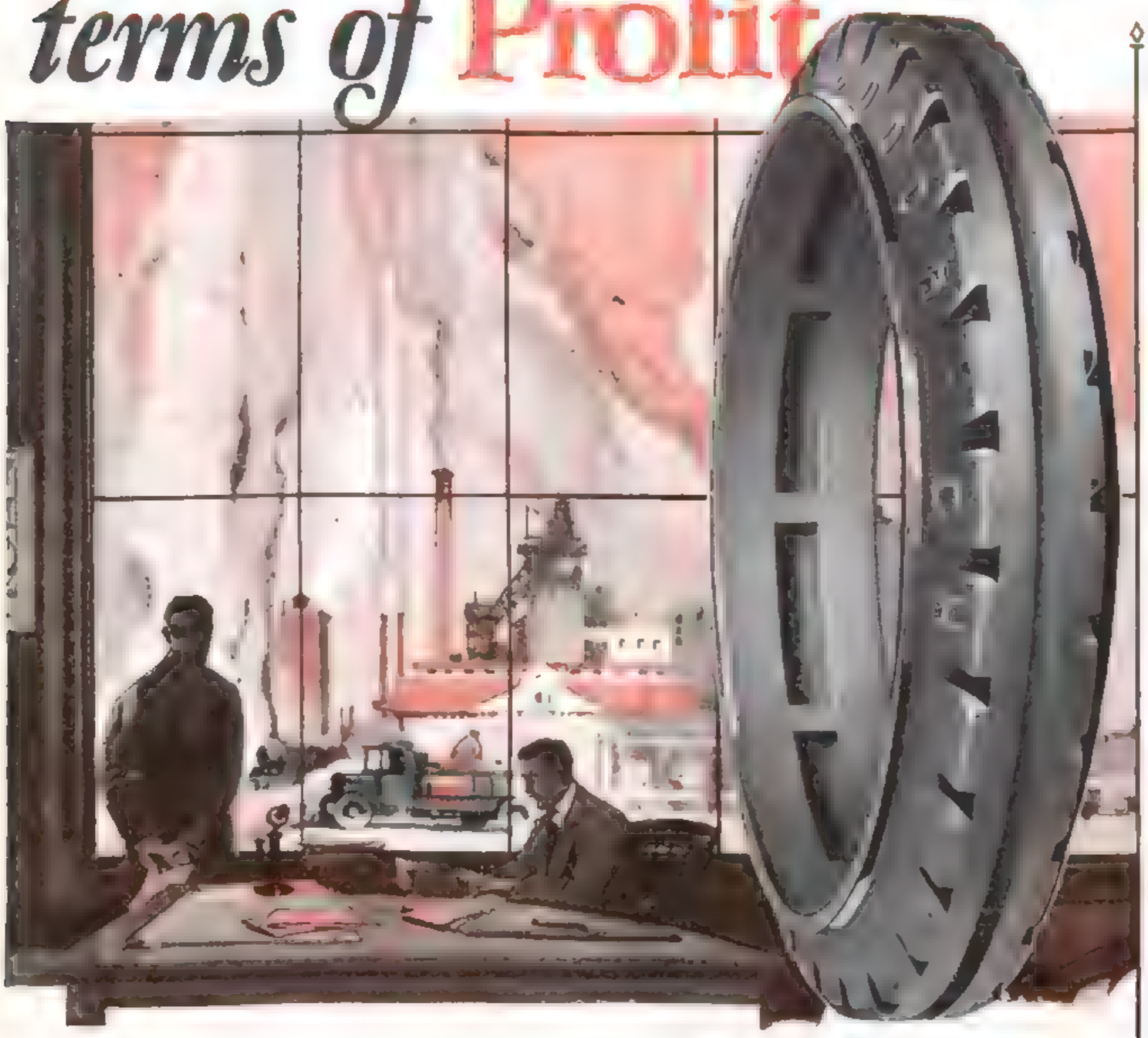
Arm in arm they passed through the opal twilight toward the river.

What tales Old Thames could tell of lovers who have leaned upon the stone coping of her frontage! But this particular evening Old Thames had reason to be disappointed. In the average way romance concerns itself conversationally with a recital of spiritual deficiencies which it is hoping to make good. Frank, however, spoke of material rather than spiritual deficiencies. In short, he dwelt upon his lack of a bicycle.

Now Anne would gladly have listened to a proposal of marriage—or joined in a discussion upon how soon two such people

(Continued on Page 80)

Semi-Pneumatic defined in terms of Profit



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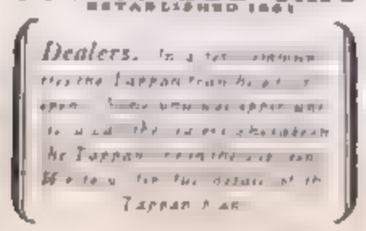

(Continued from Page 78

could afford a wedding. In all the trembling ecstasy of new-found love she desired to be married very soon and to give him a son. It appeared, however, from an analysis of what he said, that neither of these projects concerned Frank's imagination, and, further, that were she to hold his regard it would be up to her to postpone marriage indefinitely and give him a bicycle. In no sense can the maternal instinct be realized by giving away bicycles. Moreover, Anne was in no position to make such expensive gifts. That she promised to do so is less traceable to generosity than to an ambition to turn their talk to more tender subjects. Here, alas, she met with a fresh disappointment, for confronted with the realization of his dreams and without bothering to inquire how she could be equal to such a heavy expenditure, Frank entirely abandoned love for thoughts of cycling.

There is no greater mercy than the blindness of affection, for if ever a man revealed himself utterly worthless it was Frank Norris at this crisis in his affairs. But love is blind and the pain in Anne's heart was compensated by the spectacle of his enthusiasm. Her promise had touched him more surely than her kisses. At that moment he was hers absolutely.

In proof of which his words: "That really is jolly fine of you. Not many girls would do as much for a fellow." Then in afterthought: "When I get it we'll be able to see a lot more of each other and p'r'aps do an occasional theater, and so forth. Fine of you."

They walked a while in silence, to stop at last somewhere near the electric-light works. A few naked urchins were splashing in the dun-colored water, their little wet bodies fringed with beryl from the afterglow of the fallen sun. Anne's spirit went out to them. Brave and young and lithe—they seemed to stand for the vigor of the future years.

Frank had taken one of her hands in both of his.

She stole a glance at him and saw that he was struggling with something to say. His profile looked magnificent against the dark side of the sky.

"Yes, what is it?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Tell me."

"I was only wondering when you'd be able to get it."

She started as though a shell had exploded at her feet.

"Oh, soon. Very soon." Then, "Frank, is that all?"

Inspiration descended upon him.

"I love you, Anne."

"Me!" she repeated. "Is it me you love?"

"Of course."

"I only wondered." A long breath. "Thank you, Frank. I—I'm going home now."

"Shall I ——"

"No, I'd like to be alone for a bit."

"Have it your own way. After all, it would be a decent thing to spend an hour or two with the old lady before she turns in."

Anne said, "Shall you tell her about us?" And as there was an interval without a reply, she added, "Better not, perhaps."

They parted at the top of Beaufort Street.

"Been ripping; thanks awfully," he said. "I've some catalogues at home. I might bring them along on Monday."

"Yes, do. Good night."

With a wave of the hand she leaped to a passing motorbus and took a seat inside. This was unusual for such an outdoor person, but her soul was craving for light—lots of light, dazzling light. She was wondering if she loved Frank or hated him. Awful not to know.

Arrived home, Anne went straight to bed. Darkness and the relaxation of limbs were aids to clear thinking, and she was suffering from a topsy-turvydom of mind that called for soothing influences. In a single half day she had run up and down a scale of emotions to which hitherto she had been a stranger. That this was so was a pure delight, but the fly in the ointment was the cause of all these disturbances; and she asked herself a hundred times if the cause justified the effect. She could not determine whether Frank more closely resembled himself or the picture of himself her newly awakened affections had painted. It was terribly hard to decide, for on balance he had proved more disappointing than enchanting. She knew from experience that men, young or old, are little removed from clumsy children who gather what happiness they may without investigating its source or the reservoir from which it flows.

Yet she was distressed beyond expression that of all her gifts to Frank the purely material was the one that had impressed him most. Memory of her kisses had faded before the promise of a free wheel. It would have been terrible, of course, if he had not been pleased, but he ought not to have been so pleased. From that point her flighting thoughts came down with a smack on the hard pavements of fact. She had made a promise and it would have to be fulfilled. But how?

A bicycle would cost about six or seven pounds, and towards that sum was twenty-three shillings, put aside for the purchase of the phonograph. At her present rate of saving it would be a year before she would reach the necessary mark, and what she had seen of Frank convinced her that so long a delay in the realization of his cherished ambition might interfere with the advance of his regard for her. The thing to do was to deliver the bicycle as soon as possible and pray that once possessed of it his mind would have leisure to occupy itself with affairs of sentiment.

All pretty ignoble and trivial, perhaps, but Anne was not the first, nor is she likely to be the last woman to make a fool of herself over trash. Trash ceases to be trash when the glamour of affection shines upon it.

"Do what you like—hurt me, neglect me, ignore me—I love you," was the simple slogan of her soul.

She repeated it to the gas bracket over the bed, and to the transoms of the window, which formed a black cross against the night sky. This was all very well, but it didn't answer the riddle—that hateful two-wheeled riddle that spun a tangled web with her thoughts.

Downstairs footsteps sounded in the hall and a full-throated rather contralto voice sang out, "Good night, Mrs. Nesbit."

It was the girl who occupied rooms on the floor below. Freda Sylvaine, she called herself, for she worked in a dancing chorus at one of the big music halls, and her real name, Elsie Jones, would have stood in the way of artistic advancement. Anne scarcely knew her since Freda went out as Anne came in, and Anne was in bed before Freda returned, and Freda in bed when Anne went out in the morning. Occasionally on Sundays they met in the cheerio-hullo-you half-landing spirit of lodgers who dwell beneath the same roof. Yet, without bothering to develop it, the two girls had a friendly inclination toward each other and shared a kind of queer satisfaction from each other's proximity.

Mrs. Nesbit, too, carried tidings between the two floors and frequently quoted Freda as a sound authority on life in general and Anne as a rare example of industry and virtue.

Freda in no way resembled Anne, being Junoesque in mold and outline. She had a loud and boisterous personality and was given to the liberal use of powders and cosmetics. The clothes and shoes she wore were a little racy, and supplied provocation for prowlers to pursue her. They, however, did not profit by pursuit unless it were by earning a slap in the eye or a verbal rebuke equally embarrassing to cope with. Freda knew by experience how many blue beans made five, and to be on the safe side she never counted up to more than four.

Desperation and longing for counsel persuaded Anne to slip out of bed, pop on a dressing gown, paddle downstairs in soft shoes and knock at Freda's door.

"Hullo. Yes. Who is it?" said a voice.

Timidly Anne turned the latch and slipped into the room.

Freda was busy devouring a supper of sausages and mash which had been keeping hot in a chafing dish. She was arrayed in a gorgeous kimono, having stepped out of her frock, which lay telescoped upon the carpet.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "It's you. Come in and sit down. Anything wrong?"

She pointed to a vacant chair with a well-loaded fork.

Anne accepted the chair nervously and shook her head.

"I wanted to talk to someone, that's all."

"Talk away." Then, as Anne seemed to have difficulty in making a start, "Here, have some of this, won't you? I can't bear eating alone."

She piled a great dollop of sausage and mash on a second plate and pushed it toward her guest.

Anne did not protest. She accepted half of Freda's supper just as willingly as she had given Frank the major portion of her high tea. Women register their sensibility in these matters without a lot of words. A little nourishment was just what she needed, and no attempt at confidence was made until her plate was empty and Freda had chucked her a rose-leaf-tipped cigarette and a box of matches.

"Always smoke 'em," Freda explained. "They don't show the lip dope like other sorts. Now get into that easy-chair and let's hear from you."

Then Anne said, "It's difficult rather. And I don't know if I ought to have bothered you, but—but I've got to buy a bicycle somehow."

Freda stared incredulously, but Anne's obvious seriousness banished the idea that it was an elaborate leg pull.

"A bicycle? What are you talking about?"

"I've promised I will."

"Promised who?" Anne blushed. "Some boy?"

"A man I know."

"Same thing. Well, what's the trouble?"

"I can't possibly afford it."

"Then why promise?"

"Oh, I don't know, except that ——"

Freda nodded sagely. "Got a crush on him?"

"I'm very fond of him."

Freda snorted. "What kind of a stiff is this? Come on, let's have the lot. You haven't made a fool of yourself, have you?"

"No," said Anne hotly. "We shall be married some day."

"Well."

And so Anne told the story, adding nothing and omitting nothing. When she had finished, Freda wagged her ruby-crowned head reproachfully.

"You don't imagine he'll be satisfied with just a bicycle, do you? My dear, it'll go from one thing to another. I know men, and some are good and some bad and some just average, but it seems to me you've got hold of a grasper."

"He has a mother to keep," said Anne.

"Fudge! It's the type I'm complaining of. From what you've told, it looks as if he hasn't got his own strength marked up yet and doesn't know how much he can ask for. But mark my words, when he gets to know there'll be no limit. You've started a snowball, my dear, and if you've any sense you'll cut it out now before it takes you over the cliff. Greedy swine are not worth anyone's while."

Then it was Anne began to cry.

"It's no use," she sobbed. "What you say may be true, but it's no use as long as I love him."

Freda was wise enough to realize the unassailability of that argument.

"Well, dry your eyes," she said, "and we'll put our heads together. How much do you earn at your job?"

"Thirty shillings."

"Any chance of getting a bit of typing to do in the evenings?"

"I haven't a machine."

"Well, that's no good."

She wrinkled her forehead, then suddenly slapped her knee.

"I've got it. Any good at dancing?"

"I love it. Why?"

"Here, help shove back this table and we'll see."

Anne obeyed mechanically, and a moment later Freda was dancing her in and out and round the pieces of furniture to the hummed accompaniment of Spare a Little Love.

At length she stopped and nodded and announced, "Pretty useful. Now for a waltz."

More music; then, "Good. Can you do the Blues?"

"I can try."

The attempt was entirely successful.

"You're a professor," said Freda.

"But what's the idea?" Anne demanded, her spirits greatly refreshed by praise.

"Taxi work."

"Taxi work?"

"Um. You've heard of that new dancing hall at Walham Green? Well, I know the manager chap there—a nice boy. They're pretty certain to want some girls for dancing partners, and with my recommendation ——"

Anne gasped.

"Frank would never approve of that."

"I thought he wanted a bicycle."

"Yes, but he'd be furious."

(Continued on Page 83)

Rickenbacker

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Improvement in a Motor Car

First in a Rickenbacker Six—of course!

We call it a Fuel and Oil Rectifier.

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Prevents dilution of oil in crankcase.

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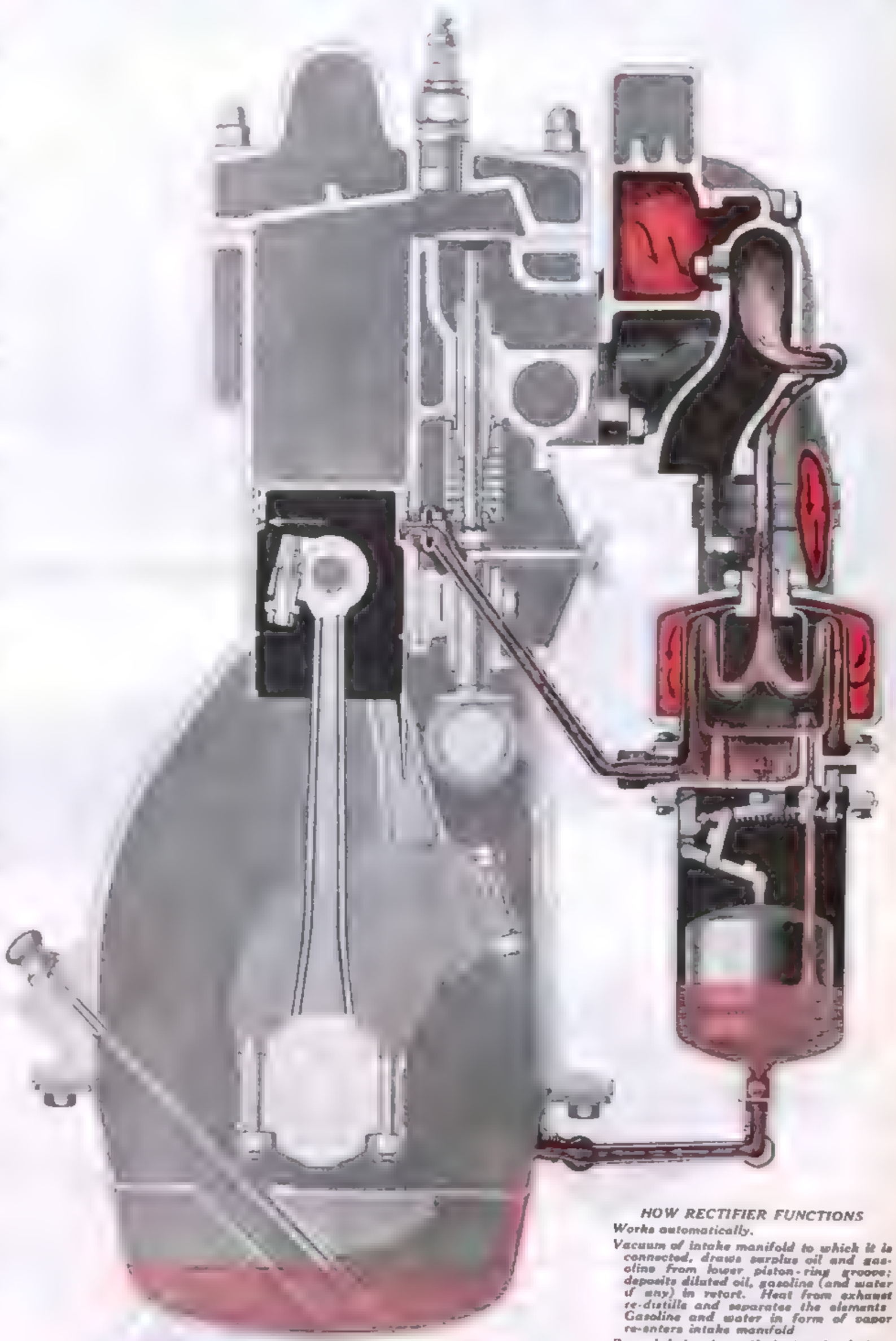

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In laboratory tests we have poured a gallon of kerosene and a quart of water in crankcase with six quarts of oil.

In half an hour the oil was perfect—kerosene and water had been separated and consumed.

A Rickenbacker motor has run 30,000 miles without draining crankcase or changing oil.

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A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 80)

"Then don't tell him. Say you'll be busy in the evenings for a few weeks."

Anne hesitated.

"I wonder if I dare. Walham Green is awfully near to where he lives." Freda said nothing. "Should I make any money?"

"You'd get a frock. Fifteen bob a week, and threepence every time a partner comes along."

Wealth loomed hugely out of the easily spoken words. But there was a fresh misgiving to be smoothed away.

"Is it—I mean, if one did that—I suppose one needn't—one could still be ——"

"Idiot!" said Freda. "I've done it myself when I've been out of a shop."

The last obstacle vanished.

"And, and you'd—you'd take me along there?"

For answer Freda glanced at the clock. It was a quarter after midnight.

"I'll take you right now," she said. "It's a gala night Saturdays. Tumble into a frock."

Ten minutes later the two girls were bowling down the King's Road in a taxi. The spirit of adventure was racing through Anne's veins and when at last they alighted before a brilliantly illuminated façade in Walham Green she felt like someone who is walking on air.

"No one admitted after twelve," said a much medaled commissionaire at the door.

"Rats!" was Freda's polite rejoinder. "We want to see my friend the manager. Come on, General Bing, quick march, shake yourself up. Step it out. Step it out!"

Years of discipline had accustomed the old soldier to respond to orders delivered in the military manner. The two girls were led through the swing doors and along a kind of parterre encircling a huge floor dotted with dancers romantically moving through a half darkness crisscrossed with beams of colored lights. The air was heavy with cigarette smoke and the smell of coffee and powder. There was a continuous hum of talking, laughter, organized cacophony from the band stand, and the shuffling of dancing feet. A man with a saxophone did not seem quite to know whether he was imitating a heavenly choir or cats upon a wall.

At last they stopped and knocked at a door bearing in black capitals "Manager." In response to "Yes" from within they entered.

"Two ladies," said the commissionaire, and departed.

There were two occupants in the room—Jack Hartley the manager, and another man who sat with his back to the wall and his eyes on the ceiling. This man had a funny face—Puckish and good-humored, and with a large broad forehead which argued a sound intelligence as its inmate. He had a way of laughing through his nose as though the world was a big good-tempered joke. He kept his mouth shut while he laughed and it performed all sorts of strange evolutions at the corners. When first Anne saw him he seemed to be drawing a picture in the air; indeed it was seldom he was not occupied in that way. He would shoot a glance at some object or person, then with eyes half closed set about drawing an invisible likeness. The action of his hands when employed was pleasant and fascinating to watch.

The manager belonged to a different type. He was exceptionally young in appearance, had baby-blue eyes, very smooth light-colored hair, and the most beautifully shaved chin. Everything about him seemed exactly right—his clothes, his linen, his shoes, his height, his breadth, the manner in which he sat or stood and talked or was silent. He looked like a model from which any young guardsman might well have patterned himself to advantage. He had that rather heady quality of voice which goes with assurance and easy manners. It was picked up during the war in the mud at Passchendaele and other fashionable if unhealthy resorts. There was nothing the matter with Jack Hartley.

"Hello, Freda," he said. "What brings you?"

"Thought you might be wanting dancing partners," she replied promptly.

"I don't think so. Why?"

"Brought this kid along, that's all. She can dance and she wants the cash."

Jack Hartley looked at Anne in a simple, straightforward and entirely unoffensive way. He saw she was a nice little thing and he liked her.

"Well, I don't know. Hate to disappoint anyone. Here, Jim"—this to his friend, who was busily engaged drawing an aërial portrait of Anne—"take Miss—Miss ——"

"Rendall," said Anne.

"Miss Rendall, and give her a spin. My friend, Jim Wharton; he's no end of a good dancer. Does our posters, among other things."

So Anne took the floor with Jim Wharton and found his prowess was in no way overestimated. He danced as lightly and unconsciously as he drew in the air.

He only spoke once, and that was to say, "Fun—dancing."

They finished the number and waited in silence for the next to begin. From the odd changing expressions on his face Anne judged that her companion was having a variety of thoughts. Somehow she guessed they were kind, friendly thoughts. She was struck by the difference between this man and Frank. His sensibility and the twinkle of humor in his eyes were totally dissimilar to Frank's rather stony immobility. Of course he was nothing like so handsome or so grand, and he lacked that air of stern resolution and courage which Frank wore with such distinction. As man against man there was no comparison, but ——

Then the music started again in Blues time, and once more they were dancing.

In the midst of a particularly long hesitation Jim said, "I shouldn't have thought you'd want to be a taxi, you know."

"Why?" she asked, expecting a moral lecture, and ready to resent it.

"It's so horribly dull," was the astonishing answer.

"I have to if I can," said Anne.

"Of course if you have to, you must," said he with the readiest acquiescence.

Then, greatly daring, Anne asked, "Do you think he'll engage me?"

"Of course," said Jim.

And that ended their talk. They returned then to the office, where Freda had been telling Anne's story for all and more than it was worth. As they came in Jack Hartley looked up.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Best ever," said Jim.

"Good enough if he says so. You've no objection to signing a contract for six weeks?"

"Then I'm really engaged?"

"Yes, that's all right. Read it through and sign here. Seven-thirty till eleven, except Saturday nights, which are later. Frocks are found of course. Ready to start Monday?"

Anne was ready to start straight away.

"Come a bit early then, and the wardrobe will fix you up. We'll post the other half of this contract. My secretary is off duty tonight."

He gave her a paper with printed rules for dancing partners.

"Read 'em when you get home. Good night."

After they had gone, "I like that youngster," he said.

"Yes, but what's she doing it for?" demanded Jim

He was told. The story depressed him.

"What a swine!" he said.

It was Anne who insisted on paying for the taxi home. At the door of Freda's room she stammered, "Oh, you—you—I don't know what to say"

"Buncombe; say nothing," was the answer.

So Anne hugged her very tightly instead and mounted the stairs with a pleasant fondant flavor upon her lips which preserved the sweetness of Freda's kiss a pink-scented memory until she fell asleep.

Next day being Sunday, Anne had her breakfast on a tray and stopped in bed until half past twelve. She was not asleep, of course; there was far too much to think about for sleep. Primarily she had to learn the rules for dancing partners and get them by heart.

On acquaintance they proved to be quite simple, not very exacting and mainly concerned with the protection of morals. Partners were not even allowed to talk to the men who engaged them, conversation being restricted to yes or no.

Any misgivings Anne may have entertained in regard to the moral danger of the step she had taken were swiftly banished by acquaintance with the rules. Indeed she almost understood why Jim Wharton had said "It's so horribly dull."

Of course it would not be dull, because she would be doing it for an object, but she saw his point.

It was strange how the Puckish personality of that man agreeably invaded her thoughts. Looking back it seemed he had been awfully nice and considerate. She wondered if she would meet him again. Somehow thinking about him made her smile, whereas thinking about Frank made her grave. Of course she had such an immense responsibility toward Frank—a responsibility which overshadowed or rather illumined her whole future.

Splendid Frank!

About half past eleven Mrs. Nesbit toiled upstairs with a large envelope. It contained a number of cycle makers' catalogues. Splendid Frank could not wait till Monday. There was a letter from him in the envelope. Quite short.

"*My dearest Anne:* I was passing, so I thought I would leave these for you." Loving thought! It might have been a bunch of flowers rather than a bunch of catalogues. He concluded, "Yesterday was indeed a red-letter day. I am so glad about us. Your ever affectionate Frank."

And because of the adjective "dearest" and those last lines Anne hugged the catalogues to her bosom and spent half the afternoon studying them with a furrowed brow.

The class of girl with whom Anne came into contact at the Walham Green Dancing Palace was one with whom she had little or no previous acquaintance. For the most part they seemed good-natured, domestic and not in the least vicious. Their conversation, if it may be dignified by the word, was devoted almost exclusively to trifling details of dress and appearance or the condemnation of certain boys who could not dance at all.

"My dear! Just stumbled round. Of course I didn't say anything, but my ankles must be black and blue."

"Oh, my dear, where did you get those shoes?"

"Is my face all right? No, but I dropped my puff and some clumsy fool kicked it away. Thought himself funny, I spose, the big idiot."

This and the like, while they knitted or sewed according to disposition. Their dancing reached a standard of automatic perfection and ready adjustment to any difficulty, beyond all praise. Once chosen they delivered themselves into the arms of complete strangers with a kind of willing detachment and passionless surrender that astonished Anne exceedingly. Seemingly they were deaf to all sounds other than the music.

The music called and they were away, lithely twisting and gliding in the maelstrom of dancers; the music stopped and they were back at their knitting, languidly picking silken or conversational threads or repairing their complexions with deftly handled powder puffs. The whole affair, viewed in the light of anything Anne had expected, was businesslike, unemotional and a shade disappointing.

Anne did not have to pass, as she had feared, through a period of probation, but was absorbed with as little interest as Monday shows for Tuesday.

One of the girls very kindly showed her what to do and where to sit and how to parade with the rest at 7:30 for inspection by the patrons of the establishment.

"Then all you have to do is to sit tight until someone beckons and gives you a ticket. You cash in your tickets before going home."

So Anne took a chair in the most remote corner of the dancing partner's section and wished she had brought some knitting to hide behind. The idea of being beckoned at was most distasteful to her and she felt that to comply with such a gesture was to rob oneself of individuality. Wherefore she sat with eyes fixed on her new shoes, praying she would not be noticed and momentarily expecting the condemnatory figure of Frank to arise before her.

Presently she became painfully aware of someone trying to attract her attention. A girl at the next table leaned over and gave her a dig.

"Wake up," she said. "A fellow wants you"

A desire for flight possessed Anne. To resist it she dug her nails into her palms. It was with a gasp of relief that she recognized Jim Wharton.

"Oh, it's you," she stammered. "I thought ——"

He grinned, wagged a finger and laid it on his lips.

"Rule 8, Section B," he laughed; "or perhaps you haven't read 'em."

"Oh, I forgot—about talking, you mean."

He nodded.

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"It's a silly rule—but there it is. Shall we dance? Look! Stow this away somewhere." And he gave her a ticket. "I've been trying to attract your attention for ages, but you were burying your head in the sand and wouldn't look up."

"Well, you see ——" she began.

He stopped in the middle of a step.

"Miss Rendall, I beseech you to confine your answers to yes or no. You wouldn't look up, would you?"

"No," she answered.

"Because you didn't want to dance with anybody?"

"Yes—no."

"I guessed you'd feel that way, your first evening here, but I hoped you wouldn't mind dancing with me."

"No."

"Our being old friends."

Anne said yes quite naturally. Then the music stopped and, obedient to Rule 3, Section A, she started to return to her place.

He checked her.

"Don't go unless you want to. I've streams of tickets in my pocket and it's quite in order for us to go on dancing together."

So they went on dancing and he went on talking, and it was a very funny business only being able to reply in affirmatives or negatives. He took a delight in putting questions that were unanswerable by such a process. For instance: "How do you like living in Chelsea?" or "How long have you been working in the City?" or "Hartley tells me you want to buy a bicycle—what sort?"

By the time the evening was over there was an accumulation mountains high of unanswered questions, and Anne had earned four shillings and ninepence out of the partnership.

Outside the dancing hall where the bus stopped, Jim Wharton was standing.

"I didn't tell you," he said, "but I live in Chelsea too. I've a kind of studio place in Wellington Square. So you see we're neighbors."

"I see," said Anne.

"I only mention the fact because you might find me tumbling into your bus, and without knowing, you might think I was trying to be a nuisance."

"I'm sure I shouldn't think that."

"I'm glad."

"You're much too kind to be a nuisance."

"Eh! Kind? How do you mean?"

"Coming along the way you did and helping me through my first evening."

"Oh, nonsense—pure selfishness. I like dancing, and our steps go together. Matter of fact, I was thinking of coming here three nights a week for a bit. It's such a splendid tonic after standing at an easel all day long. Could I persuade you to keep Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays exclusively for me?"

Anne did not reply. She looked at him thoughtfully. His funny wrinkly face was cross-hatched with eager lines.

"Under your contract you can't refuse unless you can prove me to be an undesirable person."

She smiled and shook her head.

"It isn't that. It's only—I can't help feeling you're too good-natured a person and suggest it because you want to make it easy for me; because you believe I wouldn't get any partners unless ——"

He interrupted her.

"That is the most iniquitous accusation, and obviously untrue. If I'm a judge you'll be inundated with partners, and I want to protect myself against being crowded out."

"How stupid," she laughed.

"Tisn't. You've overlooked the fact that I'm deplorably shy, and if I have to face the ordeal of finding someone new to dance with every time I come here I wouldn't come at all. Honor bright, I wouldn't."

"I'd like us to dance together," she said slowly, "but don't you see I'm not doing this to enjoy myself? I'm doing it for a purpose. If I enjoyed myself I should feel—all wrong."

"Good heavens, why?"

"I don't know, but I should. It—it would be faithless somehow. I've a friend, you see ——"

"Fiancé?"

"Not quite that—at least not yet—but I'm doing this for him, and if I enjoyed myself it wouldn't be the same thing, would it?"

Jim Wharton looked puzzled.

"Is it a condition of this friendship that you should be unhappy?" he asked.

"Of course not. But Frank is very—severe."

"Then why doesn't he come and dance with you himself?"

"He doesn't know I am dancing. He doesn't hold with dancing."

A red General motorbus loomed toward them out of the mist. Jim Wharton stood thinking, unaffected by the germ of activity which attacked the waiting passengers upon the curb.

"Look here," he said, "if you're in love with this fellow Frank What's-His-Name, dancing with me could only be regarded in the light of a duty."

Perhaps because she had found the experience more pleasant than dutiful, Anne had not looked at it in that way. It was an adroit and convincing argument.

"Yes, I suppose that's true," she admitted.

He had gained his point.

"Come on," said he, "or we'll miss the bus."

When Mrs. Nesbit knocked at a quarter past seven next morning Anne did not reveal her usual sprightliness. Her small feet ached a little when, with a mighty effort of will, she kicked off the bedclothes and brought them to the floor. Also she experienced an inclination to keep her eyes shut while she was brushing her hair. Usually asleep by ten o'clock, the extra hours of wakefulness and activity had stolen something from her vitality.

"I shall get used to it, I suppose," she said as she splashed her face and neck with cold water and allowed it to trickle down her bare arms.

"Still, every night, and two o'clock on Saturdays!" It seemed to her quite suddenly that her youth would be paying a long price for Frank's bicycle. Ten hours a day at the office and five at the dance hall was a longish price. "But I'll have saved enough in six weeks," she thought.

Frank was in the best of spirits when she joined him on the motorbus that morning. He was too full of himself to notice that she was a trifle pale.

"Saturday was a great success," he said. "First rate. We must repeat it."

He had said all this the day before, but it was worth repeating. "You know, Anne, it was very nice of you to have got together such a jolly welcome for me. I appreciate it."

"I'm glad."

"I thought perhaps you'd have a bit of lunch with me today."

"I'd love to—but you can't afford ——"

"Oh, that's all right. You got those papers I left on Sunday?"

She nodded. "Yes, I told you."

"Ah, I'd forgotten. Funnily enough I met a chap yesterday who has an auto wheel he wants to sell. Dirt cheap too. Told him if he cared to keep it until I'd got my machine I might make him an offer."

Anne's answer was obviously disappointing.

"Wasn't it lovely on the Embankment the other evening?"

Frank frowned. "How you hop from one subject to another," he said. "Of course if you're not interested in what I was talking about ——"

"But I am interested, Frank." Then—"Frank!"

"Well?"

"I've decided to do some work at night for a few weeks."

"What sort of work?"

She ignored the direct question. "I've a chance to earn a little money, and I felt, in the circumstances, I ought not to refuse."

He began to protest, but changed his mind. Imagination had supplied him with the reasons for her activity.

"You must do as you think right, of course. It's a pity though. I was going to suggest we should have a few walks after working hours."

Her spirits leaped.

"That would have been lovely, but we shall still have our Saturdays—afternoons and Sundays I shall be free."

"How much are you being paid?"

"I'm not certain, about thirty shillings a week perhaps."

Frank whistled. "Are you though? What a bit of luck!"

"It's only for a little while."

"Still, even so!" He was silent. Then—"Neat little things, those auto wheels. Ever seen one?"

He stood her lunch that day, and when he came to tea the following Saturday he brought her a root of pansies.

Jim Wharton had not exaggerated the case when he said being a dancing partner was terribly dull. With the exception of those nights when he danced with her Anne was driven almost desperate with the boredom of it. The long hours, too, had begun to bear heavily upon her. Also she found the rank and file of promiscuous, rather flirtatious old and young partners a great burden.

On the Jim Wharton nights it was different. Usually he pleaded fatigue and they danced very little or sometimes not at all, but sat at a table while he talked—told her of his aspirations, work he was doing, ideas he possessed on hundreds and hundreds of divers matters. Extraordinarily soothing and agreeable were the things he said. He had such warm, kindly and sensitive thoughts. It was like resting before a wood fire to be with him. Small spurts of flame, crackles of wit, and blue unlooked-for lights of understanding.

Sometimes Anne would close her eyes and foolishly pretend it was Frank who was talking, only to open them again and laugh at the absurdity of such a pretense. Frank was the dominant man, Jim the dreamer, and life was a series of facts which must be faced. She had dedicated herself to the service of facts. But Jim had stolen from her something of greater value than Frank had won. He had stolen a piece of her imagination and protective instinct. In her heart, without knowing it, she was mothering this man. With his kind, easy nature, with his flickering come-and-go smile and the little snorts of laughter, it seemed dangerous that he should be going about the world alone. Humor and tenderness leave a man so defenseless, and Anne worried about Jim Wharton in all sorts of ways. From time to time she was oppressed by a half-formed fear as to what would happen if these two men should chance to meet. Intuitively she knew that Jim despised Frank, for in their rides home together at night they had talked freely about him. This being so, Jim would inevitably say something dreadful. Then Frank would certainly kill Jim Wharton with slowly closing hands. This thought became a nightmare which stole from her many hours of sleep.

She pressed her fingers into her closed eyes and muttered, "Hurry on, you six weeks, and let's get it over."

But although she spoke the words she did not really mean them. Only with one half of herself did she yearn for the end of those weeks; the other half dreaded a loss that it would not acknowledge.

One night a little more than a month after the engagement began, a terrible if very ordinary event took place. Jim Wharton slipped on a banana skin outside the dancing hall and sprained his ankle. It turned inward and gave a sickening snick. By the whiteness of his face Anne knew he must be in terrible pain. Pain did not prevent him, however, from grinning all the way home in the taxi which Anne succeeded in obtaining.

"Monumental ass that I am," he said. "This means at least ten days with my foot in the air. Why didn't someone kick me and teach me sense?"

"But you couldn't help it," said Anne. "Is it hurting very badly?"

"Not at all; wish it were," he lied. "But I know this ankle of old. It's let me down before. It was awfully brave of you to haul those folks out of this taxi and stick me into it. I'd never have dared."

"I told them they'd have to," she retorted.

"A woman's courage always amazes me." A twinge of agony silenced him for a moment. When next he spoke it was to say, "By the way, I've a young cousin who's cracked on the idea of learning to dance. As I'll be out of the running for a bit, be a sport and let him have my evenings, will you?"

Looking up for an answer he saw that she was crying into the heels of her hands.

"Good Lord, what are you doing that for?"

And she replied, "Because I see through you so."

And he exclaimed, "Oh, Anne!" and left it at that.

"Yes, what?"

His reply, "Hurts so!" was very unlike him.

Three days later as Anne took her place beside Frank on the top of the bus he pointed through the grubby trees of Wellington Square.

(Continued on Page 87)

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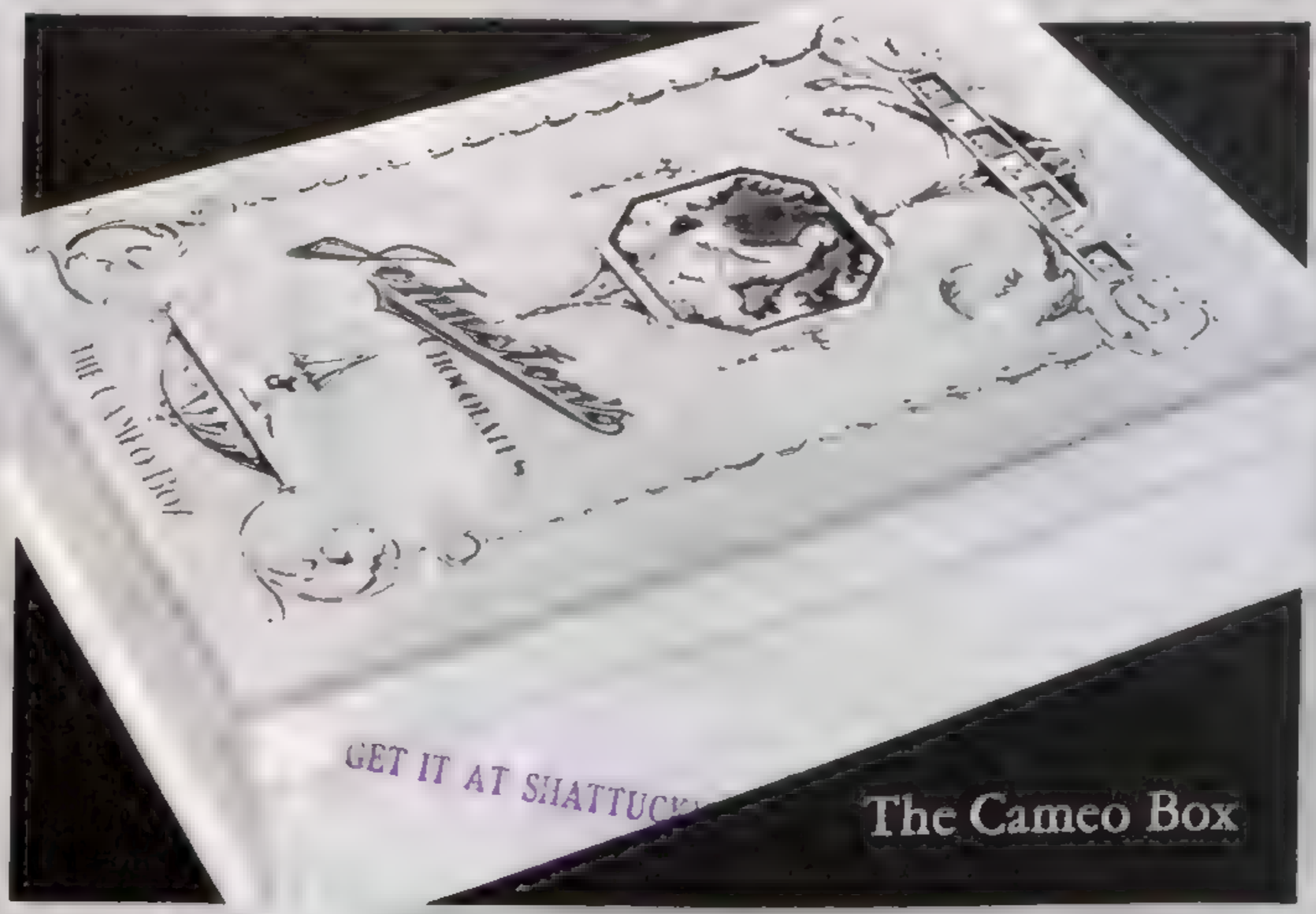

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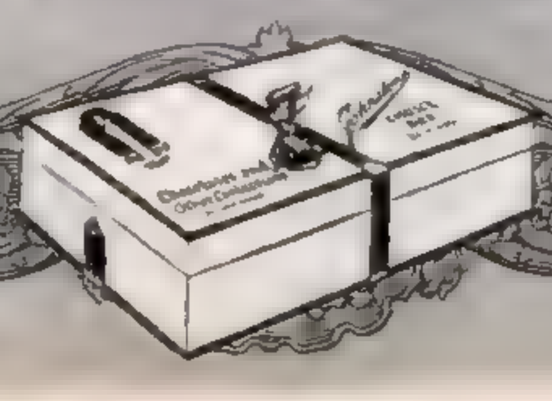

(Continued from Page 84)

"I wonder who that fellow is waving at?" he said.

Looking, Anne saw Jim. He was sitting on an iron garden seat with one bandaged foot resting on a camp stool. On his knee was a sketching pad. As luck would have it, Frank did not see her face. He went on. "Seems to have hurt himself. Artist, I imagine."

"Yes."

"Strikes me as a rotten thing for a man to be an artist."

With unexpected heat Anne retorted, "I don't agree at all."

Frank was most offended and told her there was no occasion to be rude.

"Well, I don't," she repeated.

That evening before starting for Walham Green, Anne walked down Wellington Square. Jim was still there.

He shook his head and said reproachfully, "You never returned my greeting."

"I know. I couldn't. He was there—beside me."

"Oh, was he? I'll bring a pair of field glasses tomorrow and have a look at this cycling maniac. Has he said any more about that auto wheel?"

"He may have mentioned it. How are you?"

"Me? First-rate. I'll be about again in a week. Did that young cousin of mine show up?"

She nodded.

"Get along all right?"

"I think so." Then with sudden candor, "I'm beginning to hate the whole business. It's beastly—I'm sick of it."

"Less than a fortnight more, Anne. Then your knight, mounted on his charger ——"

"Oh, don't!" she said, and ran away.

And Jim Wharton stopped in the square until midnight, hoping she would return.

Frank Norris received his charger—with greased handle bars and waterproof wrappers round the tires—on the following Monday evening. He was delighted, enchanted, enraptured.

He said, "Anne, you are a brick. I shall tell the old lady I bought it on the hire-purchase system. I'll ride it up to the City in the morning, and we might lunch together on Wednesday or Thursday."

"Not tomorrow?" she asked.

"Can't; promised a man."

"Then I shan't see you tomorrow?"

"Unless your bus passes me as I go tooling along."

Anne thought that would be very jolly. In truth she had given him freedom—from herself.

"Never mind," she said; "next week we'll be together in the evenings, won't we?"

He looked surprised.

"Eh—how's that?"

"I shall have given up working at night. Friday is my last day."

He bit a finger nail thoughtfully.

"Do you have to give up that job?" he asked.

"I dare say I could ——"

"I was asking myself whether you ought to. After all, it's a mistake to throw away one's chances."

"Do you ever?" she said, and bit her lip. Oh, plague the man, but he looked so handsome leaning across that dazzling machine! It was impossible to be disappointed in him.

"How do you mean?" he retorted.

"Oh, nothing; but these long hours—I've been feeling a bit tired."

"Of course you mustn't tire yourself. I wouldn't have you do that for anything; still —— Well, we can talk about it later. By the way, I've decided to buy that auto wheel; told the chap so yesterday. Matter of fact, he wants rather more than I meant to pay, but even so it's a fine opportunity."

Anne said nothing. She nodded.

He went on: "I thought I'd pay him what I've got and p'r'aps borrow a pound or two to make up the rest."

Then Anne said, "How old are you, Frank?"

It was an irritating question.

"Twenty-four. Why?"

At twenty-four a man has reached the age of discretion and should be wise enough to know better than to drop careless hints like a greedy schoolboy. It was an insult to his audience to deal in such obvious subtleties.

"No particular reason. I just wondered." She looked at her watch. "I must be getting on."

"Good night then," said he. "And don't be in a hurry to throw up that job."

With a wave of the hand he mounted the machine, his right leg describing a beautiful arc over the back wheel.

Anne remained on the pavement and watched him go. At the corner of the square he changed his mind and turning elegantly, rode back to where she stood.

"I must give you a kiss for this," said he.

And very quickly she replied, "Oh, no—no—not for that." Without another word she ran up the steps and shut the door.

Frank shrugged his shoulders and set the tiny gear lever to first speed.

"Queer girl," he thought, "but quite a good sort really."

Friday night saw the conclusion of Anne's adventure in the arena of professional dancing, and on Friday night Frank Norris, slowly pedaling his machine through the treeless avenues of Parsons Green, met with a friend. The friend hailed him heartily and commented upon the handsome appearance of his mount. An agreeable atmosphere was created. The friend, being temporarily flush as a result of a clever piece of turf selection, suggested an adjournment to the Warwick Arms. Frank Norris was not usually a habitué of public houses, but with three shillings and sixpence saved from bus fares, thanks to Anne's generosity, he felt justified in accepting the offered hospitality. Accordingly in the saloon bar these two gallant gentlemen toasted each other in a succession of draught stouts, until in due course they arrived at that stage of exuberance and well-being which can only be satisfied by making a night of it.

"Tell you what," said the friend, "we'll pop round to that new dance hall and see what's doing."

Frank demurred.

"Me in the chair, of course."

Frank said, "Right-o! I'm on."

They left the bicycle in the front garden of the friend's house, which was only a few streets away from the dancing hall.

"It's a pretty lively spot from what I can hear of it," said the friend, and added mysteriously, "Birds, my boy!"

To conceal a slight feeling of nervousness provoked by this announcement, Frank nodded and cocked his hat at a more killing angle. After all, he was out for the night.

"They've a bunch of taxi girls there. Buy a ticket and take your choice."

Frank repeated "Taxi girls?" with an ignorant inflection.

"Yes, you know. Professional dancing partners."

Frank supposed this must be so.

"You can take it from me, old son, you can take it from me," was the rejoinder, spoken in a tone which suggested that he, the friend, had freely sampled the breed and found them not wanting in impropriety.

"Must be a pretty rotten sort of girl who takes on a job like that," Frank speculated.

"Oh, gay, you know! Still, it takes all sorts to make a world."

The band was playing a waltz when they entered the hall. The lights were lowered and rose and amber lines swept the floor restlessly. Released from a silken receptacle in the roof a cloud of colored balloons floated down upon the dancers. A smell of patchouli and attar of roses from the hand sprays imparted atmosphere to a scene of almost Eastern splendor.

"Hot stuff, eh?"

Frank nodded. He was unaccustomed to this kind of revelry, and it reacted upon a dormant sensuality in his nature.

"I should say it was."

For the first time in his life he experienced a longing to dance—to be intertwined with one of these misty and seductive damsels who drifted like wraiths in and out of that whirlpool of changing lights. He felt himself to be on the verge of some new physical expression.

Suddenly the whole arena was plunged into darkness, while from a gallery a single white spot lime pierced the gloom and fixed upon and followed individual couples.

It was pure bad luck that Anne should have been partnered with a nasty old man at the moment the light settled upon her. The stupid old wretch had poked his head forward in an effort to snatch a kiss. The whole foolish comedy was dazzlingly revealed. The blotchy red face of the man with small piggy eyes and pursed lips, and Anne straining back with her brows down, saying, "Don't—don't!" The spot lime seized and held them. Then abruptly the music stopped and the room lights came on again.

(Continued on Page 89)

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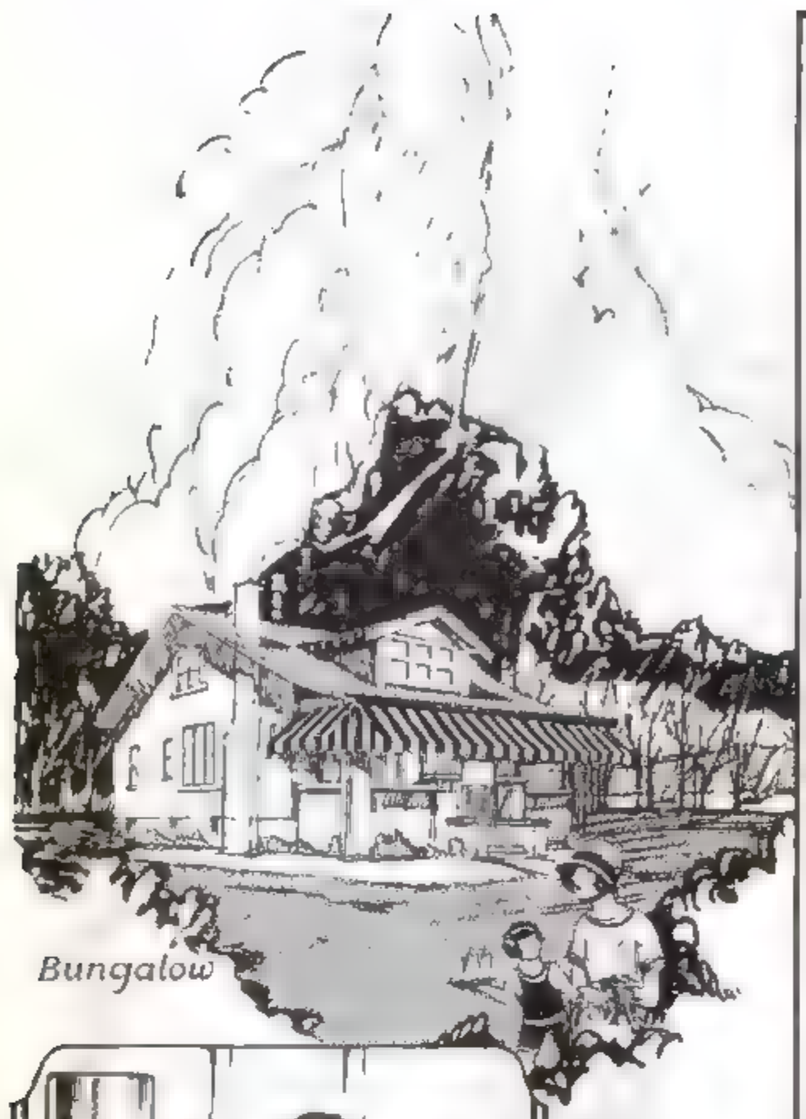

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(Continued from Page 87)

The manager came hurriedly through the crowd and rapped the old man on the shoulder, but before he could speak a voice rang out like a hammer on an anvil.

"So that's the sort of woman you are, is it? That's the sort?"

Anne said "Frank" just audibly.

"I might have known! A girl who'd pick up a man in a bus!"

His friend was tugging at his sleeve, crying, "What the devil are you up to?"

People came running from distant parts of the hall.

"Trying to make out you were a good girl; and me fool enough—you—you ——"

He never spoke the word, for Jack Hartley had clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Get out rather quickly, do you mind?" he said.

"Out of her life," Frank spluttered.

He was directed to the exit by four attendants.

Anne stood with her eyes half shut, swaying a little.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Jack Hartley. "I suppose the fellow was drunk."

"No," said Anne. "He didn't understand. I think I'd like to go home if I may."

When she came out of the changing room Hartley was waiting for her.

"Any time you want to come back to us we shall be only too glad. Shall I get you a taxi?"

"No, thank you. I'll walk."

It was strange, but Anne had no subsequent impression of that walk. She hardly knew the route she followed or why. It was purely mechanical. She was only conscious of a sense of bitter injustice and humiliation.

Terribly, wantonly misunderstood, she drifted homeward through the empty streets. Frank was gone and he would never know the sacrifice she had made for him—would never bother to inquire. It was a small mean nature that dwelt inside that noble body of his; too small, too mean for generosity. It would be easier for him to think ill of her than well.

And so their friendship had ended in nothing, and something worse than nothing. But worst of all was the knowledge that she could not blame him altogether. He judged by his own standards, and it was the standards which were at fault. He had not destroyed himself. He would always remain magnificent.

As she turned into Markham Square she became suddenly aware of a figure standing in the roadway supporting a bicycle.

"Frank!" she said, and a great wave of gratitude swept over her.

It was a long time before he answered; then—"I've been waiting an hour," he said. "I want to talk to you." There was something trembling and odd in the quality of his voice. "Let's go in."

She shook her head. "No, it's too late—after midnight," for a clock had chimed as she turned the corner.

"What's that matter?"

"No," she repeated.

"I shouldn't have thought you could afford to be so particular."

She started to mount the steps, but he put out a hand and held her.

"Oh, well, p'r'aps I oughtn't to have said that. But can you blame me?"

"I suppose not," she answered wearily, "but what is it you want to talk about?" He hesitated and she went on, "When I saw you I hoped for the moment you'd understood."

"Understood what?"

"Then you haven't. I thought you might have wondered how I'd been able to give you that, for instance." Her eyes strayed to the bicycle.

"That's all very fine," he grunted, "but you made a fool of me, Anne, and you know it. Here, let's go inside and talk."

Again she shook her head. "If it's any good, I'll walk with you for a little while—but is it any good?"

There was nothing for it. Reluctantly and in silence he trundled his bicycle by her side. They crossed the King's Road and passed into the shadows of Wellington Square. Suddenly he stopped and leaned his bicycle against the railings and faced her.

"Anne," he said hoarsely, "you and I are going to have an understanding."

"I think we never shall," she answered.

A man who was smoking a pipe on a bench on the other side of the screen of bushes sat up sharply and listened.

"Why couldn't you tell me you were that sort of girl?" said Frank, seizing her shoulders roughly.

"What do you mean?"

"I dare say I was an idiot not to guess, but I wasn't such an idiot not to know you liked me. Well then."

His voice throbbed and he shook her with his great hands.

"Frank!"

"That first day in your room—it being that sort of room ought to have told me. Well, then—well, then—if that's the sort you are—if that's the sort—why not me?"

"Oh-h!" cried Anne. "Oh-h!"—and beat his chest with her hands.

Then a voice which seemed to come from nowhere said, "Half a minute. You'd better leave that part to me."

Releasing his hold, Frank fell back as someone scrambled nimbly over the railings.

"Do you know," said Jim Wharton, "I kind of guessed if I sat in the square long enough and often enough you'd come along and say I was wanted. So this is Frank, eh? And that's the famous bicycle? I won't shake hands, but here's something by way of greeting."

Without more ado he plugged his fist into Frank's astonished but determined jaw.

"He'll kill you!" cried Anne, and shut her eyes tight.

When she opened them Frank was getting up for the second time.

"You have got a hard face," said Jim as his left hand went home.

What followed in the next minute and a half was the rapid destruction of the last remnant of Frank's magnificence. But for having witnessed the fight Anne might have continued to cling to her belief in his great physical courage and his invincibility. What she saw convinced her she had been mistaken in this as in other directions. Frank took what was coming to him and gave nothing back. Finally he collapsed, a whimpering heap against the railings.

Jim Wharton said "Too easy," and systematically kicked the bicycle to pieces.

"Now, Anne," he said, "we'll go for a walk on the Embankment—you and me."

Old River Thames had little reason to be disappointed that night. Indeed those two young people stayed there so long that the gray tidal waters rose ever so many feet to listen to what they were saying to each other.

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HORSE SENSE

(Continued from Page 5)

If It Is True of a Horse, as It Is Said to Be of a Man, That He Is as Old as He Feels, Then Charlie Was Still a Colt

"Seems like he just lies there and waits for me to come take care of him," Chet used to say.

He found pleasure in his thought, in feeling that Charlie recognized his dependence upon his master. The rescue, after some years, assumed a sort of routine. The crowbar with which Chet at first pried Charlie away from the wall was too short for effective leverage, and Chet one day cut a stout stave in the woods along the river and substituted it for the bar. This stave was perhaps six feet long, and at its thicker end Chet flattened it with an ax, so that it might the more easily be inserted between Charlie and the wall. The stave acquired a polish by contact with Charlie's coat; his short reddish hairs clung to it; and at the other end Chet, by the sweat of his palms, worked up an even richer color. He kept this staff in the corner of the tie-up just outside Charlie's stall; here it was ready to his hand whenever he found the old horse in his customary plight.

It would not be accurate to say that Chet was never impatient with Charlie. Chet is a man who can be profane upon occasion, and who finds frequent occasion; but for all this boisterous surface, he is tenderhearted as a woman; and although he abuses his dog, his cat, his horse and his cows with an unmerciful tongue, it is rare that he lays a heavy hand upon any of them. So, though he swore at old Charlie, he still laboriously pried him away from the side of his stall and helped the ancient horse to get to his feet; and Charlie, once down, waited quite patiently for Chet's helping hand before making any serious effort to rise.

If it had been possible to discover the horse's point of view, it would probably have been found that Charlie thought there was no use in exerting his ancient limbs as long as Chet was willing to do the work instead.

Chet had a nephew whose name was Lew Windler. That is to say, this younger man addressed him as Uncle Chet; and there was a remote blood kinship between them. As a result of this relation Chet had always stood in the position of an adviser and protector to Lew.

Lew was married and lived on a farm just outside the limits of the town to the north. He had two or three children, not yet old enough to be of help about the place; and his farm was too small to justify him in hiring work done. There was in fact rather less than enough work to occupy the time of one man; yet it occupied Lew. He was, as he repeatedly asserted, at it from daylight to dark. If there was a certain aimlessness and lack of cohesion about his efforts, that could not well be laid to his door.

He had heired the farm from his mother, who was a cousin of Chet. His life as a boy—an only son—had been spent upon the place, and on his father's death he assumed the burden of keeping the farm alive. When his mother died and left him alone, he took to himself a wife as another man might have taken a housekeeper. Having done so, he continued to work from daylight to dark, without any particular plan and without any particular energy. The farm supplied food; Mrs. Windler made enough butter and sold enough eggs to buy sugar and salt and coffee and such necessary ingredients of their diet, as well as the occasional indispensable article of clothing. Half a dozen apple trees produced, in a good year, a further slight addition to their money income.

"We'd get along all right," Lew used to tell Chet, "if we was just let alone. But every year, 'bout time we get paid up, the tax bill comes along."

Chet could not help sympathizing with this point of view. Taxes are inevitably a terrible burden to the small farmer; and this is particularly true in such a community as Fraternity, where the population is steadily shrinking, and where at the same time the expenses of government are steadily rising. The coming of the automobile has created a demand for better roads, while at the same time the machines themselves destroy or damage the roads already existing. So long as a town is a town, there must be a school; there are a certain number of small but inescapable drains upon the public finances. In many such communities the time is already approaching when the town governments will disappear; when unorganized townships will take their places.

But in the meantime roads must be built or repaired and taxes must be paid. On a farm which cannot be sold for two thousand dollars, and which produces a cash income of less than three hundred dollars a year, the taxes may run as high as a hundred dollars. An increasing number of farmers solve this problem by doing road work with their teams at so much a day, or by selling gravel or other road-building materials; but the effect is only to complete the vicious circle, since so long as the town fails to attract money from outside its borders, the townfolk must slowly boil dry in their own juices.

So when Lew Windler came to Chet one year and said he could not raise the money for his taxes, Chet was sympathetic. Lew needed about twenty dollars to complete the tale, and Chet loaned it to him. A dollar or two at a time, during the twelve months following, Lew repaid the loan; but when the next tax bill came due he was again in difficulty, and again Chet helped him out.

Mrs. McAusland had little sympathy with Lew.

"Other folks have taxes to pay the same as him," she reminded Chet. "He might think of that."

Chet said deprecatingly, "I know that. But Lew's got children and all; and he ain't much of a hand at managing. You know the way he is. He can't figure ahead. 'Stead of saving up ahead of time to pay, he borrows to pay and then saves up what he's borrowed. Lew don't owe me over ten dollars right now."

"He's owed you anywheres from five to forty dollars every day for ten years," Mrs. McAusland reminded him. "He don't any sooner get you paid off, or somewhere near it, than he comes around to borrow again."

"Well, Lew's so kind of helpless," Chet protested. "You don't want to be too hard on him."

So this arrangement by repetition assumed the dimensions of a habit. After a time Chet began to expect Lew's annual demand—it was no longer so much a request as a demand—for the annual loan. Each year it grew a little bigger; each year it became more and more inconvenient. But Chet, cursed with a fundamental largeheartedness and good nature, permitted the imposition, because he could not harden himself to the unpleasant scene involved in a refusal.

"Lew's got so he counts on it," he told Mrs. McAusland one day. "If I was to turn him down I dunno what he'd do."

"He'd have to do something the same as other folks," she retorted with spirit. "Long as he can impose on you he'll keep on a-doing it; but once he found out he couldn't, he'd mighty soon get his own feet under him."

"It's pretty near time for him to come over again," Chet remarked. "The tax bills will be coming in."

"You've got your own to pay," she reminded him. "And the apples didn't bring much of anything."

"I've got money in the bank to pay," Chet assured her. "The heft of it, anyway. Maybe Lew won't need any this year. He still owes me nine dollars from last."

"He'll need some," she predicted. "He'll drive in the yard one of these days or I miss my guess."

"Well," Chet confessed with faint concern, "if he needs money I guess I can borrow from Will Bissell for a month or two. Lew can't borrow from anybody but me, I reckon. And he's blood kin, you know."

"Sometimes," Mrs. McAusland remarked indignantly, "I think you're just a fool."

Chet laughed, his chin down on his chest, his head back, his eyes deep beneath his heavy brows, with that gusto so characteristic of the man; and as she went past him into the kitchen, her head in the air, he touched her shoulder with his palm affectionately.

"Land sakes, to hear you talk, a man would think you was hard as nails," he told his wife. "Why, if I was to turn Lew down you'd never let me hear the end of it!"

Indolence Rode Him; He Wore It Like a Garment

"I'll never let you hear the end of it if you don't," she retorted. "It's time you got some sense, seems to me."

They thought for a while that Lew would not come that year to present his usual petition. Chet's own tax bill came in, and it proved to be somewhat larger than usual. He had a cow and calf in the tie-up which he was able to sell at a fair price, and this somewhat eased his circumstances. Nevertheless, the apples had failed, and the long winter was ahead, with seed and feed and supplies to be bought. Chet confessed to Mrs. McAusland one evening that if Lew did want to borrow money it was going to be difficult to satisfy him.

"I dunno as I can rightly spare him any," he admitted. "But he's usually here before this. Maybe he ain't coming. Maybe he's managed to get along."

"You're going to have to borrow your own self between now and time to sell the apples next fall," she reminded him. "And if the apples didn't happen to be good next year, then where'd you be?"

"I'm figuring on having some honey to sell next summer," Chet assured her optimistically. "And I'm going to put in some strawberries." He warmed to this topic. "I put in a patch of strawberries one year on that land back of the wall, and they grew more than four hundred bushels to the acre, I figured. There ain't any better berry land around here."

"You didn't put in an acre," she reminded him scornfully. "You didn't put in only a patch as big as my kitchen."

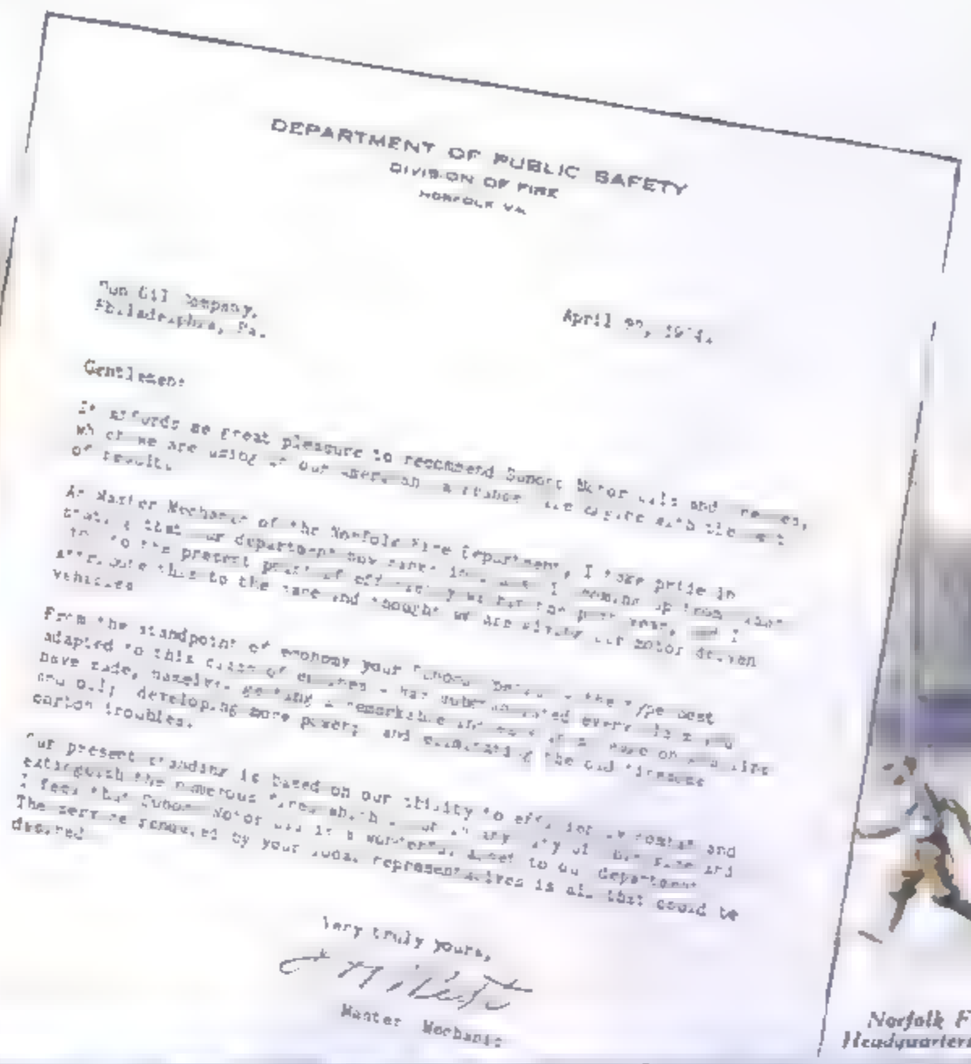
"Well, they rotted on the vines, even that many," he argued. "What was the good of putting in more?"

They forgot Lew in the discussion; but a day or two later he drove into the barnyard one afternoon, his horse limping painfully. Chet was in the kitchen and went out to meet him, and Mrs. McAusland looked through the door, greeted Lew with a disapproving sniff and returned to her doughnuts. The sweet crisp smell of them floated out through the open door to Lew's nostrils as that man alighted from his decrepit buggy.

"Thought I'd drive over and say howdy to you folks," he told Chet amiably. "But the old horse went lame on me. Looks like you'll have to put me up for the night."

"Sure," Chet agreed. He was as hospitable as he was generous. "I'll make up a bed for the horse in the corner of the barn floor. How's all the folks?"

(Continued on Page 95)



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DIVISION OF FIRE
NORFOLK VA

Sun Oil Company,
Philadelphia, Pa.

April 20, 1914.

Gentlemen:

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From the standpoint of economy your Sunoco Motor Oil is the type best adapted to this class of [illegible] has outlasted every oil we have used, besides developing more power and eliminating the old [illegible] carbon troubles.

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Master Mechanic

Norfolk Fire Dept.
Headquarters Co. No. 1

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THE DISTILLED OIL

He says "Sunoco develops more power." Sunoco is pure lubricant—every drop distilled—as pure and as uniform as the distilled water you put in your battery. Nothing is added to give it color or greater density. A good lubricant must be a pure lubricant. Sunoco covers all friction surfaces with such a sturdy film of pure oil that power is sealed in the cylinders and not allowed to waste itself getting by the piston rings.

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SUN OIL COMPANY, Limited, MONTREAL
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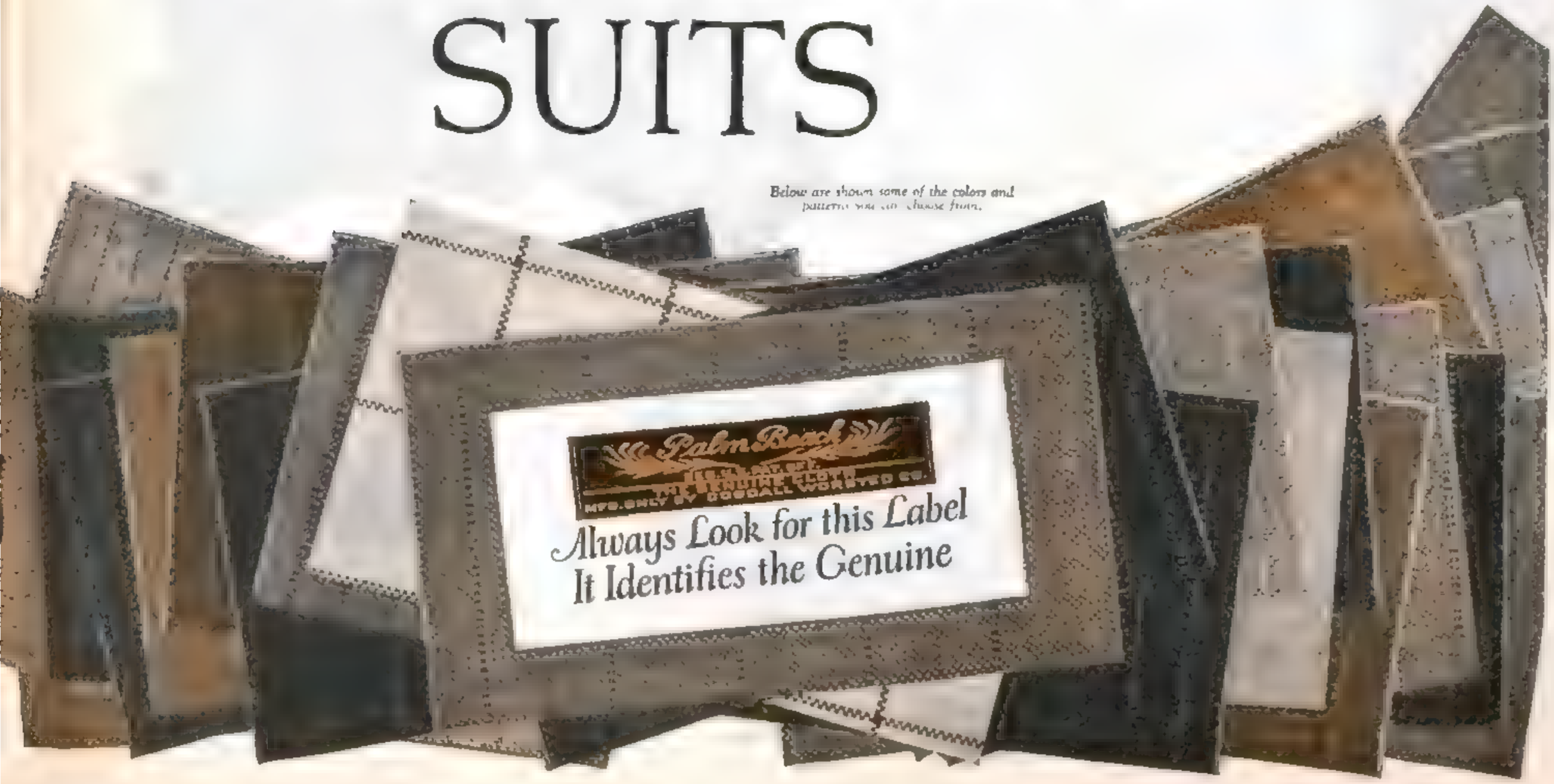

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The Van Heusen Collar cannot and does not wilt. No matter how warm the day, it stays crisp and fresh.

Appearance, of course, is as important as comfort. It has been said that the Van Heusen wearer looks as if his collar had been made to order. Van Heusens have that custom-made look because fit and style are *woven in*, not stitched and starched and ironed in.

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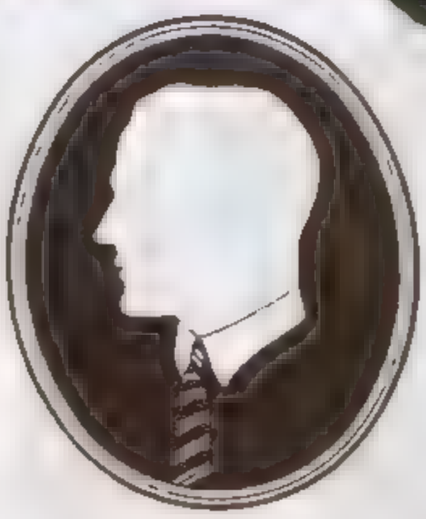

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VAN JACK
Of medium-height

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A lower Van Jack

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A conservative style for Summer

Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached.

(Continued from Page 90)

Lew permitted Chet to unharness the horse, seating himself on the edge of the low porch. He was a lank lean man with stooping shoulders and forward-drooping neck, and he needed a shave. Indolence rode him; he wore it like a garment.

"They're pretty good," he assured Chet indifferently; and over his shoulder said, "Them doughnuts smell fine, Mrs. Mac." She made no audible reply, and he added, "I could stand a couple of them."

"Come and get them for yourself then," she told him acridly. And Lew grinned at Chet as though to share his amusement at the patent fact that Mrs. McAusland was out of humor, and arose and went into the kitchen.

Chet put the horse in the barn and came back into the house, to find Lew tilted back in a chair against the kitchen wall, talking to Mrs. McAusland, who pursued her work, her shoulders expressing the most violent disapproval. Chet also sat down, and the two men talked together of farm matters and the gossip of the countryside.

Not till after supper did Lew bring up the question in all their minds. When he did, it was to say dolefully, "They put up my taxes this year, Chet. Lord knows why. The farm ain't worth what it was a year ago, but I got to pay seven dollars more."

"Taxes is higher here too," Chet agreed. "Folks keep moving away, and them that stays has to pay."

"There's old abandoned farms near me ain't paid any taxes in ten years," Lew complained.

"You can't collect taxes on a farm less'n you can sell the farm; and you can't sell a farm if there ain't anybody to buy it," Chet remarked.

"Well, that don't make it any easier for a man that's trying to raise a family and do his duty like a citizen ought to."

"Still and all, it's so," Chet reminded him.

Their conversation drifted into other channels, came back to this matter of taxes again. Chet and Lew went down the hill to the store to get the mail and sit for a while with the other men who nightly gathered there.

When they came home again Mrs. McAusland took the paper Chet brought and proceeded to read it conscientiously from front to back, rustling it most violently when Chet and Lew approached the topic uppermost in all their minds. Lew came to the point at last.

"I can't see any way to raise the tax money at all," he confessed, tone lugubrious, eyes upon the floor. "Been laying awake nights trying to figure out something. Makes me feel right bad, Chet, to keep a-borrowing from you. Not but what you ain't been mighty kind about it whenever I have had to."

Chet, whose instincts were all generous, said largely, "Why, I always feel like helping out a man, Lew."

Mrs. McAusland swung her paper with a sudden impatient sound.

"But other folks has their troubles too, Lew," she reminded the younger man. "I don't see how we're going to get through this year ourselves, with no apples to sell."

Lew nodded.

"Yes, sir; a farmer has a hard time of it," he declared. "I've said to myself many's the time that I'd sell out and move to town. But if somebody don't stay on the farms, what's the country coming to? That's what I always say."

They made no comment upon this sentiment. Chet was acutely uncomfortable, torn between his desire to help Lew and his quite definite reluctance to antagonize Mrs. McAusland.

"Yes, sir," Lew repeated. "When I'm feeling low I always say to myself, 'Well, somebody's got to raise food for city folks, Lew, and you got to do your share.' It stands to reason, there's got to be somebody on the farms."

Mrs. McAusland rose to her feet.

"It's time we was abed," she said briskly. "Lew, I've fixed up the bed in the front room. You take that lamp off the shelf in the kitchen."

"Well, me and Chet will prob'ly set and talk a while," Lew suggested; but she negatived that.

"Chet's got work to do tomorrow. He can't set talking all night," she retorted. "He's coming to bed right now."

Lew looked at Chet for confirmation; and Chet glanced at Mrs. McAusland, and then he got to his feet.

"I guess I will, Lew," he agreed; and Lew accepted temporary defeat with what grace he could muster.

After he was abed he could hear the murmur of their voices as Chet and Mrs. McAusland talked in their bedroom. Mrs. McAusland seemed to do most of the talking; only now and then did Lew hear Chet's lower tones. He listened with indolent amusement. Mrs. McAusland had never liked him, as he knew well enough; but Chet had always done what he asked in the past, and he had no real misgivings in the present instance.

Chet had a bad hour of it after he and Mrs. McAusland were alone that night; he slept fitfully and he woke early, out of temper, in ill humor with the world, worried and uncertain what to do. It was too early to get up, not yet full daylight, so he lay and thought about Lew and wished the younger man would learn to stand on his own feet. Yet it was misery for Chet to have to refuse anything to any man. He carried generosity always to the point of absurdity; and all his instincts now were to give Lew whatever money he needed and trust to fortune for the future. He could not help admitting the force of Mrs. McAusland's prediction that they would need money on their own account during the next few months. But he told himself Lew might repay the loan; or money might come in from some unexpected source; or their needs might not prove to be so great as now appeared.

He was awake for an hour or more before Mrs. McAusland stirred, and he began to grow hungry. This combined with his perplexities to increase his irritation at the world in general. When his wife awoke and told him he might as well get up, he did so in silent ill temper; and when she said, as he opened the door into the dining room, "Now you mind what I said about Lew, Chet," the remark put the cap to the structure of his anger and he said explosively, "Oh, you've got to keep a-talking!"

In the kitchen, while he built the fire, he repented this so definitely that he became more angry than ever—angry at her for having provoked him to anger at her; angry at himself for having yielded to the provocation; angry at Lew; angry at the world because he was hungry for his breakfast; and furious at the inanimate things which seemed bent upon obstructing every task to which he set his hand. When he split wood the ax slipped and scratched his thumb; a heavy stick fell on his foot; he spilled half the load of wood he was carrying to the kitchen; the pump from which he sought to fill the kettle would not work without priming; a kitten permitted itself to get underfoot and squalled with pain; and he could not find the milking pail. By the time he started at last for the barn he was in a fret and stew of rage at all the world.

His irritation found fresh food there. Old Charlie's stall was just inside the barn door; and as Chet went in he saw that the horse was cast again, lying on his back in that absurd posture, waiting with that maddening and confident patience for Chet to come to the rescue. Chet looked in through the window by the manger and shouted profanely, "Get up out of that, you blamed old fool!" The horse merely blinked at him reproachfully; and Chet said, "Well, lie there then," and went on to his other tasks.

He found that Lew's horse had chewed the halter rope and stepped backward upon a buggy shaft, splintering it. The cows in the tie-up seemed to him to have outdone themselves in littering their beds. Three or four chickens had chosen to roost on one of the structural timbers of the old barn just above the entrance to the tie-up, and the result was unpleasant. Chet worked in a fuming impatience; he fed the cattle and milked them and turned them into the pasture lane; and when one of the cows loitered at the top of the runway that led down to the ground, choosing her footing with the aggravating patience of a cautious elephant, Chet permitted himself to kick the creature on the leg, so that the mild old cow jumped in surprise and bolted down the lane for half a dozen paces with her tail in the air.

Chet took the pail of milk—he had milked four cows, but the result was not imposing—into the kitchen. Lew was not yet up, but Mrs. McAusland had coffee at the boil and salt pork frying.

She asked him, "You ready for breakfast?"

He shook his head, and his very tone was profane.

"The old horse is down. I've got to go pry him loose. I've a mind to shoot him right now."

"I guess you'll make a crutch out of yourself for that horse the rest of your days," she remarked acidly. "You haven't got the sense to keep even an animal from making a fool out of you."

Chet made no retort; but her remark rankled, and when he was in the barn again he lifted the heavy stave which he was accustomed to use as a lever and went into Charlie's stall and looked down at the supine beast with a malevolent eye.

"You're a fine-looking thing, now, ain't you?" he demanded.

Charlie rolled his bony head till he could look at Chet; and he watched his master with mild impatience, as though to say, "Why not be about this business?"

"Get up out of there!" Chet commanded. "Don't sprawl there like a blamed old turtle. H'ist yourself, you rack o' bones!" And he prodded the horse in the ribs none too gently.

Charlie snorted in protest and straightened one foreleg and then relaxed it again, permitting the hoof to droop limply once more. It was exactly the gesture of an indolent man who says "Now, now, my friend!"

Chet had long patience; but this morning many things had combined to irritate him. He said more sharply, "Get up, I tell you!" And nudged the horse with his feet. The creature quivered at the touch, jellylike; and Chet could stand no more. He roared aloud in a dreadful voice, "Blast your old hide, get up out of that!"

And with the words he swung that stout six-foot stave around his head and brought it with all his strength flat across old Charlie's bony rump.

The effect was astonishing in the extreme. Charlie, that ancient equine, who had lain a moment before a mere heap of chestnut-colored flesh, lax and supine, was galvanized into a terrific activity. His four legs pawed wildly at the air; his neck writhed and twisted and his head thumped the floor. His very body seemed to lift itself and arch and writhe like a fillet of fresh-caught fish in the frying pan. There was a rattling of hoofs against the sides of the stall. The narrow place seemed suddenly full of horse—of horse suspended in the air, with legs and head whirling and pounding. Chet backed hurriedly out through the stall door, and his eyes were startled and his mouth was open as he watched. But all was quickly over. Charlie's efforts were so strenuous that they could not be long without result. Out of the confusion of members, out of the chaos of horse which momentarily filled the interior of the stall, there emerged one chestnut-colored beast, erect on his four legs, his neck arched, his tail in the air and his eye full of astonishment and injured dignity.

But he was a horse indubitably on his feet and no longer helplessly supine; a horse erect and in his proper posture, facing the world as a horse should; and a horse which had thus redeemed himself with no other outward assistance than a smart buffet across the rump.

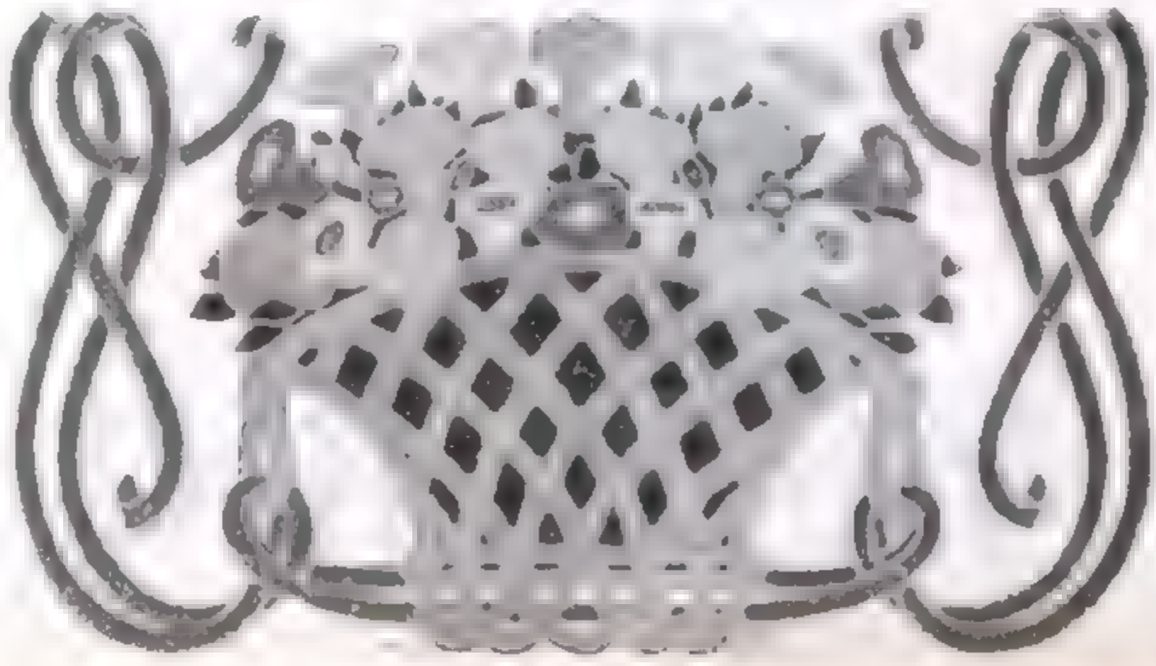
Chet, at first startled, came to laughter. He laughed so loudly that Mrs. McAusland heard him from the kitchen and cocked her head to listen, and told herself impatiently that Chet would always laugh at the least thing. But this time Chet laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; and he gave old Charlie an extra measure of hay, and looked him in the eye and said, "Now, you blamed old fool, you keep your feet under you after this. Hear me!"

Charlie put one ear forward and one back, as though in doubt whether to sulk or to laugh at the joke; he compromised by helping himself to the hay and pretending to ignore Chet, pretending to believe himself alone. Chet chuckled again and turned toward the shed on his way back to the house.

It was not until he was in the shed that it occurred to him there was something suggestive in the episode just concluded. It was funny, of course, and he had laughed his fill. But it might also be enlightening. He stopped beside the chopping block and idly kicked at it with his toe while he considered, and fruit of his reflections was apparent in the brilliance of his eye and the poise of his head when presently he came into the kitchen.

Lew Windler was indolently wiping his face on the roller towel beside the door; and Chet said to him in a challenging voice, "Got up, did you?"

Lew seemed to be faintly startled by his tone; Mrs. McAusland looked at her husband and then turned without a word and went quietly into the other room. The two men were left to settle their business between themselves, and there was fire in Chet McAusland's glance.



Half an hour later Lew drove out of the barnyard, whipping his astonished horse into a gallop and pausing not to say good-by. Chet and Mrs. McAusland watched him go, and Chet said whimsically, "Never did see Lew move so fast before."

"You talked scandalous to him," Mrs. McAusland commented, a faint, reluctant admiration in her tones; and she added, "He was so astonished, I was kind of sorry for the man. But it won't do him a mite a harm."

"I hadn't ought to have done it, I guess," Chet confessed.

He was always inclined to regret any but the gentlest and most generous actions, and Mrs. McAusland glanced at him with a mild and understanding smile.

They heard nothing from Lew himself for a long time; but about two weeks later Chet came home one night from the store with indirect word of him.

"He's humped himself some, anyways," he told Mrs. McAusland. "Jim Saladine heard about it in East Harbor today. He's fixed it up with the town to cut cordwood off the old Marden place that's held for taxes; and Gates in East Harbor has contracted to take it, and he's give him an advance. Everybody was kind of surprised Lew had that much git up and git to him. It looks like he's going to be all right."

"Chances are he'll come whining around you by and by the same as ever," Mrs. McAusland suggested.

Chet shook his head and grinned.

"I don't hardly think so," he replied. "I don't hardly think he will."

"Why won't he?" she demanded.

"Well," Chet told her, "when I went out to the barn this morning I heard a mighty lot of scrambling around in old Charlie's stall. Guess he was down again; but when he heard me coming he didn't stay down long. No, sir; he was on his feet looking at me before I got to him; and you'd say there was a kind of a wink in the old coot's eye."

"It takes a horse sometimes," said Mrs. McAusland enigmatically; but Chet seemed to understand what she meant to say.

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BROADWAY AND WALL

(Continued from Page 11)

Mary stopped, confused by Henderson's intent stare. She hesitated, and suddenly he demanded sharply, "How much would they invest? How much money?"

"Well, you wouldn't call it much," said Mary. "About sixteen thousand dollars. But it's all they have."

"Ah!" Henderson straightened and looked away.

"Besides," the girl went on, "we—that is, they—could sell the house, see? It's old and wants a lot done to it. The money from that, if it was in this Consolidated Products, too, would give us more than enough to rent a much better house in a wonderful neighborhood."

There was a longer pause before Henderson asked "Is that all?"

"That's all," said Mary simply. "You see, it's everything they have, Mr. Henderson. If anything went wrong—if the dividends stopped or anything—we'd be in trouble. What I make wouldn't go far enough to keep us all. I think it would kill them. They're old, you know. They couldn't work. I don't want to see anything like that happen. But if it's all right, why, it'd be fine for them to have more money. Maybe after a while they could get a flivver or something, and I could drive them. But I think I can keep them out if it's not safe. You know about it, Mr. Henderson, and I thought you'd tell me what's best."

For what seemed a very long time Johnny Henderson stared at his stenographer from a face that was quite without expression. Then, as with a wrench, he came to his feet and strode across the room to the wide front window.

Mary sat fidgeting, puzzled. The little desk clock ticked off the minutes while he stood there, his hands gripped behind him, his head pressed against the cold pane, looking down without seeing upon the quiet old tombstones in Trinity Churchyard and the milling throng in Broadway. A suddenly clanging bell in the spire across the street broke the spell. He turned quickly, vigorously, as was his habit, but there was some new quality in his voice.

"Miss Archer," said this Johnny Henderson very firmly, "if you let either of those old women sell a bond or a house or anything else—if you let them buy a share of Consolidated Products—I'll—well, I'll have nothing more to do with you, and neither will anyone else. You'll deserve hanging or flaying or being elected to Congress, or whatever it is they do to such people. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Mary, surprised and flushing.

"You're to say nothing about this. You're not to mention me. But don't let those women make fools of themselves."

"No, sir," replied the girl. "Thank you, Mr. Henderson."

"And don't write that letter. Tear up your notes. Burn 'em." Henderson was suddenly brusque again. "Phone Martin's office that I'm coming there to see Mr. Martin personally half an hour from now, or any time later today. Let me know what they say."

"Yes, sir."

He turned back abruptly to his Broadway view, but as she reached the door he said, "Give my love to Aunt Mary."

From her end of the room Mary casually corrected him.

"Her name's Aunt Elizabeth," she remarked. "She's the oldest. The other one's Aunt Annie. She's a widow and she's got the most money."

"All right," growled Henderson absently. "Kiss 'em both for me."

Half an hour later, in the high-ceilinged, dark-paneled room that was Stephen Martin's own, Johnny Henderson made his declaration without preamble.

"I came over to tell you," he said, including all three who were there, "that I've decided not to undertake the Products business." There was somewhat of truculence in that; but it disappeared when he added, "I thought it better to tell you than write it."

Martin, deep in a great leather chair, gave no sign of hearing. He regarded Henderson impassively, unstirring. Young Carter spoke first. He was a son-in-law of shining ancestry whose partner's mantle had been flung upon his shoulders almost as he rose from a brief kneeling at a Park Avenue altar. He lounged now in the throne itself, wide-armed and huge, set before a broad clean-topped desk.

"Sorry, of course," said young Carter unpleasantly. "But I suppose we'll be able to worry along somehow without you. Don't feel up to the job, what? Or what is it?"

Tyson was a close second.

"What's happened to turn you around?" he asked. "I don't understand. What's the trouble?"

"Nothing," replied Henderson coldly. "It's my decision—my choice. Isn't that enough?"

"It calls for explanation," Tyson protested. "You've given me no reason to suppose ——"

Martin interrupted, irritated and impatient, brushing the others aside.

"Don't you think it can be done?" he demanded.

"Certainly it can be done," Henderson answered promptly, "and there are a dozen men who can handle it for you even better that I could."

"But you don't want to handle it yourself. Why?"

"Well," said Henderson, "if I must go on record, suppose I put it this way: I've had no experience with the kind of work that will have to be done."

"What nonsense!" Martin exclaimed, sneering his disbelief.

"It's not nonsense," retorted Henderson, stiffening. "Look here! This is no small thing you've set out to do. It won't go at all if you don't make it something more than a stock-market gamble. You've too much stock to sell for that. You'll have to reach out and make a lot of little people everywhere think Products is an investment and not a risk, and that sort of thing's out of my line."

Martin sat frowning and said nothing, but young Carter carried on effectively.

"Out of your line?" he echoed. "Really? We'd no idea, of course. But just what is your line this morning, Mr. Henderson? A Sunday school or something of that sort, what?"

Johnny Henderson's lip lifted.

"I wonder if you'll be just as offensive when you grow up," he said to young Carter. He turned to Martin: "I didn't come over here to quarrel. You know very well what I mean. I'm a speculator. I'm not squeamish and ethics don't bother me. I use my head to outthink other people who gamble, whoever they may be. But I haven't yet taken to reaching out for people who don't gamble—little men and women with money earned and saved, money they need and would keep tight hold of if they thought they were being asked to risk it. You're asking me to go after that kind of money and I'm refusing. That's all there is to it."

Martin dropped his mask and leaned forward.

"Oh, no, that can't be all," he declared angrily. "You've forgotten to tell me that Consolidated Products isn't a fit stock for anyone to buy. You came in intending to make that quite clear, didn't you?"

Henderson's eyes narrowed.

"I didn't," he answered; "but since you've mentioned it, I'll tell you that Products isn't worth what you'll get people to pay for it. As a matter of fact, it isn't worth what it's selling for today. Your assets are overvalued and your earnings and dividends won't last longer than this business boom that's going on now. When that goes they'll go with it, and they won't come back for a long time—if ever. Don't forget that I've made a study of the property in the last few days."

"Are you nearly through?" demanded Martin. He was flushed and his control was disappearing.

"Quite through," Henderson said.

"Then listen to me!" The banker came forward aggressively and his voice was all venom. "Henderson, you haven't deceived me for a minute since you came in here. You've used my confidence to get information and now you're serving notice that you'll use that to interfere with me. But you won't! At some stage of this Products rise you expect to hold me up. I'm now telling you you won't. I don't allow men, especially men of your kind, to do things like that. Now mind this: If you get in my way—if you do one thing to interfere with my move in Products—I'll ride you down and smash you, and I'll have no mercy. You know I can do it, and I will. Now you've had your warning!"

Stephen Martin turned away abruptly, as if the last word had been said; but Henderson spoke sharply.

"Martin," he said insolently, and the other men winced at the contemptuous familiarity, "as a bully you don't impress me. In fact, you're rather amusing."

"That's enough!" exploded young Carter, starting up. Henderson went on coolly:

"I haven't any idea of interfering with you. I don't play the game that way. But I'll tell you this: I am free to do as I please and the only code I follow is my own. You can think that over and be damned to you."

No one spoke for a time after the door had closed behind him. At last Carter laughed.

"Merry old soul, what?" he said cheerfully. "Thinks rather well of himself, doesn't he? But he'll get over it. He's probably needing a swallow of one thing or another just about now."

Martin ignored his son-in-law and turned to Tyson.

"He'll remember that," he declared. "He won't bother us. Yet he'll bear watching."

There, no more than begun, the Martin-Henderson quarrel rested. With its supersharp ears and lively imagination, Wall Street heard vague little hints of what had occurred and improvised lovingly upon the theme. So for a time a garbled tale passed from lip to lip and gained in spicy detail in the passing. One spruce young broker, shouldering another spruce young broker at a Luncheon Club stock ticker, might say, "What's the last Products here? Three-eighths! Up a little, eh? Wha'd'ye see? Hear about the battle in Martin's office?"

"Yeah. Hear Johnny Henderson smacked that rabbit Carter on the nose. Good news, what? Hear he told old man Martin where to go when the old man wanted him to quit selling Products. I got short of a little this morning. Hear it's going lower."

"Yeah? I don't get it that way at all. Hear Johnny wanted to get options on a lot of Martin's stock and the old man wouldn't play. Don't look like a sale to me. But anyhow, he cracked Carter, I hear. Served him good and right too. Johnny ought to get a medal. . . . Had your lunch?"

There were various other versions. But Henderson was silent, and nothing happened, and presently the gossip died away. Martin's plans were promptly rearranged. A waspish little man, whose name was George Evans and whose inability to laugh was famous, was taken for such service as Henderson could have rendered; and without great delay the campaign for the elevation of Consolidated Products came into full and vigorous operation. On Henderson's part there was no thought of opposition. He was not of financial size and weight for that. Anyhow it would have been mere folly, yielding personal satisfaction, of course, in proportion to the annoyance given to Stephen Martin, but surely unprofitable and therefore quite foolish. Resentment would be better served by waiting. Johnny Henderson knew that a time would come——

"The market," says a Stock Exchange adage, "is always here."

That is the manner of the feud in Wall Street. There, no less than elsewhere, singly and in the groups that are called interests, men have their jealousies and enmities, their lasting hatreds, their sullen desires for revenge. Such passions, full-bodied from the first, spawn naturally, readily, from the broken faith, the sharp practice, the deliberate piracy, which are so often the produce of the churnings and workings of finance, be it the high, the middle or the low. But it is not the Wall Street fashion to give expression to them save where and when profit is in view. Fighting in blind anger is not a Wall Street failing. Nor is fighting for the mere love of it a Wall Street habit.

So with Johnny Henderson. His resentment would not wane from waiting, and he watched the performance in Consolidated Products with lively interest, but dispassionately, only smiling a little now and then at what he saw. And Martin had no further reason to think of Henderson. After all, he was small fry; very small fry from the viewpoint of Stephen Martin; a mere Wall Street buccaneer, unattached, without permanent allies, playing

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his hand alone; no resources such as are available to those who have the custody of other people's money. Shrewd, of course, and clever in appraising stock-market influences. Adroit in the making of stock-market movements, especially when financed by others; perhaps with a considerable fortune won from his own efforts and ventures. But unimportant as an enemy—oh, quite unimportant, at least for the present.

The bulling of Consolidated Products in the stock market, which is to say the lifting of its price dollar by dollar, went on energetically. Yet the results were not wholly satisfactory. The price went up gayly enough; very gayly, indeed, at times. The unsmiling Evans saw to that, and to the making of the stock into a bright star in the Stock Exchange firmament. So luminous was it made to appear that its waxing and waning became matters of anxious interest to a legion of those who are the astrologers of our own time, dabblers in the alchemy which is the stock market, seekers of the stone and the gold. But these were the gamblers, who were here today and gone tomorrow, or likely to be gone next week. The net of what they did in buying Consolidated Products shares and selling them again was not the net that was desired. Buying that would mean lasting belief in the stock, lasting ownership of it, came but slowly, disappointingly.

Johnny Henderson's motor drew in at the Broadway curb one afternoon and its owner leaned out to hail Evans.

"Get in, George, and ride uptown with me," he said, and made place for the dour little man, who came, but showed no great gratitude. They talked in staccato sentences of many things as the big car wormed swiftly through the countless taxicabs that are in Lafayette Street and beyond as are young trout in a hatchery.

At last Henderson said casually, "Products is moving along nicely, George. Saw it above 65 today, didn't I?"

"Going higher," declared Evans laconically. "Watch it!"

"Increase the dividend next month, I suppose?"

"Certain. Stock'll sell at par before this move's over."

"Good man!" said Henderson. He laughed and added, "But if it does, George, you'll be all out and gone to the races. You see, I know what you're trying to do."

"Don't be too sure of that, Johnny. We may have changed the combination."

"No, you haven't, my son. You've got your big work just ahead of you. I don't believe it's going to be easy work, either."

"Don't worry about me, Johnny."

"Now, don't get peevish," said Henderson, studying Evans. "It's nothing to me. I've no interest in the stock and don't want any. But you'll have to broaden your market a good deal, George, before you can sell much stock. I can see that. You've put it up twenty dollars a share already, I know. But you've done it by buying a great deal more of it than you've been able to sell. We'll lay a little bet on that if you say so."

"I know what I'm doing, Johnny."

"Of course you do, George. It's none of my business and I'm not asking any questions. Let's drop the subject."

Later, when he was alone again, Henderson took thought of what Evans had said and how he had said it, and how he had squirmed a little uncomfortably while the talk went on. He knew now that all was not well with the Consolidated Products deal, and thereafter he gave closer attention to the stock. He watched it climb steadily, sometimes excitedly; saw it sell above 75 when enthusiastic buying in great volume followed the news that its dividend had been increased; saw it halt after that, and move irregularly back and forth. Later it became all but stationary around its highest prices, and day by day it became less active on the Stock Exchange.

"Which means," said Johnny Henderson to himself, as he stood at his ticker and mechanically drew little lengths of tape between his fingers, "that they're not able to get rid of much stock. They're sitting tight, keeping it strong and waiting for a better time to shoot it still higher. I wonder how much stock that Martin pool is carrying. It's time to dig around a little and find out."

But before he did any digging there came to him a letter bearing the unfamiliar signature of Amos Corey. It had been written at an uptown hotel and it said:

I am in New York and would like to see you about certain business. As I am unable to get downtown, will you oblige me by coming here to see me some afternoon? The sooner the better, and tomorrow if possible.

Henderson moved to his Broadway window to consider. Certainly this had to do with Consolidated Products! Amos Corey owned more of the securities of that corporation than any other one man. What he owned of them he had taken in payment for the great business which for years had made his name a trade-mark across the world, and which he had sold at last to become the nucleus, the very heart, of the combination that Stephen Martin had made.

The Corey plants had been essential to that combination and Martin had paid the great price that was demanded for them, unable in his bargaining to get more in the way of concession than a promise that, for a named time, the shares given in payment would be kept unsold. Martin had told Henderson all this to explain that the Corey holdings of the stock could not come out upon the market to interrupt the projected advance in price.

And now old Amos Corey wanted to talk business to Johnny Henderson and didn't want to come down into Wall Street to do it! Henderson did not know him, had never seen him. But he knew much of him; how he was an old man now and of doubtful health; how it was a close fist and a shameless shiftiness in business practice that had marked him through long years of money-making. Yet there were no Wall Street chapters in the Corey history. What he had done in money had left no Stock Exchange trail.

That afternoon old Amos Corey, great beaked and gaunt, welcomed Johnny Henderson in a voice that was harsh and vigorous. He sat shawled and slippered in his hotel room, but there was about him an air of energy that mocked his wrappings.

"I thought you'd come today if you came at all," he said, and held out a hand that was hard and cold.

"Your letter made me very curious," replied Henderson, seating himself.

"I wrote you because I need help, or at least advice. It's a matter of the stock market, and I don't know anything about the stock market—and you do."

"Sometimes I'm sure I don't," smiled Henderson.

"I've heard you do," declared the old man. "And I've heard you don't get on with Steve Martin. That's another reason why I wrote you. Is it true?"

"The only time Mr. Martin and I ever came together we didn't agree."

"You're lucky," said Corey. "He's a persuasive man with his friends. He always gets me to do what I don't want to do."

"Suppose you tell me about it," Henderson suggested.

"To begin with," Amos said, "I own a hundred thousand shares of Consolidated Products common stock. Most of it—seventy-five thousand—I was paid for my business. It was a bonus over the bonds they paid me. It wasn't worth a damn, but I took it."

"It's worth quite a bit at the moment," remarked Henderson.

"We'll get to that later. One day nearly a year ago Steve Martin came to me and said it was necessary for the big holders to get together and buy enough more stock to keep the market price up. That was when a lot of others had sold out and the price was below 30 and it looked like going to a dollar a share. I didn't want to do it, but Martin kept at me and my bankers said it ought to be done, so I said I'd take as much as twenty-five thousand more if it was necessary. I got it all. Cost me an average of $35 a share."

"It's selling for twice that now," said Henderson.

"I know it," snapped Amos. "It was 72 today. That's why you're here. I've got a hundred thousand shares of the stuff and I can't sell it."

"And why can't you sell it?" Henderson asked, although he knew.

"Because I've agreed not to—and in writing. I signed that I wouldn't sell any of it for a year. And that's not up until the fifteenth of February—five weeks from now. And now Martin's after me to extend my agreement. Wants me to keep it all for another six months. Says he can't go on holding the price up unless my stock is tied up, like a lot of other people's, for that much longer."

"And what have you said to that?" inquired Henderson, showing keen interest.

"Never mind what I said!" barked Corey defiantly. "That's my affair!"

"Of course it is," Henderson said, wondering. "But your position now depends on whether you promised Martin to hold on to your stock."

"I know what my position is," declared old Amos. "It's enough to tell you that the only agreement of mine that Steve Martin has is the one that runs out in February. I haven't signed anything else of any sort. He sent me an extension to sign, but I—I mislaid it. I've been polite to him, but if he thinks that I promised to keep my stock six months more, that's his lookout."

The old man was sneering, and Henderson studied him gravely before he said, "I think I understand. So you want to sell now?"

"I can't."

"But you would if you could? Why?"

"Two reasons. Because business is going to slow down. I smell a slump coming that will do a good deal of damage before it's over. And because Martin and his crowd are getting ready to sell a lot of stock. I know what they're doing. They got together to put the price up and sell out what they have. They left me out—thought they'd lock me up with an agreement so I couldn't sell until they were all through. By that time the price'll be a lot lower than it is now and I'll be left. That's my friend Steve Martin."

"I see," said Henderson. "And you want me to sell your stock for you under cover—is that it?"

"Certainly not!" Corey was emphatic with that. "I tell you my agreement runs for another month and more. I'd be breaking it if I sold now. They'd get me into court and they'd win. Can't do it that way."

"Then what's your idea?"

"I'm ready to sell my stock now at considerably less than it's bringing in the market, with the understanding that I shan't hand it over or take any payment until the day after my agreement is up. I want you to find a buyer for it that way. It'll be worth your while."

Henderson made quick objection.

"But that wouldn't hold in court, either, if someone told the truth," he pointed out. "You can't legally sell during the term of your contract. Don't you see that? You have the idea, but not the method. Yours is crude."

"Needs refining, I suppose," said Amos. "Well, how would a smart Wall Street man do it? That's why I sent for you—to tell me what to do."

Henderson was silent for a time. Then he asked, "Haven't you talked to your bankers about this?"

"No, and I don't intend to." Corey scowled.

"Nor your lawyers? Nor anyone?"

"No! This is my stock and my business. I know what I'm doing. And I don't expect you to talk about it either."

"I shan't," said Henderson. "Don't worry about that. But this is a rather large matter to be arranged in this offhand fashion."

"Never mind that. Tell me what I can do."

Corey was showing excitement. Henderson chose his words carefully.

"You might do this," he said: "You might make an agreement—say, with me—to let me buy on the fifteenth of February. That is, give me the right to buy on that certain day at a certain price."

"What price?" demanded Amos instantly.

"I should say $55 a share."

"Nonsense!" said Corey sharply. "You mean $65. That'd be low enough to give you plenty of profit."

"I'll make you an offer," said Henderson briskly. "You can take it or leave it. I'll pay you the usual dollar—that'll make the thing all legal—for your agreement to sell me your Products stock on the fifteenth of February, half of it at 60 and the other half at 55. That'll be fifty thousand shares at each price."

"Let me think that over," temporized Corey.

"And you are to lend me what money I'll need, up to a million, to swing my end of the deal."

"I won't!" cried the old man. "What's that for?"

"I'll need some of it," Henderson explained. "I'll have to take advantage of present prices and sell the stock in small

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98)

amounts, as the market will take it, between now and the February date. To deliver what I sell, I'll have to borrow stock and keep on borrowing it until I can get yours and use that to return what I've borrowed. If the stock goes up in the meantime, the people who are lending it to me will want more or less cash security. That's why I may need as much as a million from you."

"You mean you'll go short of the stock—of the whole hundred thousand shares," said Amos, thinking it out as he spoke, "and you want me to put up the money to margin your short stock—is that it?"

"Practically. I'll sell it short now. Later there'll be your stock to cover with." Johnny Henderson laughed. "You do know something about the stock market after all."

"I don't," Corey asserted disagreeably. "What security do I get for the money I lend you?"

"Only my sixty-day note, with no collateral."

"Won't do it! Won't think of it!"

"As you please," said Henderson. "I've made my proposition. After all, you must take some risk. You're slipping out of a binding contract, you know—you're cheating. Downtown they would say you are double-crossing Stephen Martin."

Amos glared vindictively.

"Martin was right about you," he snarled. "He told me you were a pickpocket. You talk as if there'll be no money in this for you. You'll make half a million or more."

"I hope more. That's what I'm here for, isn't it? But is it yes or no?"

Amos Corey settled back in his chair and closed his eyes. Minutes passed before he leaned forward again.

"I'll do it!' he announced sharply. "Get a lawyer—one who won't talk—and fix up the agreement. Bring it here and if it's right I'll sign it."

Henderson hesitated.

"You're quite sure you don't want your own attorneys to draw it?" he asked, watching Corey.

"Martin would know all about it in twenty-four hours," declared old Amos. "We'll do this ourselves. I'll look after myself. And don't forget that you're to pay me a dollar!"

Johnny Henderson smiled grimly and laid a crisp note on the shawled knee.

"I'll pay it now," he said, "if you'll give me a receipt."

Change in the Consolidated Products situation came quickly after that, and the climax was not long delayed. Within a week the watchful Evans felt new selling of the stock. There was prompt investigation and the findings went to Martin by way of an already uneasy Tyson.

"Johnny Henderson's started in," was Tyson's statement of the case. "This new selling of Products is by him. He's been at it three or four days."

"How far's he gone? How much has he sold?" asked Martin.

"Ten or twelve thousand shares. Houses he always uses are borrowing nearly that much stock. Evans feels sure it's all for him."

Martin thought the matter unimportant.

"I doubt that he'll go very far unless the stock weakens. Tell Evans that mustn't happen. It shouldn't stay below 70 very long. Keep me informed about Henderson."

But next day Johnny Henderson's brokers sold twenty thousand shares of Consolidated Products on the Stock Exchange in the last two hours of business and the stock's price fell to 66 under the weight of their sales.

Evans failed to do more than check the fall at that figure and a conference with Stephen Martin followed. He asked questions and listened to their suggestions and in the end he said:

"It's very clear to me that Henderson's been waiting for his chance and now he thinks he has it. He thinks we're at the end of our buying and he's making a plunge on the short side. He may be doing it alone or with others, but that doesn't matter. We have the stock and its market so well in hand that if he gets short of enough to make it worth while, we can put the screws on at the proper time and twist him to our own advantage. That's all true, isn't it?"

"That's the situation up to the minute," agreed Evans, but without great enthusiasm.

"Then let him go on with his selling. Don't let the stock weaken. That might encourage more following for him than we'd like. But don't do anything to discourage Henderson himself if you can help it. And keep his brokers well supplied with all the stock they want to borrow. See that our own stock is always plenty in the loan crowd for him or anyone."

"That's been done all along," said Tyson.

"Good! Go on doing it. Don't get excited over this Henderson person. Keep in your minds the one point that he's selling short stock—borrowed stock. The more he borrows and sells, the more he'll have to buy back all at once when we call for the return of what he's borrowing. When that time comes we'll use all our influence to keep him from getting stock anywhere else to borrow, and we'll use our control of the market to make him pay just as high as we choose for what he'll have to get. Go ahead with that prospect in mind."

"All right," said Evans. "You're the captain. It's not so simple as it sounds, and Johnny Henderson's no fool. But as long as you're sure that no big blocks of Products can come out to loosen up the market for him, and if he gets short of a really big line, there's no reason why he can't be squeezed. If everything's as you say it is I'll hand him over to you hog-tied."

Martin's grim little smile showed that such a possibility was not distasteful to him. He thought of how it would be when this cocksure Johnny Henderson became the unwilling lever that would lift Consolidated Products into activity and buoyancy in an excited stock market—how the lever must be badly bent in the using, perhaps hopelessly broken, and so much the better. Then he heard Tyson saying:

"But we must be careful not to get too much stock. With what you took on the break today, we'll have more than 60,000 shares in the syndicate account. We mustn't forget that."

"We won't be allowed to forget it as long as you keep your voice," snapped Evans.

"We can very well stand it," Martin declared. "We are doing no more than buying what Henderson and a few others are selling, and then we're lending it to them to deliver to us on their sales. The man must see the hole he's stepping into. I wonder he's gone as far as he has."

"I wonder, too," said Tyson, "and I can't feel sure that all his selling has been short. Suppose he's really been selling out somebody else's stock and borrowing only temporarily, to mislead us. Where are we then?"

"But you've told me that's impossible," protested Evans excitedly. "You've told me that every large block of the stock is either under option or tied up by agreement not to sell."

"So it is," asserted Martin.

"All except Amos Corey's," Tyson said, "and it's Amos Corey's I'm thinking of."

"I've told you several times before," declared Martin impatiently, "that Corey promised me that he would extend his agreement. He promised it very definitely to me personally."

"I would rather see that than hear it," insisted Tyson. "There's nothing in black and white to that effect."

"Then wire him in my name. Tell him he must send on that extension, signed He's in Florida, and ill, I hear."

"Do that now," said Evans. "It's important."

They telegraphed and waited three days for Corey's reply, which said:

Health prevents attention business matters. Agreement delayed because as explained to Martin personally would rather sell than extend. Have hoped for bid. What would you pay all my stock holdings deliverable after expiration present agreement?

Martin seemed to think that satisfactory, at least for the purposes of the moment; but Tyson and young Carter had other ideas.

"That might mean anything," said Carter, after reading the telegram. "Wily old bird, this Amos Corey. Why shouldn't I hop on a train and go down there for a talk with him?"

"He's blocked that," Tyson pointed out. "Don't you see that his health won't let him talk business? Still, you'd have your golf bag with you, wouldn't you?"

"What a crab you are!" commented young Carter.

Meanwhile Johnny Henderson, in his own office, where no conferences were held, made occasion to say to each secretary separately, "If anyone comes snooping around here to find out what I'm doing in Consolidated Products, don't bother to deceive 'em. I think the stock's going a lot lower and I'm playing it that way and I don't care who knows it."

Because of which unusual permission, either secretary could be agreeably frank with one who made frequent use of the telephone to say, "Hello, Jimmy! Are you in a booth? Anybody listening in?"

"No, 'sall right. Go ahead."

"How much did you sell today?"

"About thirteen thousand."

"Cover any?"

"Not a share."

"Fine! What's that make him short of now?"

"More'n sixty-five thousand now. Sells more every day an' don't take in a share. Told me this morning he expected a smash."

"All right, Jim. Let me know anything that happens. Get it to me right away. I'm taking good care of you, Jim, you know."

And a bare minute later the same voice would say by telephone to someone who wore the livery of Evans, "He sold thirteen thousand today and didn't buy a share. Hasn't covered a share at all. Short of sixty-five thousand now. Yes, direct from his secretary. I'll know anything that happens and I'll shoot it right to you."

So it was that, with all Wall Street looking on and excitedly estimating his chances in this open contest with the power of the Martin interests, Johnny Henderson completed his sales. One hundred thousand shares of Consolidated Products stock, he sold, and then he stopped. Many speculators had followed his selling and the stock's price had dropped to 60 and a little lower. Then, with the Henderson sales no longer pressing, an advance began and continued. The quotation was up again above 65 when Stephen Martin said to his lieutenants.

"Evans here thinks, and so do I, that Henderson's gone as far as he can go. But I think the stock should be worked up above 70 before we begin to squeeze."

"We've too much of it," complained Tyson. "We're nearly five thousand shares over the syndicate limit."

"That will take care of itself," said Martin, with assurance that had but little longer to live.

Within the hour Johnny Henderson came again to the high-ceilinged, dark-paneled room where the banker was seated on his throne. The watchful Tyson, following, was in time to hear him say stiffly, "I came in to set you right about my position in Consolidated Products."

"That's of no interest to me, Mr. Henderson," Martin replied coldly.

"You're mistaken," Henderson said. "You're counting on running me in and it's of interest to you to know that it can't be done."

The banker showed interest then.

"Why not?" he demanded. "There's been no move to run you in, as you call it; but why can't it be done?"

"I'm short of an even hundred thousand Products," stated Johnny Henderson calmly, "but I shan't have to cover them in the market."

Tyson spoke before Martin.

"Then where else will you get them?"

"Well," said Henderson, eying the pair, "perhaps from Amos Corey."

"I knew it!" Tyson moaned; but Martin, tense and glaring, declared aggressively, "Rot! Corey's stock can't be sold! He's tied up! I have his agreement."

"It runs out next week," Henderson said mildly.

"It'll be extended—or he'll sell to me! He's agreed to that!"

"Have it your own way." There was mockery in Johnny Henderson's voice. "You should know your own book best. But I hold Corey's contract that lets me call a hundred thousand shares of Products from him February fifteenth. That's as much as I've sold and as much as I'll need."

Then Johnny Henderson smiled and Stephen Martin went purple. More than that, for a time the banker went quite mad. His dignity all forgotten, he strode about the room and made absurd wavings with his short arms while he heaped childish abuse upon Amos Corey upon Johnny Henderson upon this one who had been bold and that one who had been a fool. He would not be tricked, swindled, flouted in this way! It was preposterous, damnable, impossible! He would throttle Henderson, smash him, break him! He would call in

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every share of Consolidated Products stock that was being loaned out in Wall Street. He would make Henderson pay through the nose! Make him pay unheard-of prices for the stock he would have to buy in immediately, before any of that scoundrel Corey's stock would be freed. There was plenty of time. A week, and more than a week. Certainly he would smash Johnny Henderson. He would ——

Then Henderson said curtly, angrily, "You'll do nothing of the sort. You'll calm down and think it over. I'll get a week's delay with injunctions. I'll put out a statement for the newspapers that'll put Stephen Martin on every front page. It'll wake 'em up in Washington and Albany and even over there on the Stock Exchange. You'll think of your own prestige—the prestige of Martin & Co. Ask Tyson here if you can afford to be the cause of any stock-jobbing sensation. You wouldn't get anywhere, and you'd only foul your own nest."

"I'll hear no more of this!" bellowed Martin.

"There's no more to hear," said Johnny Henderson; and, with an understanding nod to Tyson, he disappeared.

The partners of the banking house of Stephen Martin & Co., all six of them, sat together that night and made appraisal of the situation from all its angles. And early next day there was a formal meeting of those members of the Consolidated Products stock syndicate who could respond promptly to urgent calls for their presence. A baker's dozen sat solemnly around a long table and fumbled with lead pencils and bits of white paper while Tyson explained.

He explained it all very clearly, as a touched Scotchman would. He made it quite plain that it had seemed necessary to oppose the selling by Johnny Henderson, who was a burglar by profession; that because of an old man's treachery, the buying of what Johnny Henderson had sold turned out to have been the buying of Amos Corey's stock; that through this there had been bought some five thousand shares more of Consolidated Products than the syndicate's compact provided for. He put stress upon the last, and then Stephen Martin took the matter in hand.

"Never mind that now," he said. "I personally will look after the excess to date. But there must be provision for more stock. We must support the market now or there'll be a break that'll hurt us all. We can't afford that. I want all of you to increase your interests in this syndicate by 30 per cent and I want you to do it now."

Starting with a murmur, there was crescendo objection. Protest, complaint, criticism followed, and the Martin management was not left unblamed. But Martin beat it all down. He hammered them with the emergency, the danger of serious loss, and they weakened. At last Herman Stone broke the jam. He was a curious free lance and freebooter of Wall Street, this Herman Stone, whose name had been Stein in the days before the Great War. He buttoned his great fur coat as he spoke in the deep-throated broken English that had survived changes in flag and patronymic.

"I vode yes," he announced. "I approof an ingrease und vateffer ias necessary. I leaf it to Mardin und Gombany. But now I can'd vait. I haf an impordand engachmend und I must go."

"Hold on!" protested Wexler, of the Patriots Trust Company. "You can't do that, you know. This meeting isn't over yet, old top."

"Vat can'd I do und hoo vill stop me?" demanded Herman Stone, and made for the door. Wexler watched him go and turned to the others, shrugging his shoulders.

"There goes your market and your pool," he said. "He'll probably pick up the nearest telephone. In the next five minutes he'll sell as much Products as he's got in this syndicate and stay short of it until this deal's finished. Maybe he'll sell a little more than that."

"He wouldn't dare!" protested Martin indignantly.

"Wouldn't he? You're trustful or you don't know him. Watch the market for the next half hour and see what it says." And after a pause Wexler added, "At that, I suppose he'll be doing no more than beating the rest of us to it."

Stormy indignation was immediate, unanimous and loud. Wexler's sneer was uncalled for, unjust, impertinent, insulting. Wexler could speak for himself and his trust company, but not for others whose principles were not the same. His insinuation was—well, rotten.

But someone said, "If we're going to vote let's do it. I want to get back to the office." And others chorused, "That's right. Get it over with."

So there was voting and prompt adjournment. And before the day was done Consolidated Products broke sensationally on the Stock Exchange to a final price of 59.

Stephen Martin read the story as it was told by a stuttering ticker tape and missed nothing of its meaning. Wexler's had been true talk—first Herman Stone and then the others. The syndicate crew, each for himself, was evidently scuttling the syndicate ship.

Wall Street, surprised and immediately excited, knew at once that somehow something had gone wrong, seriously wrong, with the Martin machine. To soothe an evercredulous public, the news agencies functioned as usual, telling solemnly how it was no more than that a prominent operator—that was Henderson—had made a vicious raid on the so-worthy Consolidated Products, desperate to escape from a dangerous plight to which pessimism had brought him. But stockbrokers serving that public were less soothing and found various polite ways of promptly demanding more margin, cash preferred, from those who had more than enough of Consolidated Products in their accounts. And other brokers, who were no more than gamblers on their own and not brokers at all, stiffened like dogs to the scent and made ready to profit by the trouble that tainted the wind. While Johnny Henderson, cold in his excitement, gave one cynical eye to a tape that showed falling prices and the other to a telegram from Amos Corey which said:

Wall Street National has instructions deliver you all stock February fifteenth for payment as agreed. Leaving end of week for New York.

There was the beginning of what they will tell you was the Products panic—that sudden, brief, spectacular collapse which, running through two days, ended on the third with a crash that shook all Wall Street. There was selling and selling and still more selling, urgent and still more urgent, spreading out from this one stock to the others until, in the end, the whole market was beaten to its knees. Necessity and unreasoning fright came suddenly to prevail in the market place again, and wet-browed, white-lipped despair whimpered once more along the roads that are the ways to Wall Street and back.

The tickers marked 35 for Consolidated Products in the high moment of its panic. The turn came there. Suddenly the necessitous selling was over, buying appeared in volume, the stock rebounded vigorously. Later it fell again, recovered, moved backward and forward feverishly, erratically, staggering drunkenly, but slipping downhill no more. By such signs was it shown that the chaos was ended, and courage returned timidly. In a little time, quick-witted traders on the Stock Exchange floor, they who are the kingfishers of the stock market, turned from selling to buying, when they made their dives for the fractions of profit which are their food. Commission brokers became less anxious and watchful where commitments in Products stock were concerned. Those who sluice gossip and prophecy along Wall Street byways came forward with tales of mysterious banking purposes accomplished and of consequent benefits immediately to be disclosed. Newspaper writers of market paragraphs told exultantly that "Interests identified with Consolidated Products added largely to their holdings on the breaks of the past few days and it is understood that all danger of further liquidation is past."

Stephen Martin read that last and smiled for the first time in a week. He knew what buying had ended the panic in Consolidated Products. His smile came from thought of Amos Corey, and it broadened as he wondered where that lying old man might be now. It was not a pleasant smile, having in it somewhat of satisfaction and much more of sour evil.

The raucous bell with which Trinity reminds Wall Street of time and eternity was clamorously calling noon on that fifteenth of February when old Amos Corey came hurriedly, demanding to be shown Johnny Henderson at once. Johnny Henderson was cheerful.

"Come in!" he cried, but did not offer his hand. "Florida has agreed with you. Drop your coat."

Amos was aggressive.

"The bank people say you haven't taken that stock!" he declared. "They haven't heard from you! What's the matter? I telegraphed you!"

"Well," said Henderson sweetly, "you see, I've decided not to buy your stock."

"What?"

"No," Henderson continued smoothly; "I was able to buy all I wanted in the market cheaper. So I don't want yours."

"You've got to take mine!" The hoarse voice cracked. "You agreed—you're bound to take it!"

"Oh, not at all!" Henderson became serious. "I didn't contract to buy it. I paid you a dollar for the privilege of buying. But I made no promise to buy."

"You did! You know you did!"

"What nonsense!" said Henderson. "You know very well what the arrangement was. I find I don't want your stock, so I shan't exercise my privilege—my option on it. That's all there is to it."

"You're a thief!" cried the old man. "Don't you know I'll sue you? That stock's worth a million dollars less today than you promised to pay me for it. I'll make you pay!"

"It's worth a million less than the prices you put on yours," stated Henderson, "and that's why I'm not buying yours. I bought all I needed several days ago. I made no agreement with you. If I had I'd keep it, even if it was a verbal one. But you know ——"

"You've tricked me, just as you've tricked Martin!"

"Why not say I kept you from tricking one another? That's what I did, you know. And, between ourselves, I've made nearly two million dollars doing it. Quite the nicest play I've ever made."

"And you swindled me into lending you the money to do it with!" Righteous indignation was hoarse and vehement. Henderson grinned.

"That was rather clever, wasn't it? But your money's all ready for you. Put my notes through and they'll be paid. I won't hold you up for the full sixty days."

Amos Corey made a last effort.

"See here, Henderson," he said fiercely, "you can't leave me with that stock on my hands with the price down like this. I'll fight you through the courts. But I'll compromise with you here and now. On what basis will you take that stock?"

"Mr. Corey," Henderson explained, settling back in his chair, "you don't seem to understand. You sold me that privilege and I sold exactly one hundred thousand shares of Products. I got prices running from 70 down to 60. You know I didn't have that stock. I sold it short, as I told you I would. Then your friend Stephen Martin got mad. He didn't like my selling and he set himself to punish me. He was going to make me buy all that stock back at higher prices and lose a lot of money. But I called on friend Martin and explained that his friend Amos Corey had sold me an option on his own shares, so that I wouldn't have to buy from anyone else. That distressed him. It discouraged him. It also discouraged certain members of his pool and I suspect they went away and sold out enough Products stock to equal their interests in that pool."

"You trickster!" muttered old Amos, breathing heavily.

"Well," continued Henderson, smiling, "that started the slump. You know about the slump, of course. Well, much to my delight, the slump gave me the chance to buy in all my short stock at prices below 45; and that, you see, was much cheaper than I could have bought it from you. So I bought all I needed—the whole hundred thousand—and that just evened me up. I haven't any use for more Consolidated Products—not even yours. Going? I'm sorry. Are you going over to see Martin? I'm sure he'll have something interesting to say to you."

At the door old Amos halted and faced about.

"Tell me one thing," he snarled. "Who put you up to using me this way?"

"You did!" answered Johnny Henderson genially. "You gave me the idea that first day at the hotel. It was when you showed me that you had deliberately lied to Martin about the extension of that agreement. Do you remember? That was crooked, Mr. Corey. Just crooked! And whenever I run into crookedness of that sort it always occurs to me that virtue should be specially rewarded. So I immediately go after the reward."

After a time Henderson rang for his stenographer.

"I suppose you've seen how that Consolidated Products has gone to pot?" he asked. Without enthusiasm, Mary Archer admitted that she had. He continued, "I hope those grandmothers of yours are satisfied with the advice you gave 'em. Now you can say, 'I told you so.' And you can tell 'em, too, that the stock's likely to go still lower after a while, and that there won't be many more dividends."

"Do you mean the dividends will stop?" asked Mary.

"They'll probably cut the next one and then stop them altogether."

"That'll be bad," said Mary thoughtfully, and Henderson, suddenly suspicious, sharply demanded, "Why?"

"Well, you see, they bought it anyhow. When the price went up so and the dividend was made more, they sold the other things and bought it. They paid more than 70 and blamed me for keeping them from buying before, when it was less. We sold the house too. We moved last week."

With afterthought she added listlessly, "They're not my grandmothers. They're my aunts."

Johnny Henderson turned back to his window and stood looking down on the milling throng in Broadway. As he looked it came to him, as something strangely not thought of before, that just there where Wall Street began, the crowded roadway was bordered by an ugly old graveyard which none of those hurrying little human beings seemed to be noticing.

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THE CHILD IN THEIR MIDST

Continued from Page 34

Only, the next day she sent for him. He was shut up with her in the great house nearly all day, hearing her talk about Hilary, who should go forth into any wilderness; but who should never, never, never again set foot in that wilderness that was Sarah's heart.

XIV

ELENA knew, through an intuition confirmed by her telephone, where William was all that day. She knew how Sarah suffered over Hilary, though to maternal feeling Elena was a stranger. Her lip curled.

"Men!" she said to herself stormily. "How we break ourselves for them! Are they ever worth the half of what we give them?" And she really believed herself a giver, of great selflessness. "Men are worth not one little finger ache!" she stormed. And yet she was aching, her heart was aching, her soul, her brain, all of her ached for William. "The most graceless of all!" she said. "But how I love him!" And she really believed she did. She took that tornado of frustration that swept her for one of the most heavenly loves that ever beautified a mortal woman.

Elena further knew—this entirely by her telephone—that the Lady Angel was engaged in town for the day. Since the little group of them had developed this craze for rusticity, one never knew when one would find someone at that little pigsty of a place, drinking tea under the apple trees, or even—she had heard of Macphersson and William doing it lending a hand in the cabbage patch.

As for that girl ——

Elena knew, with a sneer on her exquisite lip, where the maidservant would be occupied that afternoon. Just across the orchard wall one had seen the roof of that slightly larger pigsty where the last of the Thompsons lived. One would catch her at her work, no doubt, and one would interrupt it to say what one had to say. Elena reckoned that she maneuvered on a clear coast that afternoon.

Lord Charles lunched with her. She almost took him with her—for fun—such fun! But decided against it before the suggestion had risen to her lips. She asked him for news of Angel and Macphersson. Could it be really true ——

She asked him for news of Sarah; and as mutual friends of that great lady, they discussed together intimately the agonies of her heart.

"It's her pride, really; her wonderful glorious pride!" Elena said.

And Lord Charles agreed.

"Yes, it is her pride that makes old Sarah keep a stiff upper lip; and it is her pride that her son hurt most."

"And Bill?" questioned Elena casually. "I haven't seen him for some days."

At this Lord Charles became very careful. Of course he knew—and of course she knew, he supposed—what William was doing these days. He was running after that quaint little dancer with the real mother, and they said he wanted to marry her—not poor Elena who sat so cool and exquisite at the lunch table.

Also they said that he met the girl after the theater each night—what devotion! But she wouldn't marry him, so someone said.

"Now was it Macphersson," said Lord Charles very carefully, "or who was it that told me ——"

But it seemed Elena didn't much care after all. She dropped the subject of William.

"Have you been down there?" she asked.

"Down where, my dear?"

"To that cottage—since our Sunday when we all had tea under an apple tree."

"Once," said Lord Charles; "for a whim," he added, masking his face. "I took Mary. Yes, we've been. Have you?"

"Why should I?" said Elena with a little laugh.

All the same, she remembered her second visit; how she went stealing off alone; and alone had tea under the apple trees, waited upon by old Grace. And it had been as if a most frail, most angelic old child had waited in ignorance upon a restless spirit hot from an inferno. A long while Elena had sat there, trying to find peace. And trying to find it, she had asked to look again at the box of red plush and sea shells; she had looked at the photographs again, and at the family Bible. She had tried to talk to old Grace. But it was no use. In horror she had hastened away, back to the road where her car awaited her.

"I am too vitiated altogether," she had told herself, "for this kind of thing."

She leaned her chin on her hand, looking at Lord Charles, her eyelids narrowed over her eyes, an ordinary trick that she accomplished with especial significance and allure. But it left Lord Charles unmoved, as she knew it would.

"You are vitiated, too, Charles," she told him.

"We all are," said Lord Charles.

"You are tired and bored and blasé and terribly know-all," continued Elena. "You have had everything and done everything."

"Everything I could have and do," said Lord Charles

"You are vitiated."

"How you enjoy the word, my dear!"

"It describes you and me, Charles," she said with a jeer. "Shall you ever marry?"

"I hope so, my dear."

"Oh, you still have hope left?"

"We all have."

"When you marry, shall you be good?" asked Elena with a mocking smile.

"Again," said Lord Charles, "I hope so."

"Ferdinand is good," said Elena in a rage.

"Ferdinand," said Lord Charles, giving her a straight look, "is a man worth calling a man."

Then Elena was angrier, because everyone liked Ferdinand; also because it made her feel little and mean, a cheat and a cad, when some man looked her straight in the eyes and lauded Ferdinand. She hated to think of the absent one. She did not care how his farming prospered or his work went or his hopes rose or fell or his happiness waxed or waned. She wanted him, too, to be mean and capricious, willful and faithless. But he would not. She had driven him from her, and still he would not.

"I hate you, Charles," she said.

"I expect so," said Lord Charles; and he smiled.

Elena decided now definitely against taking him with her that afternoon. She drove down alone.

"I am always alone—alone—alone!" she fretted.

Literally, of course, she was seldom alone. She had a string of men at her beck and call, a host of would-be lovers. But they were nothing; they were just shadows passing lightly through her life, bringing exotic flowers of speech and gesture that lived for a day and then wilted.

"It is my curse," she thought. "I touch love and it wilts."

In spite of that, there was Ferdinand ——

Elena was looking very beautiful. She had the hectic fire of desperation on each thin cheek, making her face bloom strangely. Her eyes were half shut, swift, yet sleepy with the concentrated plotting of her desires. In a slim green frock and immense hat of orange color she walked through the cornfield on light feet that longed to hurry her to her goal. She had, in her bag of gold mesh, letters.

What letters!

William, Duke of Kingsland, had the imagination of a fairy prince when it came to a love letter. He was not one of those cautious, calculating fellows who never write anything that a woman can keep under her pillow at night, but who say everything in secret hours—and then deny those words from callous hearts when love is no more. No; William was a rich letter writer. He grudged no woman anything; in fact, he liked giving; he loved to see a woman happy. His fairy-prince vision made him generous and reckless with the lovely phrase and the endearing gesture. He knew—not cynically, but whimsically—out of what transient gossamer women build and furnish the magic palaces of their minds; he knew they were born builders of these palaces of love dreams; and he knew how they loved getting all the little treasures into all the myriad secret rooms. William had loved women very largely.

Therefore, what letters!

Elena came on her swift devouring feet to the little place of sleep; the old garden with the humble flowers and the gnarled trees, and the thatch, lichened over, on the roof of the cottage. She looked across the gate into the garden and saw old Grace on the porch, sewing on a large expanse of crazy stuffs.

"A jazz counterpane!" said Elena mockingly.

She entered, floating fragilely to the porch.

"A patchwork counterpane, ma'am, for my—for a bed," said old Grace, lifting her eyes and seeing the fine lady.

Elena lifted a corner of the thing, amused. And yet there was a dark deep place in her heart that was not amused at all. She knew—she guessed—whose bed that counterpane would adorn. She knew—Sarah had told her one day—about Robert. But old Grace had not told her. Old Grace had made no confidences to the fair, hard, frail Elena. And so some fineness that was there under all Elena's hard grain kept her now from saying, "I know! It is for your son Robert, who comes out of prison tomorrow. He will make the neighborhood quite nervous, I should say. That old maid in the little white house will be afraid to sleep of nights. Oh, I know all about it!" These things only passed mockingly through her mind as she held the corner of the crazy square.

"What a lot of patches!" she said.

"I keep all my pieces, ma'am," old Grace replied.

"What a good thing I don't," said Elena aloud—for she was in a queer, light, mad humor that afternoon—"or my life would be just like this counterpane, which has a hundred and one patches in it, all different."

"Two hundred and fifty, ma'am."

"My life would be in thousands of patches," answered Elena, laughing, "if I had kept them all. But I throw my patches away."

And she sat down. She fingered idly the corner of the counterpane. Her eyes ran over all the little seams and cross seams stitched with such patience by old Grace's frugal fingers. There were little patches and big patches, colors of importance and colors of no importance at all. There were episodes of drabness and episodes of shining silk and satin and velvet, hued brightly. This work was nearly finished. There lay over the back of the old woman's chair long strips of a red material that presently would border the counterpane all round, hemming in all that jumble of stuffs and colors together, so that forever they must consort one with the other. The counterpane was like something woven from the loom of fate, not out of anything predestined, or chosen, but just out of anything that the maker could lay her hands upon. It had to be made somehow, and somehow she made it. It seemed to Elena to be just how people made their lives, out of things that just happened to them; things that were under their eye and hand at a certain moment; and it seemed to her that the result was the same sort of chaos, hemmed in, all about, with a restricting limitation of laws.

"Mine," she said, laughing again, "would be an even crazier patchwork than yours."

Old Grace looked steadily up at the fine lady who seemed to be part smiling, part sneering, part interested, part abstracted. But she herself was neither sneering nor abstracted; she was too happy over the patchwork quilt. And so she began, since the lady no doubt expected some conversation, to explain it:

"The piece your hand's on now, that came out of a little velvet cloak that Miss Thompson made my Grace one Christmas when she was a very little girl. And the green bit beside it, ma'am, that's a piece of the dress I wore at all the christenings. And the patches here are mostly what Miss Thompson gave me out of her bag of pieces. And the border I'm going to put round, that was the curtain we had over our bedroom window when we were first married. You see the little fancywork bit, ma'am? Margaret did that in school. And the piece in the middle—the big piece—you see it, ma'am?—blue cashmere?—it's a bit of my wedding dress."

Now something awoke in Elena's heart that said to her:

"Answer gently, for you are a woman, too, and had a wedding day." This must have happened, for she put a thin forefinger on the patch, respectfully to feel its texture, and smiling up at old Grace, she said in a womanly way, "Blue! So you were married in blue!"

"I had blue eyes," said old Grace, blushing softly all over her face.

"You have still," said Elena.

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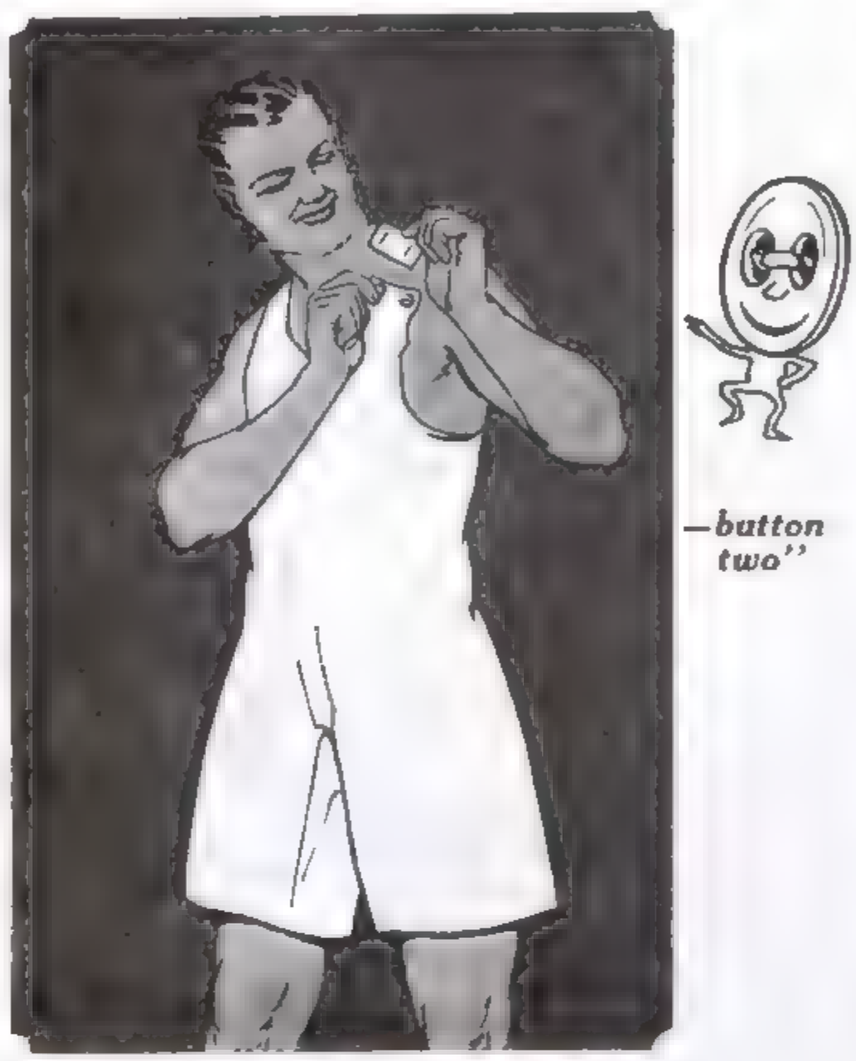

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5

"I had a white bonnet," said old Grace—"little straw bonnets was worn then—with blue strings."

Elena sat very still, looking down again at the blue patch.

"My posy was roses out of this very garden. He would pick it."

"It must have been a sweet wedding," Elena murmured.

"All weddings are sweet, ma'am," said old Grace, musing.

And Elena whispered, "They are, aren't they? But wedding days don't last forever!" she said fiercely after a moment.

Old Grace looked at her, out of her musing.

"Tell me," said Elena with a little smile, "haven't you any regrets?"

"No, ma'am," said old Grace; "no regrets, ma'am. No, not one." And she looked out beyond Elena; beyond the confines of this little place of toil and sleep; she looked away into all those very long, very hard, very sweet years.

"How does one manage that, I wonder?" said Elena to herself. But she spoke aloud.

"Every woman knows for herself how that is done," said old Grace; and she spoke to herself, too, and yet aloud.

Elena knew this to be true. She knew, as every woman knows, the way to go. She had set her feet upon the road and turned back. She wanted to ride or dance over the road, skirting all the dangerous places, the dark and the hard places, only lingering where the sun was warm and the flowers grew. But when she knew that all women must walk the journey just the same, through the same shadowed nights and scorching days, through all the tempests that the seasons brought, she had turned back. She had looked for fairer country; but she had not found it. She knew many women who had tired, and had looked for the fairer country. But none had found it. And now she, like they, had nowhere to go. Her soul, like theirs, was homeless.

"Life is hard," she said to herself, but again aloud.

"Yes, ma'am," said old Grace.

Elena bit her lips.

"I was a coward," she thought, "to say that." And to her astonishment and chagrin, shame flamed in her. "It is hardly decent," it was revealed to her, "to say that, sitting beside this old woman whose hardships and troubles have all been mountains to my molehills. I am tired—oh, yes; but with boredom, with nerves and—I am not tired with bearing children on starvation wages; not tired over the washtub and the scrub pail. All we women are just tired with luxuries; with the greatest luxury of all the luxuries that we permit ourselves—a temperament."

She thought suddenly of defending herself, and saying to old Grace, "But then you have no temperament."

Only, when she looked at the face of the frail old peasant, worn with fires and tears and sorrows and stresses innumerable, yet brave as an untutored child through it all, she could not.

"I am not only indecent," she thought crudely; "I am worse—I am ludicrous."

It was like crying over a finger ache to a soldier half killed in battle, or bemoaning the loss of a toy to Niobe, to say "My life's hard" to old Grace. At least Elena saw so much, though her perceptions were weakened and awry.

She felt a hand touch her.

"This, ma'am, is the piece from the christening bonnet."

"The christening bonnet?"

"They all wore it—girls and boys."

Elena looked at the patch. It was white satin yellowed with age.

"It seemed to me, ma'am, that anybody lying under this quilt, with bits of the wedding in, and bits of all the christenings in, and bits of so many things he can remember in it too—I think a person might get some good by it."

"I am sure he would," whispered Elena with a husky laugh.

"It is a foolish fancy," said old Grace; "still, you never know."

"No," Elena agreed.

Then her hand fell on the gold mesh bag, bulged with the letters. Here she was, sitting and talking of anything save what she had come to talk of to young Grace, staying here on the cottage porch, when all she had meant to do was to pause and ask, "Do you think Miss Thompson would allow me to speak to your daughter?" and then to pass on. Here she was with tears in her throat and her heart softening and softening—for no reason at all! "You fool!" she said to herself. "To hesitate a moment over something so vital, so terribly vital! Go at once!"

She looked up at old Grace, who was gazing fondly at the white satin patch, as if it could grow and change and flower like the many babies whose heads it had helped to cover.

"I wonder," she said suddenly, preliminarily to her more important question, "what you think of us all. Don't we surprise you, my friends and I? Doesn't our constant invasion of your garden seem curious to you? Only a fortnight ago we first came here for tea, and now—aren't you surprised?"

Old Grace smiled.

"No, ma'am; you have your fancies"—and she looked again at the white satin patch—"just like I have mine."

"Fancies?" said Elena. "Yes, that's what they are—fancies. We get whims—crazes, you know ——" She paused.

"Certainly, ma'am," said old Grace mildly.

"We are idle," said Elena; "it is something new to come here and sit in this hidden place, and have tea and rest and think where no one would ever find us."

"Yes, ma'am. You have, like you say, your whims."

A sudden reaction took place in Elena. She was almost angry at being thus casually interpreted.

"I believe, to her, we're just inquisitive people from another world; to her we're not even people in fact. We are drifting, worthless, silly freaks for whom her kind has for generations been trained to pretend a respect."

She had risen, but now she dropped on her knees beside old Grace.

"I'm real!" she cried, and suddenly she found tears running down her cheeks.

"Why," she thought, "I mustn't cry! Why ——"

They had gone indoors, into the quiet room with the geraniums guarding the windows. Old Grace sat in her hard little armchair, and on her brownstone floor Elena knelt, huddled up against her, crying. Elena's eyes had been so long dry with pride that now she cried as from a broken heart. And over and over again she had put her questions:

"It was worth it all?"

"Yes, ma'am—yes."

"All the hard work, all the dullness, all the—the anxieties, all the pain, all the poverty—worth it all?"

"Yes, ma'am; yes."

"Was it—was it because you loved your husband so that it was worth it all?"

"Yes, ma'am, perhaps. But besides ——"

"Oh, what? What? What? Tell me!"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"You don't know! Oh, God!"

"It is just—I am an ignorant old woman, my dear, and I don't know how to explain. And I—I get mazed ——"

And she was puzzled and stressed and pink, poor old Grace, trying to follow the flashings of the younger woman's passion. But she was steadfast.

"It's worth it all. To have done it, and brought them all up; all my little children now big grown-up people doing well in the world—all except ——"

"I think I see," whispered Elena. "You have done the biggest thing—the best thing—you knew how, and you have done it bravely, and—and you have loved people very much, and they have loved you. They must have loved you very, very much."

"Yes, my dear," nodded old Grace, and through her compassion she shone with pride.

"You are triumphant!" gasped Elena. "Little and weak and old and poor, and money doesn't tempt you!" She was thinking of Macpherson. "And rank doesn't tempt you!"

She was thinking of the duke, but remembered that old Grace had been spared the horror of his identity.

"Nothing tempts you; nothing corrupts you; nothing dismays you. You are what Mac—Mac—Macpherson said—something money can't buy. Is it that you have endured so much that you are not afraid of anything ever any more? Is endurance the secret of it all?"

"Oh, I am often very frightened, my dear," said old Grace bravely.

"You are very wise," said Elena. "Call yourself stupid if you like, but you are very wise. I believe you can tell me all the things I want to know if I can make you understand my questions. Is it—is it worth any

(Continued on Page 111)

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GET IT AT SHATTUCK'S

(Continued from Page 108)

sacrifice to keep the faith as you have done?"

"Eh, my dear?"

Elena faltered, "I have a husband—out in Rhodesia."

"I don't know where that is, my dear, but it's where you ought to be."

"I don't love him."

"You did on the wedding day, my dear."

"Ah, then!"

"If you can't love him now, my dear, leastways you can go and do your duty."

"Is it worth it?"

"You reckon things up too much, my dear. Just go right on straightforward, and if you do your best and he does his, it will all come right."

"Will it?" said Elena faintly. And then she knew that she did not want it to come right; she had not tried to make it come right; she had tried to make it go very wrong, indeed, for she wanted another man. Elena had a crude view of herself unglossed by explanation of temperament.

"It will, my dear."

"I love another man. I—I—I have his letters in my bag—here." She tore the letters from the bag. "These are his love letters"

A change came over old Grace. Abstraction had left her faded eyes. They became blue again, and they flashed. Her face set firm. She gazed searchingly at Elena as if she gazed into her very heart, and Elena gazed back. Old Grace took charge.

"Give me those letters, my dear."

Now was Elena's time to get up and run, for did she not want the sharp spear of the letters in her coming warfare with Grace the younger? Now was the time to thrust them back into her bag, and to go, repenting of her foolish, unprecedented, mad confessions to an old peasant woman who after all knew nothing —nothing—of the complexities, the subtleties of life as lived by her betters.

But Elena handed over the letters of William's fairy-prince imagination.

There were the embers of a little red fire burning in the grate and on the hob a kettle just beginning to sing for tea. Elena saw the fire and the kettle very vividly. She sat back on her heels on the brownstone floor and watched while old Grace put the letters into the grate. Elena did not speak a word. Old Grace held the letters down with the poker and they blazed up, just bringing the singing kettle to the boil.

"I'll make you a cup of tea, ma'am," she heard old Grace saying.

Elena awoke from the trance and saw the last of the letters turning to red ash; then they turned to gray ash. The poker stirred and broke them. They were nothing.

"I had rather thought of seeing your pretty daughter," she said, touching her lips with the tip of her tongue, for her mouth had gone dry during that holocaust. "But—but ——"

"This is the afternoon that she goes to dance in London," old Grace replied.

Then Elena remembered that it was a matinée day. She had been a fool, indeed—a fool!

Had she? She looked up at old Grace. It made her laugh again, that, very faintly.

XV

AS SOON as Elena returned to town she rang up William.

"Bill," said her husky voice faintly, "the letters ——" And she heard him reply, keyed to a fierce anxiety she herself had never waked in him, "Elena, you haven't ——"

"Listen!" she said. "No, I haven't. It is all right. I never shall. The letters are burned. . . . How's Sarah?"

"Feeling pretty awful, I'm afraid. I've been with her all day; and now she's decided to drive down to ——"

"Old Grace?"

Their voices blurred together over the telephone as she took the words from him. He assented.

"The other mother," said Elena, and softly she faltered, "The poor old things!"

"Elena, thank you about the letters. My dear, you're such a fine sort if only you'd ——"

"Good-by."

Just as Elena was hanging up the receiver her parlor maid came in to say that the Lady Angel and Mr. Macphersson had looked in to see her.

"Bring them up," said Elena; "bring them here."

Elena stood at the windows of her little boudoir overlooking the park. She was not accustomed to receive there in a general way. It was her own little intimate room. But this evening she could not tear herself from the soft greens of the park in the glow of a slowly setting sun. She took her big orange hat wearily from her head and laid it down upon a divan of gold color. And she was thinking, thinking. Half she accepted what old Grace had told her, and half she rebelled against and refused it. For she loved her life—the strange excitements of it; the dancing and the dinner parties; the restaurants; Ranelagh and Hurlingham; Derby Day and Goodwood; her wondrous clothes; the long rites of her exotic toilet; driving through evening London, exquisite from head to heel, to the adventure that never happened. She loved her little gold-and-amber boudoir, with the green views over the great park.

Yet the letters had been burned; William loved elsewhere, and this time he loved truly and well; she did not deny it. So what remained? Only the adventure that somehow never really happened—the big nameless adventure that all foolish women look for rather than till the rich ground under their feet. Perhaps for a long while Elena had known that all was vanity, but until now she had never said it.

"Vanity of vanities," she said to herself now, as she stood waiting for the Lady Angel and Mr. Macphersson to invade the twilight privacy of this memorable room.

The Lady Angel came first, running in ahead of the parlor maid, who was trying conventionally to perform her duty. The Lady Angel was eager, yet hesitant; laughing, yet serious; subdued, yet glowing. And as this girl ran towards her, Elena knew on what threshold her young feet were set and what voice called her.

She was hearing the call of a world sweet as perpetual spring; she ran to the jasmined door.

"You are passing the way I have walked before," Elena thought. "I know every step of your feet. I wonder if they will go on seeking—seeking—until they come upon the print of my feet in the desert, before them."

Strange thoughts were in Elena's head. She felt terribly old and wise. But she was neither old nor wise enough, all the same, not to envy very bitterly the Lady Angel.

The girl cried ardently, "Oh, my Elena, what a time for us to come troubling you! We are on our way home from Ranelagh, and wondered ——"

"She wondered ——" said Mr. Macphersson, who had now appeared, duly announced.

"—— wondered if you were in," cried the Lady Angel in a breathless ecstasy. "I said, of course, you would be—you must be dressing. I meant to rush up to you and tell you ——"

"Leaving me in the hall," interpolated Mr. Macphersson; but very pleased and proud and important he looked all the same, as if a rôle by no means lowly had been assigned to him.

"—— tell you my—our news," whispered the Lady Angel, now close up to the still, smiling Elena, and holding her by the arms. "We only settled it in the car on the way up ——"

"Inconvenient place and too short a time," said Mr. Macphersson. "It's a coupé, to be sure, but I had to drive, as well, and ——"

"You will never guess!" cried the Lady Angel.

"I have guessed," said Elena.

"What?" faltered the Lady Angel, and her pretty face was as pink as her hat.

Mr. Macphersson looked at her proudly.

"You two are going to be married"

"Oh, Elena! Elena! Congratulate us!"

"With all my heart," said Elena in her husky voice.

"I have yet to break it to her family," remarked Mr. Macphersson.

"Family!" said the Lady Angel scornfully. "Mary and I being two orphaned bachelor girls, we have no family lording it over us. What family there is can mind their own business."

She looked from Elena to Mr. Macphersson.

"He doesn't like me to be a bachelor girl."

"I am a ver-ra prejudiced man," he explained.

He gazed proudly at the Lady Angel, who said, "After all, please wait in the hall, dear, because I want to tell Elena—things."

"Good-by, and apologies for the intrusion," said Mr. Macphersson to Elena, and he went out chuckling.

"Oh, Elena," said the Lady Angel, "are you surprised?"

"Not very," said Elena.

"I want to tell you all about it, my dear—how it happened. It seems he fell in love with me the first moment he saw me."

"Ah!" Elena murmured throatily.

"It seems he hated the life we led and the ideas we had—Mary and I. He used to say the most brutal things to me, dear—adoring me all the time. I think that was lovely."

Elena nodded.

"I'd been seeing a good deal of him lately. He took me down once or twice to that dear funny old cottage where the sweet old woman lives—Grace's mother, you know. He has told me since that he loved me in simple surroundings; he saw then I wasn't the sort of heartless, frivolous wretch I seemed. We had tea there, you know, and talked a lot. Oh, we talked such a lot, Elena!"

Elena's smile was wistful and inscrutable.

"That is only magic," she said.

"But it lasts! Oh, Elena, it lasts?"

Elena nodded slowly.

"There is some queer power about it that does last. Yes, it does last. It does! It does! If you forget it, you remember it again. If you throw it away, it comes back."

"And, Elena, now I want to tell you how it happened. Coming up from Ranelagh today"—her voice sank—"suddenly he turned to me and said ——"

"I know!" cried Elena sharply. "Don't tell me!"

"But it was the queerest love making, Elena. You know, he is so different. You know, I've longed to go on the stage. One of the first things he said to me was that he would never allow it. 'We shall have three children,' he said; 'two boys to knock each other about and a girl for you, Angel.' And he promised me absolutely everything in the world that he could get for me. The queerest proposal, driving up from Ranelagh; and yet ——"

The Lady Angel began to weep a little through her smiles.

"He is wonderful. Strong, you know, Elena; worth while. I—I suppose I love him."

"I suppose you do."

"We're dining together tonight. I must fly."

"Fly then."

"I'm so—so happy!"

"And what of Mary?"

"Mary had better marry Charles at once."

"I wonder if I shall see your weddings," said Elena in a slow voice.

Mr. Macphersson tapped at the door and entered.

"I've come back," he announced firmly. "I don't like your hall a bit," he said to Elena; "and besides, time isn't standing still. I've come back to fetch my young woman."

He took the Lady Angel's arm and squeezed it.

"I was saying to Elena," said she, turning to him, "that Mary might as well marry Charles now."

"Ha," said Mr. Macphersson, "a good idea!"

"And Bill," said Elena, "will get Grace."

She had nerved and steeled herself to make this prophecy, and very creditably she uttered it.

"I doubt it," said Mr. Macphersson, "and I doubt if I shall get Grace, either, dear lady. Little Grace belongs to a faith."

"A faith?"

"Her old mother's."

"I wonder," considered the Lady Angel, "if it is not a fine thing to belong to a faith."

But she held fast to Mr. Macphersson's arm all the same.

"It is a cold thing," cried Elena rebelliously.

"It is happier," said Mr. Macphersson, "when one can combine the two—faith in a loved one."

He thought Elena did not see the pressure he gave to the Lady Angel's little hand snuggling between his arm and his side; but Elena saw and heard and felt everything that day.

"Faith in a loved one," murmured the Lady Angel happily.

"I have no loved one," said Elena.

Mr. Macphersson and the Lady Angel looked at her as they stood together in the sunset in the gold-and-amber room. And Elena, straight and frail and pale, in her dim green frock, was like a lonely flower parched by drought.

The Lady Angel spoke, saying, "But you are a loved one, Elena."

Elena was then like a thirsty flower that has been given rain to drink. The petals of her eyelids opened widely; her slim stalk of a figure straightened; her mouth became red; and she said softly, "Yes; I am a loved one."

Mr. Macphersson and the Lady Angel stood together, looking at her.

"We shall have to go," said Mr. Macphersson at last.

The Lady Angel hovered, asking, "But you, Elena?"

"I?" answered Elena. "I am going to Rhodesia."

XVI

BUT while Mr. Macphersson and the Lady Angel and Elena came to some happy understanding of life in the gold boudoir overlooking the twilight greens of the park, the two mothers sat together on the porch of the cottage, talking. They talked intermittently, with long pauses between; but their talk was of the same treasure. They talked of their sons. They talked of their anxious burdens; they talked of their fallen hopes; they talked of their wicked, wicked babies.

But they did not talk of two criminals for whom none but their mothers discovered any tenderness, and of whom none but those that bore them knew the ultimate good. They did not speak of two criminals who, tomorrow, would come, forlorn, out into a world that abjured them.

The sun set and the garden was growing very slowly dim, as it did before when the countess had visited the old and humble woman, and the countess was saying:

"I can never forgive—no! No! I owe it to my family and our name not to forgive; but also, as you will easily understand, dear friend, I can never forget. When I woke up this morning I woke up remembering things. I cannot think why I should suddenly remember that when he was three—only three—he used to run away from his nurse into the gardens and pick me the flowers he thought the most beautiful and come and lay them in my lap."

The countess looked out with dry eyes into the humble garden. She sat quite still. In the dim light old Grace spoke:

"Since you understand so well, ma'am, I can tell you how at this time of a summer day, all the birds and the beasts and the creeping things going home, and the bees back in the hives, ma'am, I sit here and seem to think how he'll come running any minute over the wall there, and round the apple trees, all out of breath because he's stayed out too long and he knows his mammy is waiting to put him to bed. Every summer evening, when he was a little boy, he stayed out too long; but he said he was sorry, and when I tucked him up he put his arms round my neck. Yes, he's been sorry, ma'am, whenever he's done wrong; but it was only when he was a little boy that his mother could forgive him for all the world. I don't seem to feel it hard to explain to you, ma'am, since you understand"

"My son was such a fine boy; when I looked at him I used to think, 'And I am your mother!' Do you know that when he was only fifteen he hunted his own pack of beagles in the holidays? And he dared anything! There was nothing he wouldn't dare!"

"My boy had a little terrier, it was given him for a present by a gentleman. It was only a mongrel dog, but you wouldn't believe the love it had for him, ma'am. And they used to play together, him and the little dog. They used to play hide and seek over that wall there between me and Miss Thompson's Over Robert would go, and lie down under the wall to hide, and over the dog would go after him. Hide and seek over the wall! Sometimes I wake in the night and think I hear that little dog bark as he jumps to look for Robert. A silly fancy to tell you of, ma'am, but you seem as if you understand"

The countess, not listening to old Grace any more than old Grace listened to her, mused on:

"So many years of school, and the boy has his secrets; so many years at the university, and the young man has his secrets; then his own rooms in London—a career—all those hidden amusements, excitements, pastimes a hidden life! A mother can't follow."

"When he left school at thirteen, Robert got work on a farm. I don't know, ma'am, as his associates was always good. I—I don't know. Sometimes I've been very

(Continued on Page 114)

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(Continued from Page 111)

frightened. And once or twice he worked away from home. A mother can't watch, ma'am. You understand?"

"The baby is lost!" cried the countess, rocking a little on her chair; and she pressed her hands to her breast.

Silence in the garden. The birds were still, the flowers closing. Old Grace looked toward the ivied wall, and her eyes and ears were strained as if by some happy miracle she might hear the questing bark and the answering shout, and see a ghostly little dog leap over the wall to find a ghostly little boy.

"Terrible!" said the countess. "Terrible when the end came! All planned for an escape, I knew later, when I knew all. But before he had time to leave the country they took him—at his rooms in St. James's. His rooms that I helped him to furnish—such fun, such joy, having an independent, grown-up son! One is so busy—he seemed so busy—so do you know what he used to do on my birthdays? He used to come and have breakfast with me—beside my bed! I breakfast in bed always. . . . Oh, those birthday breakfasts! He was my child again."

"I remember, ma'am, as well as if it was yesterday, how he spent his first savings on a present for me. He started at three and sixpence a week as plowboy, but rose to five shillings within the year. Sixpence I let him keep for his own pocket. He bought me a little cage and a canary. It sang so sweet.

"A long time ago; but as I sit here it seems as if it was yesterday. . . . You seem to understand it all, ma'am. . . . They took him in a ditch where he was hiding. He was running away, but a man don't get far on his own feet. Yes, down in a ditch he fell when he saw them coming; but ——"

"I am leaving London early tomorrow morning; I am going to Paris; then to Rome; the Lido, perhaps ——"

"Tomorrow morning, ma'am, I start before sunrise. The chaplain there, he knows, and Robert knows, that I shall be at the gate when the boy comes out."

Someone was hurrying up the garden path from the cornfield; a real boy, no ghost; a boy in a belted uniform. He was taking something from the pouch at his belt.

He came up and put the telegram into the first hand outstretched to take it. That hand was the countess'.

The lad stood apart from them, waiting. He whistled softly and was impatient to be gone.

"A telegram for you, dear friend," said the countess.

Old Grace took the telegram and opened it and peered at the words.

"I haven't my glasses, ma'am. If your eyes are better than mine, would you please mind reading it out to me?"

So the countess took it, and as soon as the tidings struck her a veritable blow between the eyes she said to the waiting boy:

"No answer,"

and he was gone.

The countess paused, white and trembling.

"Can you see it, ma'am?" asked old Grace.

The countess trembled and blanched, and she tried to answer, but failed.

"What is it, ma'am?" said old Grace.

The countess might have prepared her; she might have said, "Bad news, I fear," only that she was a mother, too, just such a mother; and she knew that the news was not bad, after all. A mother could hear worse things than what the telegram contained.

So at last, quite simply, she said, "I think that the chaplain sends you this news."

"Yes, ma'am?"

"That your son Robert is dead. He died this morning."

The old woman rose from her chair; she turned her face, alight with amazement and with purpose, to the other old woman.

"My son is out of prison? My son is free?"

"Your son is dead."

"My son is out of prison and will be wanting me, and I must go to him."

So she sank, crumpled, softly back into her chair, and made the journey.

The countess heard no wind of wings; she felt no passing; no darkness fell on the garden, only the last gleam of sunset turned it to the purple of the victory. But when she laid her hand on old Grace's she knew why and whither and how triumphantly she had gone.

She did not know how long she sat there, feeble, hushed. The sun sank and the sky went pale, the earth went dark; it was nearly star time when she saw her brother standing beside her.

"Sarah, wake up, my dear!"

"I am awake; wide, wide, William."

"Sarah! But she—asleep?"

"Robert is dead."

"My God!" said the duke softly; "but she—asleep?"

The countess rose; she turned on him a face alight with amazement and with purpose.

"She has gone to her son, and I am going to mine."

And so she went swiftly from the garden, leaving him there.

The duke stayed in the enchanted garden. All had been done; he had fetched Miss Thompson from the little white house and discovered her for all time as human; a useless doctor had been and seen and gone away; and Miss Thompson also had left him an hour ago; the little hard empty chairs with chintz petticoats had been carried in from the porch and set tidily against the wall within.

As for Miss Thompson, she had said, "I don't like leaving you here alone. So sad, and men don't like sadness." And she had peered at him very ruefully as she said this.

"But, you know," the duke answered, "I was almost her son. Some day I might have been. And so I shall wait for Grace."

She had said then:

"Bring the girl to sleep in my house tonight."

And the duke answered, "You have a beautiful heart."

And she said, "Many people have—buried deep."

So here he was alone in the garden.

The night had made the earth a vast and mystic field, which the waning moon still had power to turn to silver. The path down to the cornfield was white and shining for the lovely feet that would come, and the fairy prince waited; ineffable peace and happiness brooded; there was promise in the garden as if old Grace had left a parting benison. There were no secrets any more, for now she knew all; she was wise beyond her earthly scope; she had left her little mortal fears dead behind her, and already from heaven surely she blessed them. No, there were no secrets now, for all the flowers were awake and stirred, talking.

Then just at midnight came the fairy feet; he saw Grace running home through the silver field. She ran light as a child or a fawn, but he knew that she was a tired one, and when he met her he picked her up in his arms and carried her.

And as he carried her along he said, "You are mine and I am yours forever."

He took her to the bench round the fourth apple tree, and there they sat, in spite of its being the middle of the night, because he did not want her yet to go into the cottage in case she felt death in it, although it was now so happy, with all prisoners set free.

He did not know how to begin to tell the wistful news to such a tired one, to such a little one, as she who rested in his arms, so he led her to it along a gentle path, with little winds and songs on the way. He kissed her. He said:

"Once upon a time—now listen, dear heart, and never mind how sleepily—there was a little Cinderella of a girl who used to drudge all day and dance at night, and return home to sleep under the roof of her mother. And her mother was a love; she was perfectly good, and wise in a way; but it was the way of a child, so that when more worldly people came along with offers of gold for Cinderella if she forsook the path of what her mother conceived to be her duty, for the path of fame, those worldly people could never manage to make their propositions to the old woman. They just fell under a spell, and they came to her little enchanted house to listen to her just like her children had listened long ago. And there came a man who loved Cinderella and wanted to carry her off for his princess, and he imagined the old woman would be only too glad, and would fall at his feet, and even sell him her daughter.

"But when he came to the little enchanted house he found himself unable to confess his identity to the old woman, because he had been what she would have thought a very bad man.

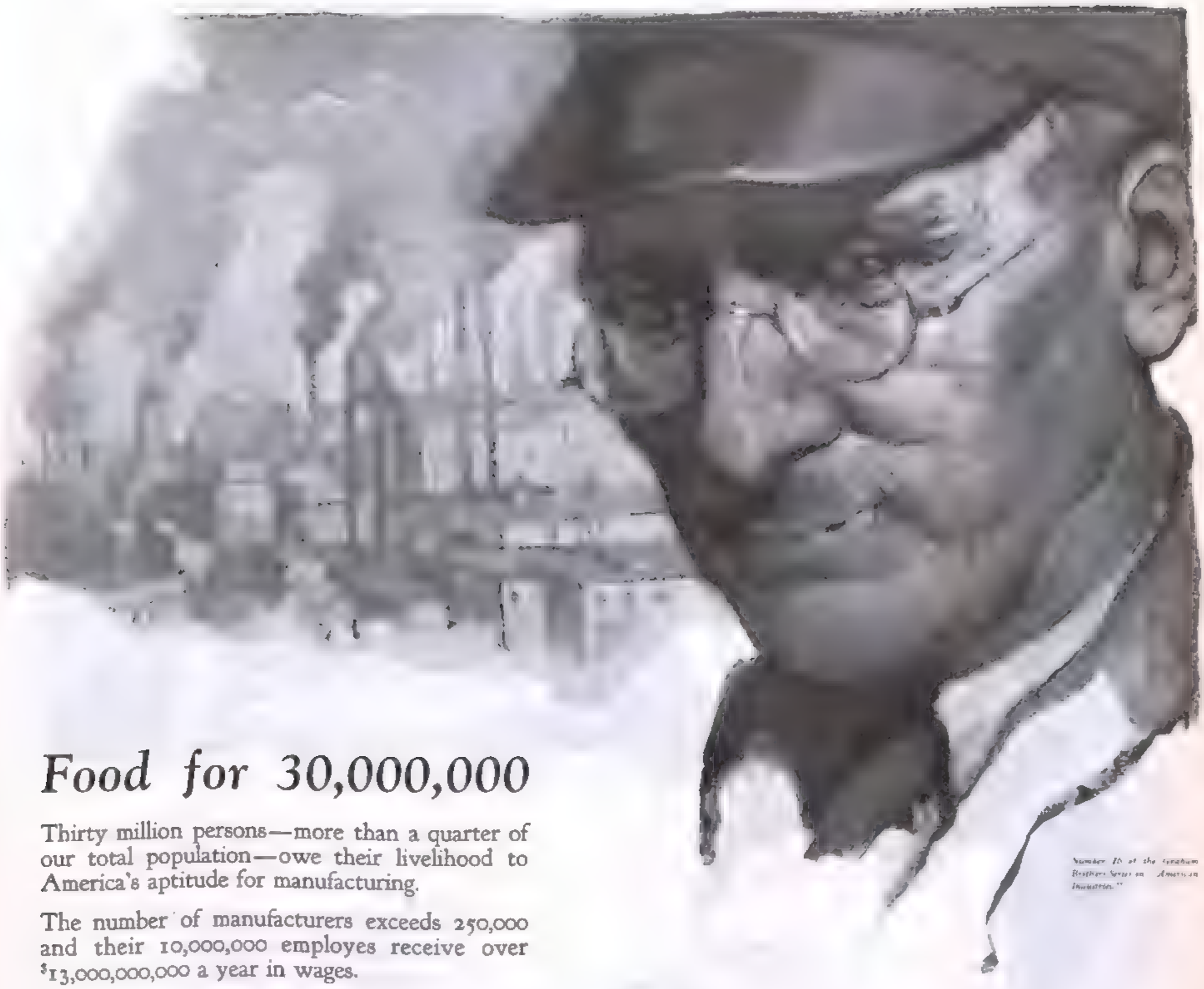
"So he fell under her spell like the others; but he did love Cinderella, and so all he could do—since her faith was the faith of her mother—was to try to retrieve his character, and hope for her one day.

"But while he was waiting and waiting, the old woman got news that one of her sons—the only wicked child she had—had died in prison. And she knew that wherever he was he needed her. So—now stay quite sleepy, dear heart—she left her little house and her little garden; she left the earth, and she went to find him.

"Now she had been a child living in a valley; she had never gone up on the hilltops or flown through the heavens, looking down upon earth as God does; seeing evil and good, seeing great and little, rich and poor, gay and sober, cruel and kind, hot and cold—all together in a great fabric. But when she left the earth behind her to go to look for that wicked child, she was able to look down and to see more things than she had ever dreamed of.

"And so I believe she sees that the rich man who loves Cinderella isn't so bad after all; I believe she sees the whole world now without dividing walls; I think even that she may look down on Babylon and say to herself only, 'The bad children are playing pirates after bedtime!' And I think that when she has seen the angels dance, she will understand the other little dancing feet. And I think she will send us down her fondest love. Don't you, dear heart?"

(THE END)



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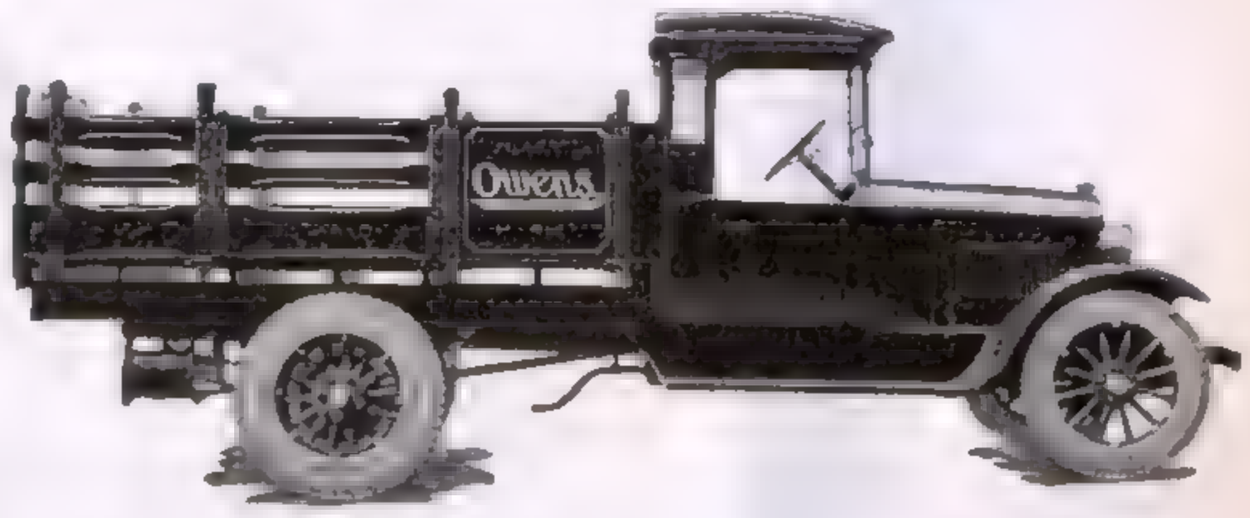

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After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

THE OPENER OF WAYS

(Continued from Page 15)

"You ought to have known better than to throw out that camel meat and cheese on the ground," I said severely.

"So that's how, hey? I sure wondered. But where did you blow from?"

"Where did you?"

"We been up and down this old river most a month, lookin' high and low for you and your rotten boat."

"Six steamers we've rid on," said Wally in a tone of personal grievance.

"Seven," Hardtack corrected. "But we made distance every time before they throwed us off."

"And now we're busted."

There was no news in that.

"But what about this monkey business? What on earth are you guys scaring people for?"

Wally chuckled.

"It was Hardtack's idea," he said. "We was flat broke and had to eat."

"But surely ——"

"Surely nothing! One village we tried a little ways from here, it looked like they aimed to beat us up. Didn't it, Hardtack?"

"We dassent sleep anywheres near the place. No, sir. So we drifted along, and about sundown we seen this idol. Ain't he a bearcat!"

"But that singing!"

"Well, I'll tell you. Me and Wally, we figured it'd be safer to sleep out in the fields—these birds might take it into their heads to bump us off in the night—and while we was out there, along come a native woman and begun to slide down that statue of Rameses the Great layin' out there."

"Ibrahim's wife," I said.

"Yeh? What's the big idea?"

"She wants a son."

"What'd I tell you, Wally? I knowed it was some kind of superstition. So I says to Wally, 'If that's the kind they are it's easy pickin's,' and we clumb up here and bedded down."

"I thought of it first."

"But I done thought about the eats first, didn't I? Didn't I? You got to admit I did. Yeh, and I sung first too."

"And they all run off, hell bent for election!"

"Is that so? They brought the chow, anyhow."

"Who thought of Yes, We Have No Bananas?" demanded Wally hotly.

"What's that got to do with it? What good did that do?"

"It fetched him up here, didn't it?"

"Well, let's cut this out and get moving," I suggested. "Bring Achmed along."

They hesitated. "He's like to squeal and land us in trouble."

"No, he won't," I promised. "I'll guarantee Achmed will never so much as open his face about it."

"Why won't he?"

"Because he's got too much sense." I could see that Achmed listened eagerly. "He's going home and tell a fine story to his wife and the priest and the whole village how the god swept him up from the earth and held him a prisoner for twenty-four hours."

"What'll he lie like that for?"

"He'll be a great man in his own home town," I went on; "and if he works it properly ——"

"There'll be beaucoup piasters in it for him, hey? Gee, I'd like to stay here myself! It's a swell graft."

"Come on, hurry up. If we get a move on we can get back to my boat without anybody seeing us. Turn Achmed loose. He'll behave."

They did so.

Achmed rubbed his cramped wrists and his eyes wandered from one face to another. He was scared half to death, but he finally managed a faint propitiatory smile and said, "Fine and dandy, yes?"

"Didn't I tell you he spoke American good?" cried Wally.

"Sure!" assented Achmed, anxious to clinch the point. "Telephone-telegraph—Yankee Doodle Dandy—what the hell—thank you—good day."

We descended, leaving Achmed aloft. He had agreed to stay there until we were well beyond the village—it would be easy for him to place our position by the barking of the dogs—and to keep his mouth shut as to what he had seen in the chamber.

Not a moving thing did we glimpse as we made our way through the fields. Every native kept indoors, probably with his head under a blanket to escape the evil eye, and everything that lived they had taken into the huts or corrals with them, fearful lest they be bewitched. We made the dahabeah without incident and went to bed.

An hour after sunup Ibrahim arrived, out of breath. We were just preparing to cast off.

"Achmed," he panted, "is back. He talked with the god."

"Yet he's whole and well?"

"The god put a spell on him so he went to sleep. It is in his sleep he talk with him, so he say."

"Well?"

"What do you think?"

"It's none of my business. Figure it out for yourself."

"No can do."

"What does the priest say?"

"Ah, that Achmed!" exclaimed Ibrahim. "He is like the fox. You know what he do, sair?"

"Uh-huh."

"He come back with a message, and it is as the priest say. The singing it was to warn us to return to the true faith." Ibrahim gently scratched the fingers of one hand against the palm of the other to indicate the motive.

"How do the people take it?"

"They are gone to the mosque."

"But how does that benefit Achmed?"

"He will get other messages, you see, and for each one the priest give him money. Only ——"

"Only what?"

"His wife, sair, I think she know Achmed is a liar. She say there is another woman."

It was time to start.

"We're going down the river," I said, "and then on a camping trip into the desert. Want to come?"

"To shoot at the ducks? And the wolfs maybe?"

"Maybe."

"Sure I go."

He set off at a lope toward the village to inform his wife he was going on a journey and would not be home for a month. Within twenty minutes he was back, his legs swinging wildly from the rump of a galloping donkey.

"Me fetch him?"

"No; a caravan will meet us—plenty donkey and camel."

"All right," said Ibrahim cheerfully, giving the beast a lusty whack. "He go home. Yes; very wise."

He did not see Hardtack and Wally until we were downstream a considerable distance, as I thought it better that Ibrahim should not associate their presence with the village. When they came, yawning, to a late breakfast, Ibrahim surmised they had made the trip with me as guests and immediately attached himself to the pair as personal attendant.

"Say," said Hardtack in late afternoon as he stretched out at ease in a deck chair and idly watched the Nile Valley glide past, "this is sittin' on the world. Another gin rickey, boy!"

"Comin' up, sair," responded Ibrahim.

A fortnight later we were camped in the Libyan, close to the edge of an oasis. We had sleeping tent and dining tent, bath tent, cook tent, eight camels, several donkeys, chef, waiter, armed guard, and camel and donkey boys. Our dinner that night consisted of soup, lamb chops with carrots and peas, spinach with egg, roast turkey and potatoes, asparagus with hollandaise sauce, snow pudding, fruit, nuts, Turkish delight, and coffee.

Hardtack kept his nose close to the plate throughout the meal—he always brought his mouth down to his food in preference to the other method—but when he had finished he sat back and remarked, "Say, do you call this campin'?"

"They do in Egypt."

"I've seen the day when you was glad to get beans!"

"That's why you're here."

"Maybe that'll hold you for a while, you big lummox," gloated Wally. "Where're your manners, anyhow?"

Hardtack occupied himself with rolling a cigarette, but it was plain that something troubled him.

"Man to man," he said, "has all this got anything to do with that tomb you done found?"

"Man to man, it hasn't. That was turned over to the government."

"Well," he grumbled, "I always did think that was a bonehead thing to do. We could've held out something on 'em. It would have made a stake for me and Wally."

"You fellows have been on this side of the water too long."

"How come?"

"This business of always looking for a fortune ready-made—waiting around for dead men's shoes. That's European. It's bad for people. There's another method, you know."

"I bet he means work!" exclaimed Hardtack gloomily.

"He does. Why don't you go back to America and settle down? You haven't done a real lick since the Armistice. Now have you?"

"How can we get back when we're busted? And what'd we do if we got back?"

"What did you do before?"

"Uh-huh! No mule skinnin' for me again."

"And I won't go back to the store," added Wally positively.

"There're jobs there for anybody who really wants them. And I'll lend you the money. How about it?"

"We'll wait for you," said Hardtack politely.

The pair borrowed a rifle and a shotgun next morning and went shooting. There was a lake on the west side of the oasis and at certain seasons its reed-grown shallows boomed to the whirring flight of ducks. Sometimes half a mile of water would be black with them. They rode along the edge of the oasis toward this lake and presently sighted a slinking form amid some ruins. Hardtack let fly with the rifle.

"No, no!" shrieked Ibrahim. "No kill him! Bad luck. Very."

"Shucks, he didn't hit within ten yards of him!" Wally jeered as the jackal whisked out of sight. "You'd do better if you didn't shut your eyes, Hardtack."

"Is that so? Well, I sure enough dusted that baby, anyhow. I reckon now you could do better."

"A jackal," Ibrahim assured them earnestly, "is good. Yes. No touch."

"Why, he's the worst thief on four laigs! Everybody else takes a crack at him."

"Not me! He find the path in the desert. Yes, I am telling you the truth, sair. Follow him and you always find something. Also, many people believe he leads the dead to heaven—the opener of ways, they call him. What you think?"

"What do you?"

The donkey boy looked uncomfortable. "I no say yes and I no say no," he replied guardedly. "But me, I leave him alone."

They brought back enough ducks for a meal, and after lunch the three of us, escorted by Ibrahim, set out across the oasis for town to make some purchases. We rode camels, the boys walking behind, holding to the beasts' tails.

It was a Garden of Eden, that oasis, with its rich green fields and groves of date palms. Birds twittered everywhere; herons perched on the irrigation ditches; the camel bells tinkled softly; the slow, even padding of their feet was very soothing. It was easy to forget there was another world of tense effort and babel and clamorous striving.

"This land here," Ibrahim informed us, "no good a few years ago. No good for nothing except caravans. Then it is irrigated and now—eight crops of clover, sair. Plenty of beans and cotton, and sugar cane too. Yes. Those date trees—they make him a pound a year each. How much a pound?"

"Five dollars."

"A sheik owns ten thousand acres in this place. Worth more than one million pounds now."

It was market day, and soon we ran into the crowds. A river of natives was flowing toward town. Into the main road they poured from a dozen villages; every trail helped to swell the torrent. It looked like a flight of refugees in wartime, only here were the costumes and the color of the East. Camels and donkeys, buffalo cows and sheep, goats, turkeys and geese—about every kind of domestic animal except the hog—were going along too. It seemed as if the whole fertile land had emptied itself into the highway.

Women squatted in the road, arguing over sales of buffalo cheese and critically

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patting and passing the little balls from hand to hand. None of the men we saw carried loads, unless a lamb or a pair of chickens could be called such. But almost every woman bore on her head a heavy bundle of stuff for market, striding along as if it weighed nothing. They would carry those loads seven miles.

Camels were grumbling, donkeys braying. The bull camels, blowing out their bloated purple tongues, snarled savagely at the white men's approach.

"Nice dispositions," commented Wally.

The market was in full swing when we arrived. Everything the natives used—from copper utensils to beans—was on sale there. In a separate market were displayed at least five hundred camels and almost as many cattle. A big caravan had come in from the desert, too, and its traders were showing their stuff.

Mahmoud, one of the camel boys, wanted a pair of shoes, so we pulled up in front of a stall. He chose a red pair with stiff soles and asked the price.

"Twenty piasters," murmured the merchant, not looking at him.

What? Mahmoud gave a bellow of unbelief and, looking as though somebody had just told him his wife was faithless, cast the shoes away. Of course this was only the start, the preliminary tactics. A friend of the dealer grabbed Mahmoud's arm lest he get away, and trading was resumed.

Gradually their voices rose. A crowd speedily gathered. Twice Mahmoud threw the shoes contemptuously on the ground; once he spurned them with his foot. Every time he let go of them some friendly hand would thrust them back in his, and the dealer told him frankly that of all the shoes he had seen in a life devoted to their sale, this was far and away the best pair, both in quality of leather and workmanship.

Then Mahmoud made a speech, a long and impassioned speech. I did not understand what he said, but concluded he was reviewing the history of human relations and the setbacks in the growth of justice among men, because he talked for twenty minutes, waving his arms, with the crowd giving attentive ear. Then he paused for breath, and the dealer started, and he made a speech. Mahmoud gave him a fair chance until some remark provoked an argument. It became furious. They yelled and shrieked; they howled insults; the dealer spat on the ground; Mahmoud took his own nose between thumb and clenched fingers and gave it a significant twist.

"Looks like murder now," opined Hardtack.

Then suddenly the tumult flattened. The trade was closed and calm returned in the twinkling of an eye. The dealer even patted Mahmoud approvingly on the back as the camel boy stuck the shoes in his ample pockets. Price, eight piasters. With a satisfied air, as though they had gotten their money's worth, the spectators dispersed.

"Something nice for the shentleman?" A ferret-eyed boy of about fourteen reached up and touched my leg, to draw my attention to some brass ash trays. "Only ten piasters. Look, sair. Looks cost nudding. Very nice, yes? I lose when I give him to you. Here, take it."

"Emsny."

"Two for ten piasters! They cost me more. I give you my eyes I am telling the truth. Me, I cannot lie, sair. No, I am a Christian."

Wally laughed.

"You no like that? Then I will tell you the truth—I am Mohammedan. I cannot lie."

"Emshy."

"Two for five piasters. Shentleman, take them. If I no sell, my father, he beat me. Here, take them."

We drove him off, bought the things we needed and returned to camp. Ibrahim had arranged for some dancers to come out from one of the neighboring villages and they arrived shortly after nightfall. Instead of the veteran Jezebels we expected, both were young girls, fair and remarkably pretty. They brought with them a coal-black Nubian woman, who seemed to be maid and stage mother in one, a tom-tom player, and an elderly sinner who tooted a sort of pipe. The first thing he did was to mention that his instrument was a peculiarly dry one and he couldn't play it without a drink.

That was reasonable enough, and we gave him one. We gave him another. We gave him a dozen. Between every dance he asked for more. Hardtack poured him a generous beaker out of the lamp; he tossed that off and remarked to Ibrahim that the liquor was getting better all the time. Yet that old rascal could wrap his lips around his pipe and toot a pretty fair measure. Toward the last, however, he sank gently to sleep with his head on the Nubian woman's shoulder. Judging from her indignation over his behavior, we concluded she must be his wife.

There in the lamplit, glowing dining tent, with its brilliantly patterned walls and soft rugs, the girls went through the usual Turkish and Arabian dances. I have never seen either of them equaled on the New York stage, despite the fact that under their silk and spangles they wore men's woolen undershirts. Then one of them took a lighted lamp and placed it atop her head. What she did without dislodging that lamp would make a snake ashamed of himself. Every feature of the hula-hula, half the tricks of a contortionist—and all the time the lamp burning, straight and steady, on her crown of hair.

The camel and donkey boys, clustered at the tent door, broke into rapturous applause. Then Mahmoud called for another Arabian dance, and when the younger responded he gave a flying leap into the circle and poised opposite. Louder and louder thrummed the tom-tom, shriller and shriller sounded the pipe, faster and faster grew the time. The natives were yelling now; Mahmoud's eyes blazed.

"That boy," whispered Ibrahim, "he is dervish in his own village. Pretty soon he goes wild. Very bad."

The dance was supposed to end with a kiss. Instead of bestowing it on Mahmoud, who had never taken his fierce gaze from her since the party's arrival, the girl made a dart and imprinted a smack on Wally's cheek. He reached up and grabbed her and responded so heartily that Mahmoud gave a howl of rage. His hand flew inside his robe, and next instant he catapulted across the tent, knife gleaming.

Hardtack met him—met him with weaving body and a shift punch that was a beauty. It caught Mahmoud flush on the point of the jaw and he never knew when the dancers went home. They went in a twitter of excitement, all except the piper, who slept placidly now and only woke up to stare morosely at us as we loaded him on top of a camel.

"Bring that camel boy here," I told Ibrahim when they had gone.

He did not come back for a long time.

"Mahmoud, he run off," he reported at last.

"Ran off? Where?"

"No know. But he cry some, and take his camel and beat it. Yes."

This was disturbing news. It seemed impossible that any native would go off without his pay unless he meditated something serious.

"He take the donkey you bought, too," added Ibrahim softly, as though he would gloss over that.

"He did, did he? Well, that's different. He'll never show up again, then."

I was to see Mahmoud again, however. Hardtack and Wally went shooting next morning, and along toward noon, as I was reading in my tent, Ibrahim appeared.

"Want to see dervish dance?" he inquired.

"I've seen 'em. Tourist stuff."

"No, but real one. Not for tourist—all by themselves. Yes. You come and see."

We skirted the oasis fully two miles until we were almost opposite a large camp of Bedouins. About two hundred of the nomads were living there in black goat-hair tents and they worked at breaking the virgin soil of some newly irrigated land. When they tired of that job they would flit, with their camels and donkeys and flocks of sheep and goats—they would flit to some desert water hole to loaf a while.

"This way," said Ibrahim, striking into the desert toward a sandstone hill.

We rounded that and came upon a bunch of camels and donkeys in front of the opening to a cave. There was nobody to guard them, the animals were hobbled.

"Look! You see?"

I did. My pet donkey stood in the thick of the bunch.

"We get him later. First, you come with me."

He made a cautious circuit so none of those in the cave would see him, and climbed over some sandstone hillocks and along a narrow ascending path until he reached the first of a row of small openings in the face of the cliff.

"Here you can see. But be careful."

The dervishes were just getting up steam. They always start with a slow weaving movement and a rhythmic chant, ending in a grunt as the body completes its swing. This goes on for hours, the pace growing hotter and the chant louder, broken by fierce barking cries. Then they start to whirl and gnash their teeth, and the dance ends in a shivering frenzy.

The cave was in semidarkness, but we could discern figures with sufficient clearness, and I recognized Mahmoud among them. We watched for a while, until I grew weary of it. Several of the men sat on the ground, every muscle quivering as with palsy to the rhythm of the chant.

"What are those women doing there?" I whispered.

In an inner cave, several women were going through a similar performance. One of them, seated aloof on the ground, was giving a fairly good imitation of somebody trying to jerk all her joints apart.

"Sh-h-h! They have a devil and wish to get rid of him."

"So? How do they know when they've got a devil? Who tells them?"

"Their husband," said Ibrahim.

Long before the dervishes had reached the foaming stage, we stole noiselessly away from there, taking the donkey with us. Our return to camp was something of a triumph.

"Seen Hardtack anywheres?" inquired Wally, who had just come in.

"No. Didn't he go off with you?"

"Sure! But he followed a jackal he'd wounded, while I went on to shoot some ducks."

"Followed a jackal?" repeated Ibrahim, with a queer expression on his face.

"Yeh."

"What's the matter, Ibrahim?"

"Nothing, sair."

"Then don't look that way. He'll be back pretty soon."

But he wasn't. Hardtack did not show up by sundown and we grew uneasy. Had he lost his way? That seemed unlikely, unless he had trailed the wounded jackal far into the desert.

"I bet that bird Mahmoud ——" began Wally.

"No, I don't think so. We can account for Mahmoud."

Nevertheless, when dark shut down and Hardtack did not appear, I began to veer round to Wally's theory. Perhaps Mahmoud had come upon him after the dance—but Hardtack had a rifle! We were debating all the possibilities and discussing plans for a search in the morning, when he arrived in camp.

"Where you been?" demanded Wally, made furious by anxiety.

"Chasin' that jackal."

"Get lost?"

"No."

"Catch him?"

"Yes—and no," said Hardtack. He threw an odd look at Ibrahim and remarked, "Didn't I hear you call him the opener of ways? Well, you said it sure enough!"

It struck me that he was very vague about the business and seemed anxious to shut off questioning. I could get nothing from him, and at the earliest opportunity he and Wally went off together on the pretext of a smoke before turning in and paced up and down in the darkness for an hour. And when they did come to bed, both were so excited that they lay there tossing.

"Me and Wally," announced Hardtack at breakfast, "have got to drift."

"What? Tired of it already?"

"No-o. Business."

"Come on! Come clean! What's happened?"

They looked at one another uncertainly, then Wally shook his head.

"No, not now, Hardtack. We'll tell him later."

"Sure. We'll see you in Cairo."

And that was all I could extract. They did much better—they extracted a camel and two donkeys and twenty dollars out of me, promising to return all with ample interest. That accomplished, they bade me a cheery adieu and moved off.

"They no go to Cairo," asserted Ibrahim.

"No, I agree with you. But it's none of our business where they go," I answered glumly.

Somehow camping didn't seem the same without companionship, and after two more days of it I ordered the tents struck and we started on our return journey. Ibrahim went with us a little way; then he, too, left me. His wife would need him at home, he said.

On reaching Cairo I could find no trace of Hardtack or Wally. A month passed. Then the local newspapers printed an item about a large quantity of rare old coins that were finding their way to the dealers. After that they ran stories about some priceless antiquities which had come into the hands of a well-known firm, and indulged in two columns of speculation as to what tomb they had been found in and who had discovered them.

Soon it became a topic of conversation in official circles and hotel lobbies. Fresh finds were reported almost daily. There could no longer be any doubt that a new tomb had been uncovered, and without official sanction or superintendence. But of what nature? The booty listed by the dealers included all the usual death-chamber articles of the Pharaohs; but also there were gold coins and jewelry of comparatively modern times.

The newspapers urged the government to go after the firms involved and make them divulge the secret and surrender the loot. All the Egyptologists agreed that a crime had been committed and it was a shame. A distinguished digger paused long enough in his labors of stripping the burying place of a long-dead queen to denounce such vandalism.

I did some wondering about this business myself. And then one night Hardtack and Wally arrived at my hotel, all dressed up like Christmas trees.

"So!" I said. "Now I see."

"You ain't the only one who can find things," retorted Hardtack.

"Tomb?"

"No. That'd be vandalism. That'd be stealin'."

"Then where does this stuff come from?"

"Me and Wally," replied Hardtack solemnly, "have got a cache—a cache that would make Ali Baba's look like a plugged dime."

"Where?"

"Oh, out there."

"How did you find it?"

"Do you remember the day I chased that jackal? Well, he was livin' there."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

They grinned. "You throwed away one chance."

"Oh, aye. But you say this isn't a tomb!"

"And it ain't. We figured that some sort of robbers used this cave for a cache."

"Tomb robbers?"

"Yes, and the other kind too. There's gold coins there—heaps of 'em—and necklaces and rings. Some of 'em are recent."

"I got a hunch they was slave traders, too," said Wally.

"And now what are you going to do?"

"As soon as we've cleaned up, we're fixing to go back to America," answered Hardtack virtuously.

"And I aim to get married," Wally added.

"Fine! Good luck, but watch your step."

That was the last I saw of the pair for a while, as I was booked to go upriver on a tourist steamer which sailed next morning. Just before we went on board a letter reached me from Ibrahim:

Honored sir: A child is borned. Ibrahim does well. He entreat me to write because he is only a donkey boy and reading and writing he no can do. I have got a fine education in the American school and speak the English good. Of an age I have twelve years and would prefer a book if you wish.

It was such a tremendous relief to know Ibrahim was doing well that I determined to arrange a stop in order to see him. The manager of the boat said he might possibly contrive to spend five minutes at the village. As we drew in to the bank, the whole population came running down through the fields to see the show. And there in the front rank was Ibrahim, grinning from ear to ear.

"A son!" he cried as we shook hands and the passengers stared. "Yes, he is a boy."

"Great! How much did you get for your buffalo cow?"

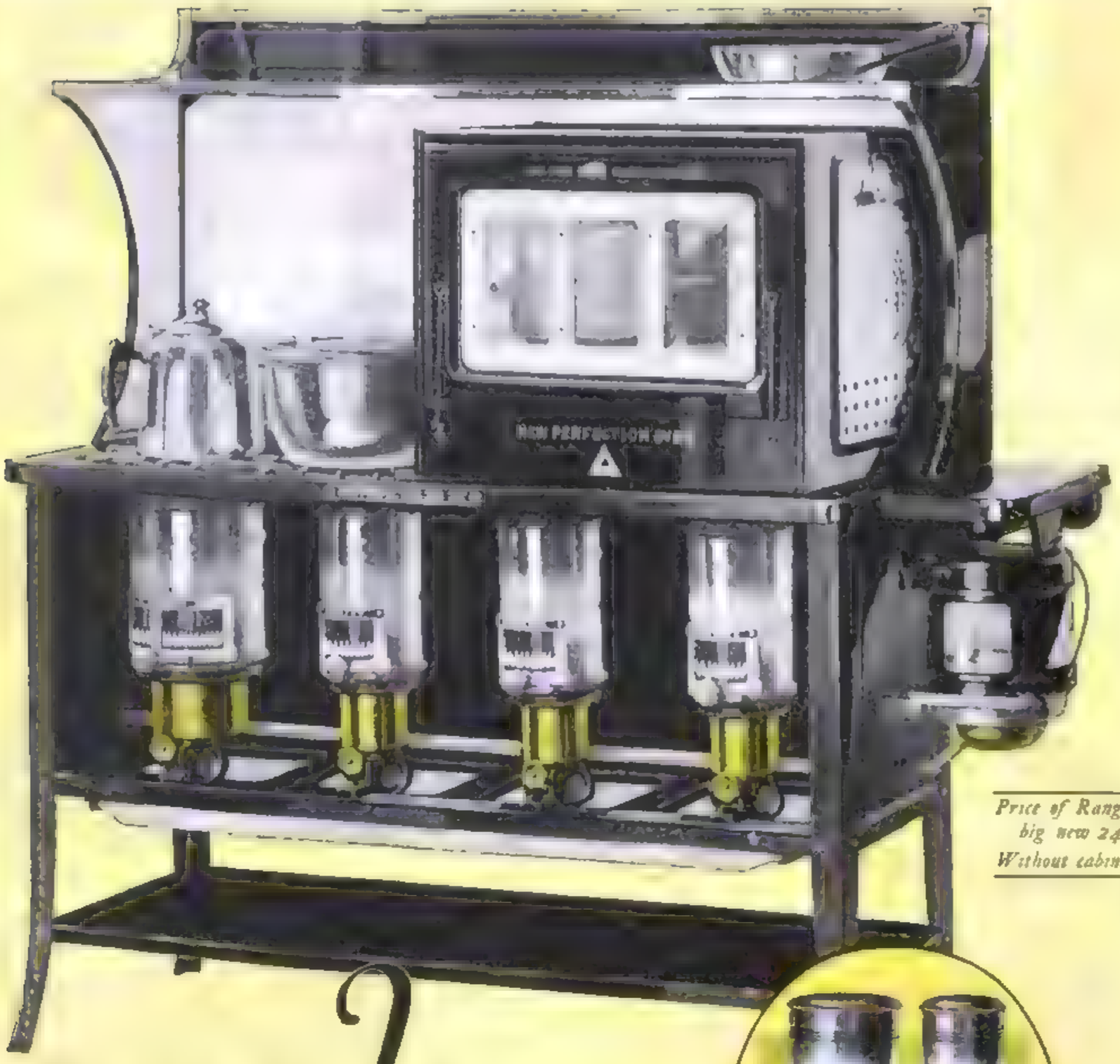
Ibrahim seemed puzzled. "Buffalo cow? I no sell him."

"Didn't you promise the god to sell your buffalo cow and give the money to the poor if the baby was a boy? Didn't you—after all your prayers in the mosque did no good?"

"Maybe so," admitted Ibrahim grudgingly. "But now I go to pray in the mosque again, you see. Yes, I go regular."

"You do?"

"Sure. Why not? He is the true God. He knew I was lying."



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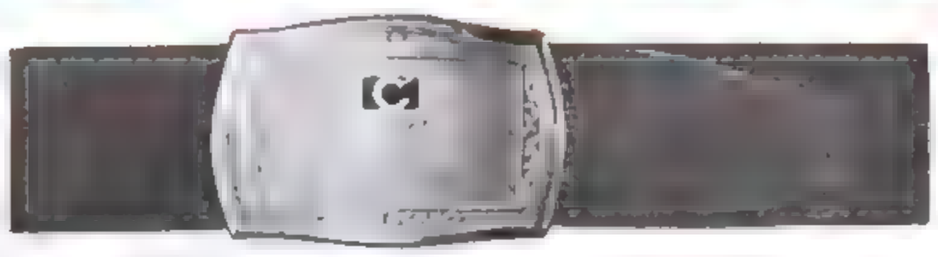

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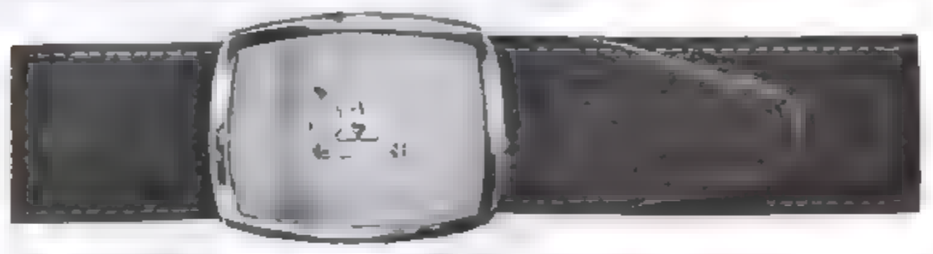

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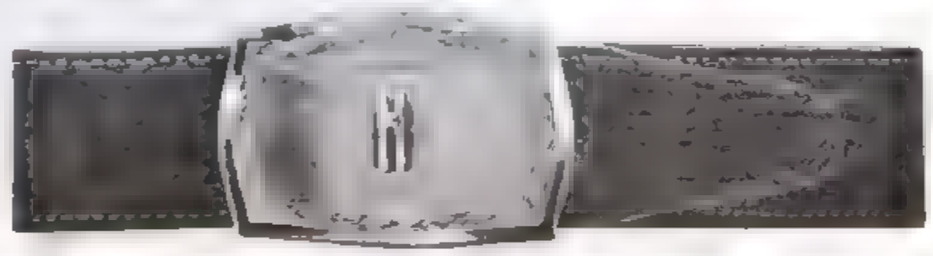

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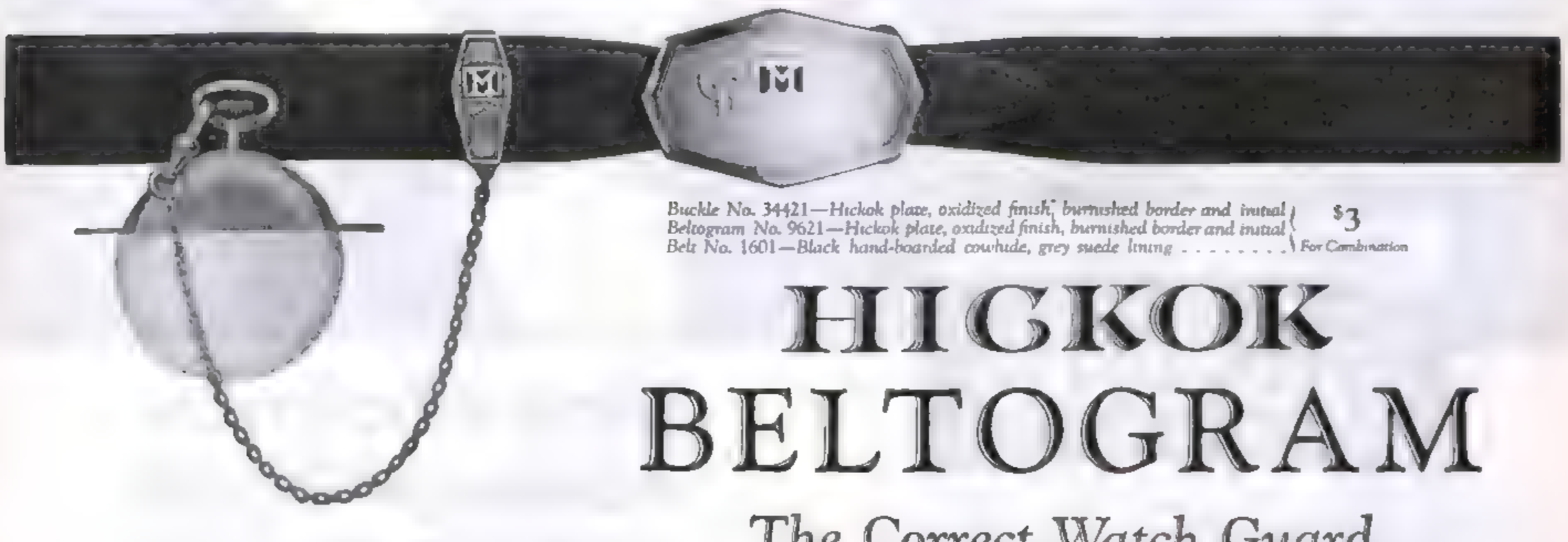

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THE PYRAMID OF LEAD

(Continued from Page 4)

He broke off, listening for a second. He had caught some sound—probably Patience had moved—then hurled himself round the tree trunk with a pæan of relief and triumph.

"Dash it, you two, for a minute I thought I was lost. Gave me quite a turn," he barked.

It had happened scores of times before, and it was a very small joke anyway. But, somehow, it was always a success.

These preliminaries over, the trio settled down steadily to the morning's trek. It was perhaps half an hour later when, at the point of crossing a main road en route to a lane on the other side, Prosper observed the little crowd of carefully dressed men—for the greater part in decent Sunday black—approaching the lane opening for which he himself was heading. His gay blue eyes grew a little more intent as he studied the company, which in groups of threes and fours followed a man of military appearance who, with two others, was in the van of the straggling procession. Two policemen accompanied the party.

"Left incline a trifle, Patience," murmured Prosper. "Yes, left incline. Plutus, come hither to me and bear yourself with dignity, for the eyes of the multitude are upon us."

The trio moved to the left a little, then halted, and Mr. Fair appeared to busy himself with the rolling of a cigarette, under cover of which operation he contrived to take an extremely comprehensive view of the passers. When, in a moment, the leaders left the main road and headed down the lane, Prosper again addressed his companions.

"Something of an official nature appears to be taking place, my olds," he said. "There are no banners, and no brass band marches in the van, therefore it cannot be a forgathering of village Odd Fellows, Foresters, What Nots or So Forths. They do not wear nosegays in their buttonholes, nor are they adorned with rosettes or ribbons, which conclusively proves that it is not the committee of the local flower show engaged upon their duties. It looks to be something more serious than either of those matters—serious though they, too, can be at times."

He stepped forward to the policeman who was bringing up the rear.

"Pardon an intrusion inspired solely by a very human curiosity, officer," he said easily. "Is it permitted to inquire what is taking place?"

The policeman, a heavy-faced man of middle age, studied his questioner for a second or two. Apparently satisfied with his inspection, he spoke briefly.

"The coroner's jury is about to inspect the scene of the recent tragedy," he said importantly, and moved on.

Mr. Prosper Fair no longer smiled.

"Tragedy," he repeated quietly, reflected a moment, then glanced about him. A little distance along the road he observed what he evidently sought—a gate leading into a field. He went quickly to this and took his companions into the field, passing round to the back of a haystack near the gate.

"Do you abide patiently in this place, my littles," he said, deftly relieving Patience of her pack. "Wait here in peace, behaving perfectly, while in company with the jury I, too, inspect the scene of the tragedy which has thrust itself upon this pleasant countryside."

As though she understood every word—as, indeed, she did sufficiently well—the little gray ass settled down in the shade of the haystack at once. Plutus the dog gaped wistfully at his proprietor for a moment, then realized that orders were orders, and he, too, settled down to a systematic investigation of certain inviting holes at the base of the stack.

"Good—very good. In due course there shall be rewards—eatable ones," said the whimsical Mr. Fair. "Trust Prosper. All in due course. It is irksome, Plutus, yes, but duty was ever irksome. But trust Prosper and all will be well—all will be very well."

He smiled indulgently upon them and strolled away, following the policeman that followed the stragglers that followed the leaders. In a moment or two he had merged himself into the little company and a few yards farther on found him strolling by the side of two serious-looking men, both bearded, of small stature, one of whom was quite evidently the local Wesleyan minister and the other probably the village schoolmaster. He saluted these with his accustomed easy punctiliousness, which, for all its ease, conveyed perfectly the fact that he recognized them at once as men of worth and intelligence.

"A sad occasion, gentlemen," he observed.

"Very. Poor soul," agreed the minister.

"Sudden tragedy, even in remote and lawless places, is always shocking," continued Prosper. "But to encounter it here on this benign and beautiful countryside is more than shocking."

"You are right," agreed the schoolmaster, a remote irascibility in his deep voice. "And when it repeats itself—when it occurs a second time—it becomes a matter of extreme importance to take steps to prevent a third tragedy."

"Pardon me, did you say the second time?"

"Yes, indeed," corroborated the minister. "You have forgotten, or, being a stranger to the village, you may be unaware of the first case. I mean, of course, the discovery of the body of Mr. Larry Calhoun, the race-horse trainer, dead at the base of the Pyramid of Lead in the sunken garden of Kern a year ago."

"Yes, yes, yes!" the schoolmaster broke in with that vague, distant suggestion of irritability which marked every word he used. "Mr. Calhoun, stone dead on the south side of the pyramid last year. That was the first. And now there is this nameless lady with all those emerald rings—also, mark you, found at the south base of the pyramid; the south base.

"It is entirely clear to me that the danger, whatever it might be, comes from the south side of that monstrous structure."

"Monstrous, Hardy?" demurred the minister. They were evidently old cronies.

"Well, unfitting. Yes, 'unfitting' is the better word. I agree. Whoever heard of a pyramid in an old English garden—and a pyramid of lead at that! No; it is an ill thing, my friends—ill-starred, conceived in fantasy, erected in mystery, haunted. I may claim that I am not a superstitious man, but I can almost find it in me to believe that the garden of the Pyramid of Lead is haunted."

"It sounds ominous, indeed," said Prosper quietly. "May I ask where is this Pyramid of Lead?"

"In the sunken garden of Kern—Kern Castle, once the residence of the notorious Lord Kern. We are going to it now," said the schoolmaster crisply.

"The sunken garden of Kern!"

Prosper Fair knitted his brows slightly as he repeated the phrase over to himself, like a man trying hard to fix some half forgotten and elusive memory. He must have succeeded, for his face cleared almost at once.

"But—fantastic! I cannot recall that Lord Kern was fantastic," he said presently.

"He was undoubtedly eccentric," suggested the minister mildly.

"Eccentric to the point of fantasy," developed the schoolmaster, eying Prosper, who promptly disclaimed any but newspaper knowledge of Lord Kern.

He was anxious to gather all that he could concerning this inexplicable Pyramid of Lead, and though he knew—or was in a position shortly to discover—perhaps a good deal more about the eccentric Lord Kern than either of the cronies could hope to know, it was, he conceived, politic to let them talk, even to encourage their conversation.

"I spoke from hearsay only," he said.

The minister shook his head.

"Lord Kern was an unusual and to most people a formidable character, I fear," he said. "I confess that I cannot dwell upon the memory of the few occasions on which I met him with any pleasure. I believe that I am not without some right to claim that I am a charitable-minded man. But I found—it seemed to me—that Lord Kern was hard and secretive. I may say he was ——"

"Oh, everybody knows it," said the schoolmaster rather harshly. "'Secretive' is a mild word to use in connection with Lord Kern. I am a blunt man. I have always been of the opinion that he was of unbalanced mind. Who but a man of unbalanced mind would erect a Pyramid of Lead in an Old World rose garden of what was once the—the show place of this lovely little corner of the world? A Pyramid of Lead in Kern village!"

Clearly the schoolmaster had a grievance.

"Yes, one sees that," agreed Prosper, feeling his way. "And, moreover, a pyramid that obviously is not safe."

"After dark," supplemented the schoolmaster. "Think! Two people—Mr. Calhoun and this nameless lady—have died in the shadow of it with never a mark or wound or sign of one to show what caused their deaths. The place is evil, I insist—haunted, sinister. Ah, here we are!"

He broke off as they followed the others through a pair of huge black iron gates, swung to vast stone pillars, each surmounted by a fabulous stone-hewed beast, half lion, half dragon. But big as the gates and pillars were, they were dwarfed by the colossal and crowding elms towering over them, their sprawling upper boughs so interlaced and locked that the moss-grown carriage drive under them was dank and chill and gloomy in spite of the brilliant sun high overhead.

The little procession passed down a long and winding drive, heavily shadowed for almost its whole length, their footfalls soundless on the thick moist moss. Clearly this roadway had once been a wide and noble approach to Kern Castle; but now the huge ragged banks of somber laurel bordering it on either hand had been allowed to encroach and crowd in so greedily that the road was reduced probably to less than half its original width.

"Truly a somber place," said Prosper, glancing about him.

The minister nodded without speaking. His lips were set. Perhaps he was thinking of those meetings with the owner of this estate at which he had hinted.

"Yes; but at least it is a fitting approach to the castle—as it has become," said the schoolmaster, his voice slightly and probably unconsciously subdued.

There was that in the progress of the somber-clad jurymen, upon their melancholy mission through this dark and overgrown alleyway, to chill the spirit of almost any man, and the schoolmaster's hint at the appearance of the castle itself did nothing to minimize or counteract the stealing depression with which the approach was liable to afflict one.

Prosper Fair nodded slightly and dropped a pace or so behind, glancing over his shoulder.

"We shall see the castle as we round the second turning after this," announced the schoolmaster.

"In the sunlight probably it will not look quite so—ruinous," suggested the minister. "I confess that this approach lays a cold hand upon my heart. Do you not feel it, sir?"

He turned, as he addressed Prosper, then stopped suddenly with an exclamation.

Mr. Fair had disappeared. It was quite a simple disappearance. A moment after dropping behind the two cronies, he had paused, allowing them to round a curve. Then, glancing about him and noting that for a space of a second or so, placed as he was between two bends of the narrowed drive, he was unobserved, he stepped lightly aside, swiftly parted the crowded growth at the left side of the drive and vanished among the tall, dense shrubs.

The minister was so surprised that he stopped short.

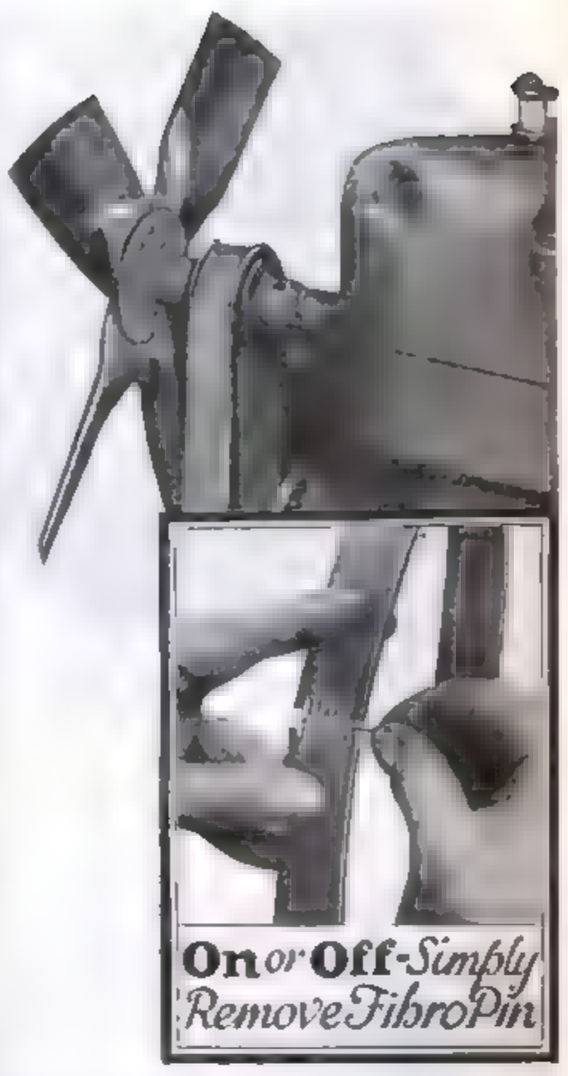
"That's curious, Hardy. Our hatless friend has disappeared, you know."

He pulled at his lip, perplexed. Both of them were staring back. But a sharp voice a little way ahead recalled their attention and they went on quickly.

At the spot where the carriage drive debouched into the open space before the front of the enormous pile of the castle, which, densely cloaked with an almost incredibly thick mass of ivy, loomed gigantically over the nettle and weed grown area that once had been lawn, the jurymen had halted, and one of the leaders, the chief constable of the county, a high-colored, hot-eyed, elderly man, clearly an old soldier, was peremptorily giving orders to the two policemen.

"Send all these people away at once. Nobody has any duty or business here other than the jury and the officials in charge of the proceedings. This is not a—a show. I will not have the proceedings treated as a spectacle and the coroner hampered by a

(Continued on Page 125)



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For Men, Women and Children

(Continued from Page 123)

crowd of morbid sightseers running all over the place. See to it at once. Send them away, and one of you—you, Streeter—post yourself at the entrance gates and keep everybody out."

He tugged at his stiff gray mustache.

"If they are so keen to feast their eyes on this—this pyramid, let them come here at night, by Jove, if they have the courage, not shelter themselves behind a body of men anxious to carry out a painful and distressing duty as expeditiously as possible!"

The schoolmaster glanced at the minister—who, though not on the jury, was clearly not included by the chief constable among those he denounced—and concealed a very slight smile.

"I fancy our young friend was quick-witted enough to guess that this would probably happen," he whispered.

He was right. Mr. Prosper Fair was a gentleman who for all his suave and gentle manner possessed the art of foresight in rather an unusual degree.

II

ALTHOUGH Kern Castle was not yet quite so decrepit as justly to be termed a ruin, nevertheless it was far on the way to becoming so. The great building, itself a huddled conglomeration of additions to the original plain L-shaped castle, was so densely smothered in rank ivy that little more than a rough idea of its general outline was obtainable. Weeds were growing vigorously everywhere about it: weeds and nettles and docks, a few stubborn survivors of long-neglected perennial flowers, seedling trees, creepers and such indomitable vegetation.

Many of the windows, visible through the tiny spaces not yet filled by the tenacious and unconquerable ivy, lacked panes and resembled dark recesses cowled in heavy greenish drapings rather than windows. The great main doors were closed; the broad, shallow stone steps leading to them were carpeted with mossy grass and the columns of the great portico were hidden entirely by a straggling mass of ivy-strangled roses without bloom. At the apex of the great place a flagpole spired high into the air; but it was broken, snapped off midway, and served only to emphasize the general air of ruin and desolation.

The jurymen, shepherded by the peremptory chief constable; the coroner, a quiet man with an impassive face and very steady eyes; and a third person, ruddy, breezy, well-dressed, whom the others addressed as doctor, did not linger at the main-entrance front of the castle. They passed quickly around, making their way over a wide, overgrown terrace walk, to the south side. Here, at the end of a winding path between two huge unkempt yew hedges, very old and enormously thick, they came presently to a small opening or exit from the yew walk, which brought them out at the sunken stone-flagged garden which they sought. There was an involuntary pause on the part of most of these men—mainly respectable villagers, each with sufficient knowledge of gardening to realize what a place of sheer beauty this spot must once have been and could be again with a little skill and care.

"The sunken garden of Kern, Mr. Coroner and gentlemen of the jury," said the chief constable, his voice dropping a little. "Some of you may have seen it in its happier days—years ago. It was unique then—could be so again."

He was the possessor of a fine and fastidiously cared-for property himself, and he shook his head rather sadly as he gazed about him, tugging at his close-cut mustache.

Two tragedies had happened in that place during the past year, and now in its deserted, lonely and neglected condition it looked, indeed, a fit setting for tragedy. It was in the form of a great rectangle, fully two hundred yards long by fifty wide. This space was hemmed in on every side by massive hedges of ancient yew nowhere less than twelve feet high, which once had been almost mathematically squared and trimmed, but which now were in the same neglected and riotously overgrown condition as the rest of the garden.

From a wide flower border at the base of the yew hedges, running parallel with the hedges, were broad stone-flagged walks extending in width to and their inner edge forming the brink of a sunken stone-paved rectangle perhaps three feet below the level of the walks. At both ends and at several places along the sides wide, irregular steps gave access to the floor of this garden. Everywhere, in every cranny and crevice, still clung the survivors of an amazing variety of rock plants; but the weeds were slowly conquering all these, as they had long ago conquered and killed the plants that once, in the flower borders, had made a radiant glory of color against the somber background of the dark hedges. There had been many roses there years ago, but these had long run to riot; and where peacocks had strutted on the stone walks there was now only a tangle of weeds and briers.

Down in the sunken garden itself, the fountains, the sundial, the urns, lead figures and stone benches that long ago had made it beautiful, still remained; but the shadow of desolation and decay was on these too. Some had fallen and lay where and how they had fallen; but one hardly noticed these, for, dominating the whole of the garden, squatting, ugly, bizarre and foreign, in the exact center of the garden was the Pyramid of Lead. Dull gray in the sunlight, wrecking the symmetry of the entire place, the mass of metal rose upon a quadrangular base that reached more than two-thirds of the way across the garden. In height it rose considerably above the topmost level of the yew hedges, but because of the breadth of its base it gave only an impression of squatness, as it might have been a low, gray, ugly, polyhedral excrescence upon the stone floor of the garden—a fantastic tombstone designed for the grave of some not less fantastic giant. No entrances were visible and the faces of the pyramid were perfectly smooth, save only for four inscriptions, one upon each face.

The schoolmaster had been right in his description. It was a monstrous thing to put in such a place - hideous, remotely eerie, chilling and utterly destructive of all beauty there. It was like coming suddenly upon the gray side of a battleship at the end of a rose walk.

Such was the structure erected for no reason known either to his few friends or his enemies by the seventeenth Baron Kern some years before his strange disappearance from England in the early part of the year 1913

The jury walked slowly round it, reading the inscriptions deeply incised upon the dull gray faces of the polyhedron. They were simple quotations from the Bible, full of meaning in themselves, though their connection with or relation to the pyramid itself was as darkly obscure and inexplicable as the reasons which had inspired the eccentric peer to erect it in his garden. That upon the north side ran:

AND THOU, EVEN THYSELF, SHALT
DISCONTINUE FROM
THINE HERITAGE
THAT I GAVE THEE

On the south side was this:

THEY THAT MAKE A GRAVEN IMAGE
ARE ALL OF THEM VANITY;
AND THEIR DELECTABLE THINGS
SHALL NOT PROFIT

The eastern face bore these words:

I WAS A DERISION

And, lastly, on the west side:

A GOOD NAME IS RATHER TO BE CHOSEN
THAN GREAT RICHES, AND LOVING FAVOR
RATHER THAN SILVER AND GOLD

It was on the south side that presently the jurymen were marshaled to stare at a place on the stone flags which the chief constable pointed out, and to listen again to the coroner's brief résumé of the subject of their inquiry. With a certain skill, the result of grim practice, he made all clear.

The body of a well-dressed woman, something under middle age, had been discovered lying there by two boys who had ventured into the sunken garden birds'-nesting three days before. The medical evidence proved that she must have been dead for at least twenty-four hours, but it could provide no reason as to the cause of death. Externally there were no signs, nor had a post-mortem revealed anything beyond a slightly unsatisfactory condition of the lungs.

Beyond a few pound notes and a few odds and ends, none of which gave any indication of the identity of the dead lady, nothing of interest was found in her hand bag. The coroner referred to the unusual number of rings which she was wearing, all being set with large and perfect emeralds of very considerable value. Her clothing was of extremely good quality, but bore no markings likely to aid anyone seeking to discover her name. One curious point of

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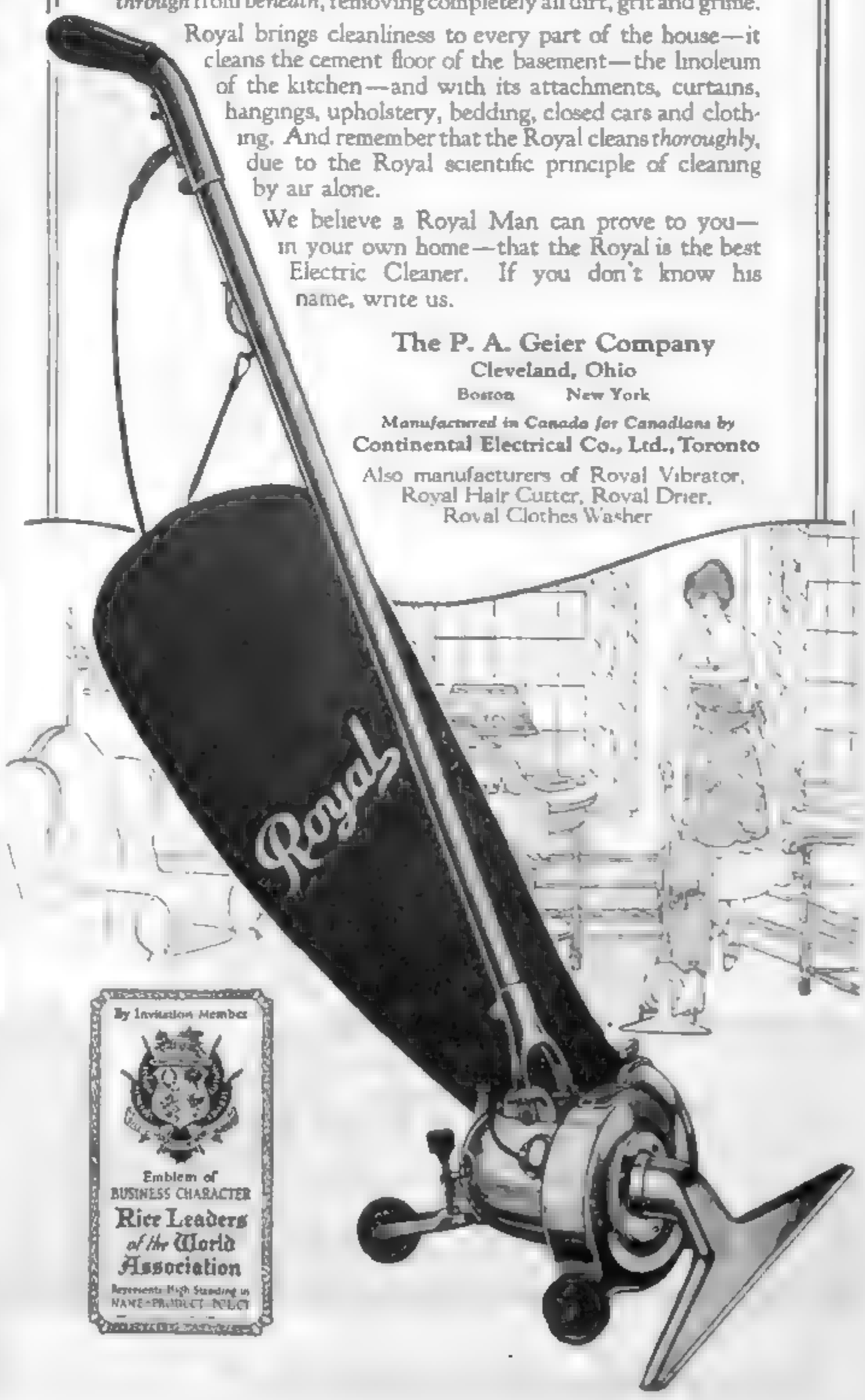

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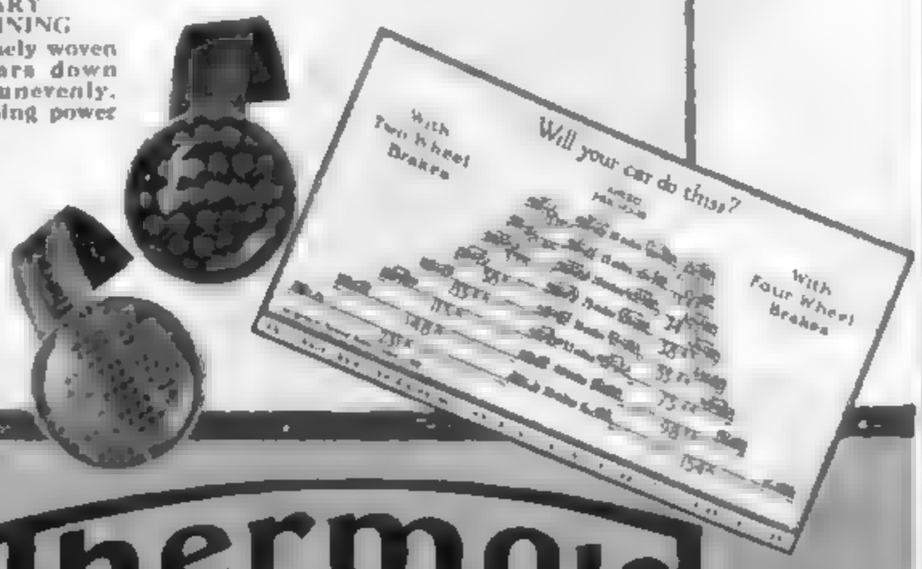

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which the coroner spoke at some length was the existence of a wound in the palm of her hand—a sharply cut incision about three-quarters of an inch in length. It was improbable that this wound could have caused her death; but the fact that the weapon or instrument which caused it had passed first through her glove rendered it conceivable that she had received the wound either in the sunken garden or close to it. Otherwise, he suggested, the wound would almost certainly have been bound.

But no weapon had been found by the police.

The jury listened in silence, their eyes for the most part on the inscription on the south face of the pyramid. Presently, satisfied with their inspection, they left the garden to return to the village hall in which the inquest was being held.

Deserted, desolate, ruined, the sunken garden lay hushed within its gloomy walls of yew, the great pyramid looming over all. Here and there a bird flickered across the wilderness of weeds, a few small lizards crept out to bask again in the sunshine; and in one place, sinister, venomous and ugly, a large red adder wound slowly from a crevice to coil on the hot stones. The tall foxgloves and nettles stood motionless in the still air and it was as though that place had been forever abandoned to the sun-drenched solitude that possessed it.

But presently the solitude was invaded. Within ten minutes of the departure of the jurymen a slender, wiry gray figure appeared silently at one of the overgrown masked and almost obliterated arches in the great yew hedge.

It was Mr. Prosper Fair. He came quietly out, passed across the stone walk and went lightly down the steps, moving toward the Pyramid of Lead. He walked slowly round the dull gray mass of metal, reading the inscriptions, noting them in a little book; and, having circled the pyramid, stepped a few paces back and sat upon the low stone wall.

Without taking his eyes from it, he made himself a cigarette, lit it and seemed to lapse into a curious trancelike study of the pyramid.

His face was very serious.

"Two people—first Mr. Larry Calhoun, a trainer of race horses; next a nameless lady with emerald rings and a wounded palm," he said softly. "If it had been one only, one could attribute it to misadventure. I can believe that this place is not without a fascination for a would-be suicide—lonely, remote, shunned. But two is—one too many."

He drew a deep breath of smoke and expelled it, absently watching the gray plume fade in the warm still air.

"They came here with a purpose—a motive. It should be possible to discover that motive. One would imagine that there would be indications of some kind ——"

His eye caught a pin-point glitter from under the gay spire of a foxglove that had established itself at a spot a few feet back from the center of the south base of the Pyramid of Lead. He rose, went across and stooped. The glitter of reflected sunlight resolved itself into a tiny fragment of curved glass—nothing more. He picked it up, noted where he had found it, put it carefully away in a match box, and began a slow, systematic walk round the sunken garden, his eyes on the ground. Presently he stopped, studying one of the flights of broad stone steps leading down into the garden from the flagged walk under the yew hedge.

"For example, why do the weeds grow less thickly over these steps than over the others?" he asked himself.

He bent over the steps.

"Here we have a few tufts of dead weed—no, rock plant. Someone seems to have pulled them from their crevices about the middle of the tread and thrown them aside. Why? If I were desirous of sitting down on these steps in the sunlight, is it conceivable that I should remove the greenery from the place where I intended to sit? Only if I were arrayed in white flannels, I think, or if I were a lady in a white summer frock."

He bent lower over the steps, examining them closely. In a few moments he began to pick out from among these creeping rock plants several minute objects, which he presen ly held out in the palm of his left hand and studied attentively. They were tiny bits—shavings—of slightly curled wood.

"Someone has sharpened a pencil here within the last few days—a pencil colored with dark-blue varnish," he murmured.

"Indications, possibly," he said to an inquisitive robin surveying him from the edge of a low stone vase close by. "But it would be simpler if you could speak, my friend. You have the air of one familiar with this garden; you look a frequenter possibly even a resident of this place. Who has been sitting on these steps in fresh, clean white clothing, and sharpening pencils here?"

He stooped sharply and picked carefully from a crevice a bronzed hairpin.

"One would assume that it was a lady," he continued. "This becomes interesting," he said, glanced at the watch on his wrist, thought for a moment, then nodded to the robin.

"I shall return, Redbreast," he informed the bird, and turned away toward the arch by which he had entered the garden.

He paused an instant as he passed the eastern side of the pyramid.

"'I was a derision,'" he read aloud. "That, at least, is an unexpected confession for the last of the Kerns to make—if all that one heard of him is true."

He moved on, thinking.

"It is quite conceivable that the key to the mystery of these two deaths is to be found in those inscriptions," he told himself as he passed out of the garden and disappeared into the jungle of shrubs and tall trees beyond the yew hedges.

Perhaps it was as well that he left the garden when he did, for within five minutes of his departure two men came through the larger entrance which the jurymen had used.

One of these, a tall individual of perhaps thirty-eight, with a dark, keen, intellectual face, was wearing a well-cut suit of golf clothes. He appeared to be acting as a guide to the second man—a hard-looking person, years older than the man in the golfing suit, with the odd, reserved, watchful air of the professional plain-clothes detective the world over.

"It is many years now since I had any right to come to this place," said the man who looked like a barrister on a golfing holiday. "But if my knowledge of it is as it used to be in the days when Lord Kern lived here—or, for that matter, of Lord Kern himself—is likely to be of any use to you, I shall be very glad to answer any questions you like to ask."

The detective nodded, his hard eyes roaming about the garden.

"Thanks, Mr. Barisford," he said. "In a case like this anything we can ascertain about the people concerned is bound to be useful."

His glance had come to rest on the pyramid.

"Lord Kern was said to be extremely wealthy, wasn't he?"

Barisford smiled slightly. His eyes were never quite free from a deep, lurking humor.

"Oh, yes. It is no secret that his fortune amounted to something in the neighborhood of a million."

"And yet they say he was most miserly, the most miserly peer in the country," continued the detective.

The other agreed with an appearance of some reluctance.

"He was ludicrously parsimonious, yes."

"But, nevertheless, with lead worth—how much?—twenty pounds, perhaps?—a ton, he built that thing! There must be tons of it there—tons. It must have cost thousands. Did you ever get a glimmer of an idea why he built it?"

Barisford shook his head.

"Not the least. I was his secretary for four years, living mainly at his town house; but at the end of that four years I knew no more of him, of his private thoughts or ideas, of his real personality, than I knew at the beginning. Lord Kern was the most intensely secretive man I have ever met. But that's notorious, of course—his parsimony and his secretiveness."

"Yes, almost everybody had heard of that even before he disappeared," agreed the detective, moving to go down into the garden.

"It's a pity. If you could have told me why he squandered his precious money on that big block of metal it might have simplified things right away."

"Yes, I see that. I wish I knew. But I don't. I've conjectured—puzzled—for hours about that, like thousands of others. But I've got no nearer the solution than anybody else, though I agree with you that when we know the reason why Lord Kern erected this pyramid and disappeared I believe we shall not be far from discovering

(Continued on Page 129)

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(Continued from Page 126)

the cause of the deaths of those two unfortunate people—if, indeed, they died from abnormal causes."

The man from Scotland Yard nodded.

"I'll take a look round now," he said, and passed down the steps.

The man who had once been secretary to Lord Kern took a cigarette from a silver case, sat on the steps and watched him idly, his eyes full of that curious, attractive good humor which gave him an appearance of always being about to smile.

III

IT WAS high noon before Prosper Fair rejoined his little comrades at the back of the haystack, for since he left the place of the Pyramid of Lead he had contrived to attend the closing stages of the inquest and even had obtained a view of the body of the nameless lady. His face was grave and his eyes were blank and preoccupied as he rounded the haystack. All his life long Prosper had been tender and gently disposed toward women because he believed that life was more difficult for them than for men. Much trouble, time and money had this tendency cost him, but he regarded all that as well spent.

"It has been my good fortune to help make many women a little happier and I shall always be very glad of that," he would say sometimes to Patience. "And I believe—though I would say this to nobody but you, who can keep a secret so well—that women like me and trust me. That is not so bad, Patience—not so bad, though sometimes it can wring one's heart."

He would stop there, his clean-cut mouth a little wry and uncertain, for it was not more than three years since the day he had knelt beside the bed of the dearest woman of all to him, his face buried in his hands; though neither she, his wife, nor the small son she had seemed to hold too closely to her had known that he was there.

Something pitiful, some vague, haunting suggestion of wistful protest that he had fancied he could see on the face of the nameless lady had moved him very much. And this, together with the voiceless challenge of the great pile of gray metal to solve the mystery of its existence, the puzzle of its strange inscriptions, had impelled him to match his intelligence, his courage and his tenacity against this hitherto unsolved problem.

It was not with any expectation of such grim adventure that he ever set out from his home upon his wanderings in the prosecution of what he was wont gayly to term his ceaseless study of humanity. Far less serious adventures had contented him hitherto. But never among these lesser matters had he encountered one which called so insistently or urgently for his whole-hearted intervention as this mystery of the Pyramid of Lead.

He stood for a moment surveying his comrades with absent eyes.

"There is no puzzle without a solution, for if there were no solution there could be no puzzle," he said. "Do you see that, Patience? For myself, I see no reason why there should not be a perfectly simple though possibly sinister explanation of these tragedies, provided one erects one's fabric of reasoning upon a sufficiently accurate basis. I shall try to do that."

Thoughtfully he moved out of the field, across the main road and into the byroad which ran past Kern Castle. He turned off into the woods just beyond the entrance gates and worked his way round to the south front. Here in a little clearing on the edge of the ancient woods bounding the belt of wild growth between the south yew hedge of the sunken garden and the woods he pitched his camp, fed his comrades and ate his own midday meal. This done, he drew from his haversack and carefully spread out before him on a handkerchief his little array of trifles found in the garden that morning.

"Let us begin at the beginning," he told himself. "Which at present seems to me to be some years before the departure of Lord Kern from England in the year 1913."

He shut his eyes, frowning as he concentrated on the effort clearly to remember all that he had ever read or heard of the eccentric nobleman. Prosper, as may in due course be seen, had encountered in his career many opportunities of knowledge—intimate knowledge—concerning the aristocracy denied to the average man. Gradually many details came back.

"If everything one read and heard is to be believed, the passion of Lord Kern's life was money—a miser's passion, not a gambler's. I remember that it was said that he had sold practically all his property except Kern Castle, its big park and grounds, and his town house, in order to possess his great fortune in liquid or at least easily secured cash. For years he lived that way—mean, lonely and unmarried, the last of his house."

Prosper nodded.

"Then suddenly he seemed to change. He launched out into a brief career as a man about town—a decidedly middle-aged one. He was seen at theaters, races, dinners, dances, smart restaurants and some of the clubs. His town house was redecorated and he began to entertain on a lavish scale, when abruptly he seemed to repent sharply of the new life and instantly reverted to what he had been before—a grim, hard and bitter miser."

Sitting staring blankly before him, Prosper distilled that ancient gossip from his brain bit by bit. He nodded again, as though to encourage himself.

"What came next?" he muttered. "If I remember correctly, it was published some time after that he had retired from his social interlude to Kern Castle, lived there for two years or so, quietly and obscurely, during which time he built the Pyramid of Lead. Then he suddenly left England and went to America—or was it Australia?"

He scowled in his intense effort to remember.

"America, I believe. And he never returned—obviously. From the day of his disappearance to this nothing more has been heard of him—by the general public, that is. But one may presume that he is still alive. There must be solicitors, agents, or somebody watching his interests. I shall have to find that out." Here he made a note. "But judging by the condition of this place, the powers of these solicitors must be strictly limited, for it is clear that nothing is ever done to check the slow decay, the inexorable ruin that presses day by day more heavily and darkly upon this noble heritage ——"

Prosper stopped suddenly, like one who hears a distant sound, and slowly repeated his last sentence:

"—— to check the slow decay, the inexorable ruin that presses day by day more heavily, more darkly upon this noble heritage of Kern.

"It is very evident that, wherever he may be, Lord Kern is no longer interested in a place which must have been perfect when he first possessed it. 'This noble heritage of Kern,'" he quoted himself.

The word vibrated a string in his consciousness.

"Heritage! Heritage," he murmured, and glanced at his notebook, reading aloud.

"'And thou, even thyself, shalt discontinue from thine heritage that I gave thee!'" Word for word, he repeated the inscription on the north face of the Pyramid of Lead.

"But that's curious," said Prosper. "It is apt, as far as discontinuing to enjoy the castle he inherited is concerned. It seems as if this slow decay, this abandonment of Kern to ruin, is deliberate."

He reflected.

"I believe that I have gained a little point—captured a very small pawn," he said. "I will assume for a little that Lord Kern is deliberately letting this place fall to ruin."

He considered that for a moment, but at present it led him nowhere. He put it aside and tried another tack.

"The sunken garden of Kern has an evil reputation and few, if any, of the villagers—including, after this last tragedy, even birds'-nesting boys—will go near it alone in broad daylight, and certainly not at night. Yet some woman goes there, sits upon those steps and lingers there—at leisure, for no woman in a hurry chooses that moment as a time for sharpening a pencil. It will be necessary to discover who she is, why she goes there, and why the Pyramid of Lead does not awe or appall her as it does the villagers of Kern."

He put away the shavings and the hairpin and studied the curved fragment of glass. The shape of this puzzled him. It was obviously not a fragment of sheet glass, nor of a broken bottle, nor was it part of a tube or lens. It was too thin for any of those things.

He came at last to the conclusion that it might be part of an electric-light bulb, though how it came to be in the sunken garden he could neither judge nor guess. He decided to ascertain if the castle was provided with an electric plant.

"It may be from an electric-torch bulb, but with so wide a curve it would have to

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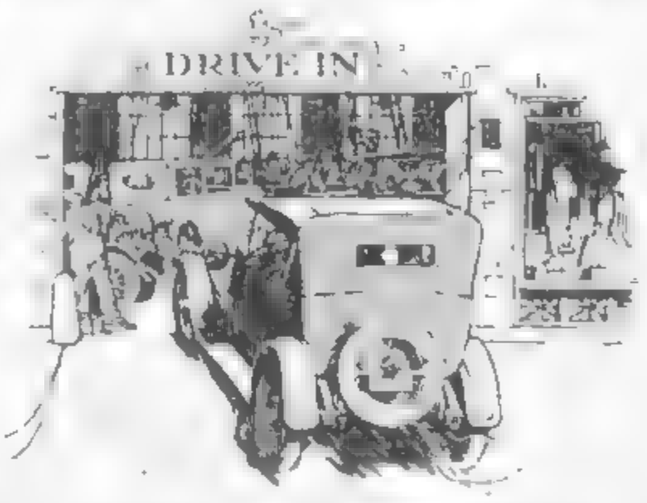

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be a very large torch indeed," he said, and restored it to its match box.

He rose, then closed the flap of the little tent, and notifying the electric Plutus that he must remain behind he began to make his way through the jungle of undergrowth and bramble-choked shrubbery dividing the woods from the south yew hedge of the great sunken garden. He purposed passing through this on a short cut to the village

His progress was slow and tormented with snaky briers, tough as wire cables. It took him half an hour to make the rudiments of a path through. In the south yew hedge, the one to which he was making his laborious way under the hot sunlight, were two arched entrances cut one at each end. Mainly because the village beyond the castle lay somewhat to the left, Prosper headed for the left entrance, intending to cut diagonally across the end of the garden

As he neared the entrance he went more cautiously and silently—not that he considered it really necessary, but simply because it was just conceivable that the lady of the steps might be there on this gloriously sunny afternoon. He believed it improbable; but the fascination of the problem was enmeshing him closely now, and his mind was not of a quality which rendered him liable to carelessness or incapable of estimating possibilities.

His precaution was surprisingly well repaid. As he came to the hedge he paused, glancing through the unpruned growth-narrowed entrance toward the steps which had caught his attention. These were quite close; no more than the width of the stone-flagged walk separated them from the hedge. He drew back instantly.

A girl was sitting on those steps, gazing dreamily before her. By her side was a sketchbook, but she was not using it. She was sitting at such an angle that she could see the Pyramid of Lead, squatting heavy and gray and monstrous away to the right.

Very carefully Prosper looked in again. A big garden hat lay near her on the steps, though she sat full in the sunshine. He could only see her profile, but that was enough to acquaint him instantly with her beauty. She was fair, very fair, with pale gleaming hair, and even had he not known her to be young by reason of the careless, silky plait into which her hair had been gathered, he could not have missed the sheer youth in the unconsciously graceful pose of her slim body; and there was youth as well as loveliness in the delicate outline of her perfectly balanced chin and lips, nose and forehead. She was dressed in a white garden frock with a touch of blue here and there, and she was looking up, her lips slightly parted, as though studying the top of the pyramid. Prosper glanced at that monument and saw that she was watching two thrushes that had alighted on the pyramid—a hen and a fledgling on its first flight. Then, even as he looked, a shadow slid across the garden. The girl saw it and glanced up. A big kestrel had drifted on still vans over the pyramid. She stood up quickly, fluttering her hands.

"Oh, fly away!" she called in an urgent but most musical voice.

The thrushes, alarmed, fled into the yew hedges even as the kestrel swooped for the fledgling like a falling bolt of red steel, curving up with an angry scream of disappointment just as it seemed about to smash itself on the metal summit.

The girl laughed aloud with pleasure and sat down again. Prosper thought her exquisite. And she must be courageous, too, for it was very evident that she was wholly without fear or nervousness alone in this place. He scowled unconsciously as it came to him that she might be in real danger.

He watched her like a charmed thing.

"She must know that this place is—is perilous," he began, and was on the point of rising from his ambush when a footstep on the stone walk caught both the girl's and Prosper's attention simultaneously.

He saw her look quickly down the garden. She did not rise and she showed neither alarm nor surprise.

A moment later the newcomer paused by the steps, slightly raising his soft felt hat. Prosper, watching intently, saw that he was a short, powerful man in a dark-gray tweed suit. He was clean shaven, with a rather heavy jaw, tight lips and hard, piercing light-gray eyes. He was scrutinizing the girl intently.

"You'll excuse my venturing to interrupt you in your sketching, miss," he said in a flat metallic voice. "But as you're probably a stranger about here, I think it's my duty to warn you that this is—not the best of places for a young lady to come to alone for an afternoon's sketching."

"Oh, thank you for warning me; but, you see, I know this place very well indeed. I live quite close. And I know about the—sad things that have happened here too. But I have been used to coming here for years and I am not afraid or nervous. I have no enemies, you see, and I don't get into mischief"—she laughed softly—"and so no one is likely to want to hurt me."

"I am not so sure, Miss—Miss ——"

"My name is Merlehurst," she said, smiling, "and I live quite close—midway between the castle and the village."

The detective nodded, but persisted.

"There are still some people about who are enemies of all the world, Miss Merlehurst," he reminded her. "Do your friends—your parents—know that you come here alone? You need not mind my asking. I have a kind of right ——"

"Oh, yes, they know. And I, too, know that you have a right to warn me. You are the detective from Scotland Yard who is inquiring into the mystery of those poor people who—who—died here."

Her voice sank and was troubled as she spoke. He stared.

"How did you know that?"

She laughed again.

"Oh, but don't you understand what country villages are like? Everyone knows already that you are Inspector Garrishe of Scotland Yard."

"Oh, do they? But that doesn't make it any safer here for you alone, Miss Merlehurst. And, forgive me—have you any real right to be here? That has to be considered, too, you know."

The laughing face became more serious.

"I have more right to be here than perhaps you think, Inspector," she said.

"May I ask what that right is?"

"Oh, yes; everybody in Kern knows it. You see, if Lord Kern does not return here within ten years from July, 1913, Kern Castle and everything Lord Kern possessed will become my property."

The detective gave no sign of surprise. He seemed to know something of that already. But it was with some interest that he answered, "Oh, so you are the young lady referred to in that celebrated deed of gift."

She nodded. "I thought you would be more surprised," she said naïvely. "You have heard of that before."

"Yes, a good many people have heard rumors of it who have never met the fortunate young lady who will benefit by it. So that is why you are not afraid to come here?"

She considered.

"Perhaps it is. I don't know quite. But somehow I don't think this beautiful old garden is unfriendly to me. I love it and I always feel that there is nothing in it that wants to hurt me."

The detective said nothing for a moment. Then, like a man who has come to an abrupt decision, he asked

"Will you answer a question that perhaps you may feel I have no business to ask you, Miss Merlehurst? I assure you that I ask it in the interests of the law, and for the sake of those poor souls who died here as well as, in a way, for your own sake."

She looked at him, her blue eyes wide and steady.

"Ought I to promise to answer?" she said. "I don't think I should promise, but I will try to answer it. What do you wish to ask me, please?"

"Why did Lord Kern name you as the one to inherit this place in the event of his never returning? You must have been quite a child when he disappeared."

"Truly, I don't know. I have often been asked that. I was only a little girl when Lord Kern disappeared and I have never seen him in my life."

The detective reflected.

"How old are you now?" he asked abruptly.

"I am eighteen."

"That would make you about nine when Lord Kern disappeared."

"Yes."

"May I ask your full name?"

"Oh, yes. Marjorie May Merlehurst. Do you like that?" she asked with a little laugh, half shy, half mischievous.

"Like it? Why, of course he likes it! It's music," said Prosper under his breath. He was enchanted with the girl, but still not so enchanted that he failed to notice the entry into the garden of another man—a tall person in golf clothes.

(Continued on Page 133)

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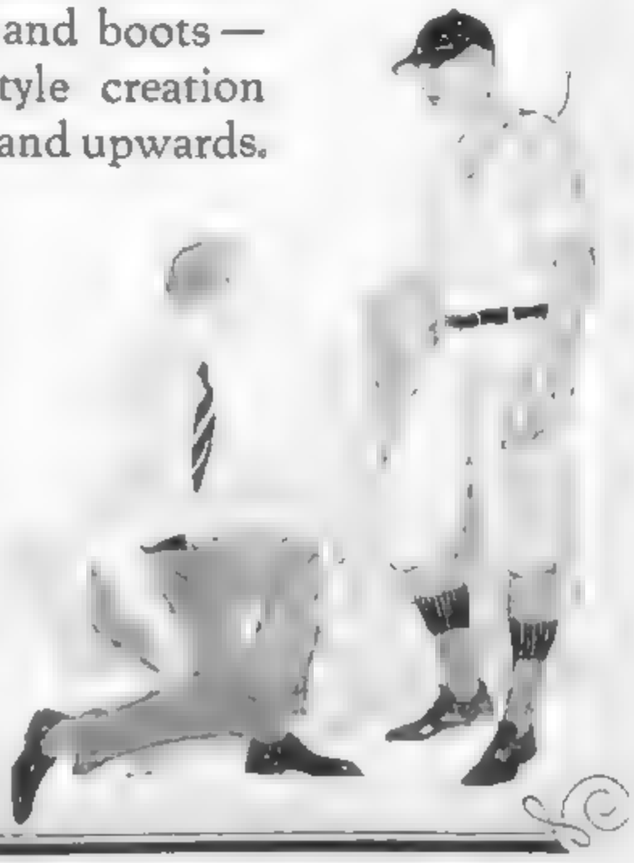

(Continued from Page 130

"Here is Mr. Barisford, a friend of mine, who used to be secretary to Lord Kern," said the girl. "Perhaps he could help you, inspector."

But it proved that Mr. Barisford could by no means help the detective with any information concerning the reason why Lord Kern had named Miss Merlehurst conditionally as his successor.

"The thing is as wholly a mystery to me as to Miss Merlehurst or anybody else, inspector. If you can find out his reasons for doing that there are quite a number of people who will be grateful to you."

"And I shall be one of them," chimed Marjorie May in her clear, sweet musical voice.

"Well, there must be a reason," said the inspector thoughtfully. "But I shall have to hunt for that another day," he added. "Just at present I am going to be busy in the castle if you are ready to show me over it, Mr. Barisford."

"Perfectly ready," declared Barisford.

"Oh please ——" began the girl, but broke off.

"Yes, Miss Merlehurst?" encouraged Inspector Garrishe.

"I was wondering whether it was possible for you to permit me to come too. I have never yet been inside the castle."

The detective agreed readily enough—so readily that he might almost have had some motive. But if he had he certainly gave no sign of it, and presently they all moved away down the garden toward an exit leading to the castle.

For a few minutes Mr. Prosper Fair stood, thinking deeply. But his thinking brought him only to the conclusion that the sooner he gleaned the very fullest information available about Lord Kern the better.

He returned quickly to his camp, retracing his trail with the quick-eyed confidence of a man at home in the wilderness. Here he settled himself, with writing pad and pencil, leaning against a big tree trunk, and wrote diligently for some minutes. He reread what he had written, then turned to his companions, Patience and Plutus, and addressed them:

"If you were able to read these letters, my littles, it is just possible that you would agree that the uncomradely act which I am on the verge of committing is justified. My dears, I am going to send you home and work single-handed. There is that suggesting itself in this matter of the Pyramid of Lead which is ominous and dark and sinister. And it is no desire of mine that you should share such danger as seems to me to lurk like a deadly, silent, merciless and inexorable thing in ambush about this ill-starred garden of Kern—the stark spirit of murder, backed by infinite stealth and cunning, inspired by some strong and ruthless and pressing motive—which I have to discover. So by reason of the danger—and other reasons—we shall part for a little. We have had a generous share of light-hearted adventure at various times, but there is nothing light-hearted in this adventure. So a brief parting will be arranged just as soon as I can send a telegram. Trust Prosper—and all will be well."

He rose again and headed definitely for the village, making a wide detour of the castle and its grounds. His face was grave.

He had first come to see the Pyramid of Lead with an open mind, in a spirit of enterprising curiosity, but already he was far from that point. Here, in a space of a few hours, he had sensed that there was, indeed, a mystery—and a dangerous mystery—about that great gray, forbidding pyramid dominating the sunken garden. Somewhere in the opaque fog of that mystery moved an intelligence, swift, tenacious, formidable—an intelligence that could discriminate.

"Yes, that is so," he told himself. "There is purpose driving the hidden intelligence that lurks within the veils of the mystery, and power to discriminate between persons, to select victims. Why is it that beautiful graceful child is safe in the garden—and seems to be very well aware of it—whereas Calhoun and the nameless lady were fair game?"

He was asking himself this question, without guessing even dimly at a feasible answer until he reached the post office. It was here, in the center of the village street, that he first saw the person of whom ever afterward he thought as the Iron-Gray Man.

This one rounded the corner on which the post office stood and halted just as Prosper was about to enter the little building.

"Forgive me," he said in the voice of one well-bred, "I am sorry to delay you, but I should be grateful if you will tell me the way to Kern Castle."

"To Kern Castle? With pleasure. Let me see now—um ——"

Prosper reflected, studying the man. He was not less than six feet two inches tall, desperately lean, very upright, and his height was accentuated by the long, faded, gray frock coat tightly buttoned round his frame. He was clad wholly in shabby gray. His boots, long, narrow and badly cracked, which once had been of black patent leather, were grayish white with dust; he wore a stained top hat which had once been gray; and his hollow-cheeked and haggard face was gray, though with an ugly flush on each of the jutting cheek bones. His hair was iron-gray, his mustache of the same hue, and his eyes were pale gray also.

He waited patiently for Prosper to speak, and it seemed that he swayed a little as he stood there. Clearly a tramp—it needed no more than a glance at his ruined clothes to glean that—but the sort of tramp who has once been a gentleman. For a moment Prosper could not quite place him. Then, suddenly, he realized that this weird wanderer looked precisely as a man might look who, dressed in the height of fashion for a day's racing at Ascot some years before, had left some smart coach on the race course and taken to the road forthwith, even as he stood. Since then the sun, the wind and the rain had been corroding what once must have been an appearance of extreme smartness to its present condition.

"Kern Castle is empty—untenanted, you know. I believe that it has been unoccupied for years," said Prosper, watching the Iron-Gray Man.

"Quite so; I understand that, thanks."

Suddenly he closed his eyes tightly and kept them closed.

"Forgive me if these closed eyes give you an impression of—queerness. It is a habit I have when I am fatigued."

"And hungry and thirsty," mentally added Prosper to that.

"I shall be able to open them in a few moments, you understand—feeling refreshed. Strange, that, isn't it?" continued the Iron-Gray Man in a voice of inexpressible weariness. "It was always so with me. I am sorry."

Prosper took one of the bony clawlike hands and forced into it a tightly folded wad of crinkly paper.

"It is probably something to do with the nerve centers," he said casually, and added quietly, "The entrance to Kern Castle lies halfway down a lane which is the second turning to the right. . . . But the entrance to the local inn is three doors along on the left. My friend, if you do not go to that inn first, and eat and drink and rest, it is questionable whether you will ever reach Kern Castle. Give a man well acquainted with the trials and vicissitudes of the road an opportunity of repaying many kindnesses he has experienced also on the road. If you are willing, I will join you there within the space of a few minutes."

The Iron-Gray Man swayed.

"Sir, you are incredibly kind," he said. His eyes opened suddenly. "Let it be as you wish," he said, and moved on toward the inn.

They were slow at the post office and it took Prosper a full ten minutes to get his telegram off. Then he hurried to the inn to improve his acquaintance with the iron-gray apparition.

But he was not there—nor had he been there. Prosper was astonished to discover that this information seemed most unaccountably to disturb him.

"But he was quite staringly in the last stage of exhaustion!" he said to himself, and went out, oddly worried.

There was no sign of the Iron-Gray Man anywhere along the empty, deserted village street. But an inquiry put to a placid woman standing in the doorway of a little general shop opposite made things plainer.

"Yes, I saw him. He was standing outside the Kern Arms when the baker's van stopped with the bread. I thought he was a funny-looking sort of a tramp. He bought a loaf off the baker's boy and I suppose asked for a lift. Leastways he drove off with the boy."

"He wanted to go past Kern Castle," said Prosper.

The woman nodded.

"The baker's van goes round by that way this afternoon," she explained.

Prosper thanked her and headed for Kern himself.

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THE success of Victor-Springfield Tires is built on conscientiousness, skill and intimate personal attention to details of manufacture. For twenty-two years our ideal has been—not to build the greatest number of tires—but to build exclusively tires of the highest quality. This ideal is reflected in the degree of satisfaction that car owners find in Victor Springfield service. Handled by exclusive Victor Dealers—one to a town. Look in your phone book under Victor-Springfield Tires.

Balloon tires, or regular, according to the needs of the car

THE VICTOR RUBBER COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

VICTOR
SPRINGFIELD CORD

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

"The sound of a brass band is heard down the street.

"'What day is this, ma?' the candidate asks.

"'Why, pa?'

"'It must be a holiday or something. I can hear the band playing.'

"Maybe it's the circus come to town,' ma replies.

"With that the band, followed by a delegation of men in frock coats and silk hats, and a procession of all the people in town, turns the corner and marches up the street. The men all wear big badges with the candidate's name printed in gold letters, and as they stop in front of his house the band plays Hail to the Chief. The chairman of the committee removes his silk hat and steps forward.

"'This is the Notification Committee,' he says. 'We are here to notify you of your nomination.'

"'One minute,' says the candidate. He jumps up from his rocking-chair and goes into the house to put on his coat and vest.

"'Now say that again,' he says as he reappears on the porch. 'I didn't get you the first time.'

"'We are the Notification Committee,' the chairman repeats. 'We have the honor to inform you that the National Convention has chosen you to be its peerless leader. You have been nominated for the Presidency of the United States!'

"'Now if that isn't the strangest thing,' says the candidate in great amazement. 'The wife and I were talking about the election only this morning. Well, well, well. This is indeed a surprise.'

"The candidate puts his hand in his pocket and draws forth a manuscript about fifty closely typewritten pages. It's his speech of acceptance."

"Wouldn't it be funny if the candidate should be out when they called?" said Alice. The idea seemed to amuse her. "What would happen," she asked, "if the candidate should refuse the nomination?"

"Don't be silly!" said the Red Knight.

—*Newman Levy.*

BILL THE CONQUEROR

(Continued from Page 27)

"The girl's mad," he announced briefly. "There is nothing to be done for the present but make some excuse to these people who are coming here tonight. Better tell them she's got a headache."

"An excellent idea," said Mrs. Hammond with enthusiasm. "We will."

"Colonel and Mrs. Bagshott," proclaimed Wace, the butler, in the doorway. His slightly prominent eyes swept the little group before him with respectful commiseration. "Do the best you can," his glance seemed to say. "It's beyond me!"

III

A TAXICAB drew up at the door of Lidderdale Mansions, Sloane Square. Bill West alighted and spoke through the window.

"You wait here," said Bill. "I'll go up and see this man."

Judson appeared doubtful.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "It seems to me this is a business that wants handling. Are you sure you're equal to it?"

"If only you keep out of it, I can settle the whole affair in two minutes," said Bill firmly.

He felt unusually calm and capable as he entered the building. As a rule, it is a nervous task to call upon a perfect stranger and ask favors of him; but Bill felt no diffidence. He looked forward to an amusing chat. It was only when he had gone up a couple of floors in the elevator and was interrogated by the attendant as to where he wished to stop that he remembered that he had omitted to ask Judson the name of the man he had come to interview. A little ruffled by the captious manner of the attendant on being requested to take him down again, after a brief indulgence in what the latter evidently looked upon as a joy ride, he went out to the cab.

"Well?" said Judson eagerly, popping out like a cuckoo out of a clock. "What did he say?"

"I haven't seen him yet," Bill explained. "I forgot to ask you what his name is."

"Look here," said Judson in an anxious voice, his faith in his ambassador now plainly at zero, "are you sure you're equal to this? Hadn't I better push up?"

"You stay here," said Bill. He had lost that easy calm.

"I have a feeling that you'll bungle it."

"Don't be a chump. What's his name?"

"Pyke. But ——"

"Pyke? All right. That's all I wanted to know."

He reëntered the elevator and was shot up to the third floor, only to receive another check. If Bill had been a superstitious man he would have realized at this point that the omens were bad and that it would be a wise course to abandon the expedition. A manservant, answering his ring, informed him that Mr. Pyke had gone out.

"Just gone this moment, sir."

"But I've only just come up," argued Bill. "Why didn't I meet him?"

"Perhaps Mr. Pyke walked downstairs, sir."

It seemed a tenable theory. At any rate, the man was gone. Bill, unwilling to trouble the elevator attendant again, walked downstairs himself and, reaching the cab, found Judson in a state bordering on the febrile. Judson was dancing on the pavement.

"I knew you would bungle it!" he cried. "The fellow sneaked out half a second ago. Tried to get into my cab!"

"Tried to get into your cab?"

"Yes; didn't know there was anybody in it. He peered in, saw me, turned deadly pale and ——" Judson broke off, pointing. "Look! Quick! There he is getting into that taxi over there! Get in! Jump in, you poor fish!"

The affair, which had started out in so orderly and well-planned a manner, was now beginning to take on a hectic aspect which flustered Bill. The jerk with which Judson dragged him into the taxi helped further to disorder his faculties. And when his companion, leaning across him and speaking out of the window, uttered those words familiar to every reader of detective stories—"Follow that cab wherever it goes!"—the enterprise stepped definitely into the ranks of waking nightmares.

To call upon a stranger and ask him civilly to insert in his paper a correction of an inadvertent error is one thing; to hound him about London in cabs, quite another. Bill had a well-regulated man's dislike of scenes, and it seemed to him that this pursuit could only end in a scene of the most disagreeable nature. Already Judson had begun to babble harsh comments on the man whose taxi, keenly pursued by their own, was moving rapidly down the street toward Sloane Square. It was Judson's firm belief that the fellow was in the pay of Toddy van Riter. If not, why should he jump ten feet sideways every time they met? Taken by and large, the whole thing looked like a pretty black business to Judson. He seethed with generous indignation and even went so far as to state his intention, should they ever catch up with him, of busting the fellow one on the snoot.

As the moments went by it almost seemed as though these sentiments must have communicated themselves by some sort of

(Continued on Page 137)

Eureka Supremacy Was Never More Evident

The universal satisfaction of its users, everywhere bears out the judgment of the world's authorities in awarding more grand prizes and highest awards to the Eureka than to any other electric vacuum cleaner of its type

Eureka leadership must now be apparent to everyone.

The truth of it has been declared by the world's authorities who have publicly announced their conviction by repeatedly awarding the Eureka a grand prize or highest award in open competition with the world's best.

It has become a secure and firmly grounded belief in the minds of the host of women whose confidence and pride in the Eureka has been *deserved* by its amazing helpfulness.

To this fact, and this fact alone, we credit the astounding increase in the number of women who fixed their choice on the Eureka during the past year.

More than two hundred thousand wives and mothers purchased Eurekas during this period—or over twenty times the average sales of sixty-nine other "makes".

No household appliance, to our knowledge, has ever shown such a gain in preference among its possible buyers.

It must therefore be accepted as positive fact that in powerful cleaning ability, in variety of uses, and in fine construction, the Eureka is becoming more and more widely established as the greatest electric vacuum cleaner value in the world.

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DETROIT, U. S. A.
Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners since 1909
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(129)

The Grand Prize

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER

It Gets the Dirt

RIGHT: *Window display of clothing department of Zion Stores featuring Farm & Fireside-advertised products.* BELOW: *Street in Zion during automobile parade*

BELOW: *Zion department store, with automobile which won a prize for carrying the greatest number of people*

A $22,824 week in Zion

How the stores affiliated with Zion Institutions and Industries, Zion, Illinois, established a new sales record—and how other merchants can use the same plan to increase sales

A plan which enables a small-city store, or rather a group of stores operating as a single department store, to do a business of $22,824.33 in a single week, is of interest, surely, to retail merchants everywhere.

Such a plan was offered by Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*, to the Zion Stores of Zion, Illinois. They investigated the success of other stores with this plan and accepted it—with the result that they enjoyed one of the biggest week's sales in the history of small town merchandising.

To get more farm trade

The Zion Stores, just as do other merchants in the smaller cities and towns, wanted more farm trade. They wanted the farm people of their community to realize that the Zion Stores were equipped to serve them—efficiently, intelligently, economically.

When we explained the Farm & Fireside plan to them, they were enthusiastic. They followed our suggestions, they put all their energy behind the plan and their sales nearly doubled. Let Mr. W. E. Schmalfuss, manager of the Zion Stores, tell you the results:

"Our Farm & Fireside Week was very successful. Cash sales during the week amounted to $22,824.33, as compared to $13,744.07 for last year and $10,869.75 for the week preceding the event. Our annual volume of sales is approximately $1,000,000.

"We are satisfied"

"We advertised extensively and the results were very gratifying, especially since the roads west of us were completely closed by snow, which means a possible loss of no less than $4,000 additional business. In spite of the roads, many farmers came in sleighs from as far distant as 20 to 25 miles to attend the exhibition.

"Gentlemen, we are well satisfied and we thank you for the splendid co-operation given us by your immense organization. Our stores—yes, all of our institutions—are now prominently associated with successful merchandising in the minds of all the inhabitants of Lake County, Illinois."

Need more than this be said? Only this—that we believe the Farm & Fireside plan will increase your sales just as it has increased sales for merchants in every section of the country, and that we will gladly co-operate with you in applying the Farm & Fireside plan to your store.

An invitation to you

Let us tell you more about this plan. Just write, "How may we apply the Farm & Fireside plan to our store," and give the names of the products in the list below which you carry, and we will mail you the complete plan. Send your letter, please, to the Retail Sales Director, Suite 9-A, at the address below.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Member

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Agricultural Gypsum
American Chain Co. (Weed Chains)
American Fence
American Pad & Textile Company
[illegible] Radiator Company
American Saw Mill M[illegible]
[illegible] Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Insect Powder
Boss Stoves & Ovens
Brown's Beach Jacket
Buckeye Incubators
Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
Canadian Government
(Dept. of Immigration & Colonization)
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C B & Q R R Company
Certo (Surejell)
Chesebrough "*Vaseline*" Products
Chevrolet Cars and Trucks
Chilean Nitrate Committee
Clark Grave Vaults
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Columbia Dry Cells & Batteries
Congoleum Rugs
Corn Products Refining Co. (Karo)
Crescent "*Maplelux*"
Crescent Tools
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Detroit Belt Lacer and Closing Machine
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Douglas, W. L., Shoes
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage Stuffers
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Eveready Radio Batteries
Ford Automobiles and Ford Trucks
General Electric Co.
General Motors Corporation
Glaston[illegible]
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Hall, Hartwell & Co.
(Collars, Shirts and Underwear)
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
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Hires Root Beer and Ginger Ale Extract
Hohner Harmonicas
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm
Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Jell-O
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Landers, Frary & Clark—"*Universal*
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Magnavox Co., The
Mennen's Food
Midwest Radio Co. "*Mi[illegible]*
Monitor Furnace Co. [illegible]
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Music Master Co[illegible]
Natco Hollow Tile Silos and Farm Buildings
Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove
Nesco Royal GRANITE Enameled Ware
New Perfection Oil Ranges
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Planet Jr. Implements
President Suspenders
Remington Arms Co., Inc.
(Firearms, Ammunition & Cutlery)
Reo Speed Wagons
R[illegible]
Semi-solid Buttermilk
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees
Stewart Custombilt Auto Accessories
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation
S[illegible]d Raisins
Swift's Products
United States Tires
V[illegible]
V[illegible] Lighting M[illegible]
V[illegible]
V[illegible] Motor Car [illegible]
V[illegible] Battery Corp.

(Continued from Page 134)

telepathy to the man in the other cab, for his taxi went on and on and on. The theory that he was going out to dine somewhere now seemed thin. Would any diner-out dine so far out as this? Already they were well into the Fulham Road and he showed no signs of stopping. They rattled over Putney Bridge. They climbed Putney Hill. And still the taxi in front moved forward. It began to appear absurd even to Bill, reluctant as he was to abandon the common-sense view, that this Pyke could simply be on his way to dinner. It seemed more probable that his intention was to go on till he reached the coast and then jump off the edge.

In attributing these qualms to Roderick, his pursuers had erred. True, Roderick had had what amounted to the start of a lifetime when that glance into Judson's taxi had informed him that the mysterious stranger was still on his trail, but panic had passed as soon as he had got into a cab of his own and driven off. It had not occurred to him that he was to be chased. Arriving at Holly House, he paid his driver and rang the doorbell without even a look behind. It was only as he waited on the step for Wace to answer the bell that the crackling of gravel in his rear caused him to turn his head. The shock he received on observing a second cab tearing down the drive was severe. A faint hope that this might be a peaceful cab containing blameless dinner guests of his Aunt Frances vanished as he perceived Judson's inflamed face protruding from the right-hand window. He lunged desperately at the bell again, and waited for Wace as the Duke of Wellington in another crisis had waited for Blücher.

The cab stopped. From one door Judson shot out, from the other Bill. Roderick rang the bell again, staring glassily over his shoulder.

Oddly enough, it was the sight of Bill that set the seal on his horror. And yet, had he but known, Bill was here in the purest spirit of pacifism. What had caused Bill to project himself so vigorously out of the cab was the kindly desire to be on the scene of action in time to keep Judson from committing the mayhem of which he had spoken so feelingly at practically every stage of the journey. Bill was the wise, cool, clear-headed man who was there to stop any violence. But to Roderick he seemed the most dreadful thing that had come along in the whole course of this dreadful day.

Judson, so held Roderick, was bad enough. He was pretty scared of Judson. But about Judson there was this consoling feature—that he had a certain weediness, a lack of thews and sinews. With Judson, a fellow if driven into a corner might possibly cope. But Bill was quite another matter. A man cannot fulfill the exacting duties of left tackle on a Harvard football team without having a fairly impressive physique. No mere amiability or charm of manner will fit him for the post; he must be equipped with India-rubber legs, a chest like an ice box and the shoulders of a prize fighter. These qualifications Bill possessed. He stood five feet eleven in his socks and weighed on the hoof one hundred and ninety-three pounds; and Roderick, watching him bound up the drive, unhesitatingly cast him for the rôle of star in this murder scene.

The consequence was that when Bill reached the steps just as Wace opened the door, Roderick, trapped and desperate, saw nothing for it but to sell his life dearly. Whirling his stick madly in the air, he brought it down with a solid whack on Bill's head. Bill, totally unprepared for anything of this kind, tripped and fell; Judson, hurrying up, stumbled over Bill; and Roderick, snatching at the chance thus presented of effecting a masterly retreat, dashed into the house and slammed the door after him.

Of all the things calculated to modify a wise, cool, clear-headed outlook on life, few are more effective than a brisk buffet on the skull from a heavy stick. In this case the blow was rendered all the more powerful by the striker's terror; and Bill's hat having fallen off in his sprint down the straight, there was nothing to break the force of it. He remained for an appreciable space of time sitting dazedly on the gravel, and when eventually he rose his mood had undergone a complete and remarkable change. No trace remained of his recent desire to keep this business free from violence. Violence was what he wanted more than anything on earth. He looked on the world through a crimson mist.

In this new frame of mind the apectacle of Judson hopping about in a futile manner exasperated him intensely. He was in the mood when men usually tolerant of their fellow creatures conceive a sudden dislike for whoever happens to be nearest. He glowered at Judson.

"Go and sit in the cab!" he commanded with set teeth.

"But look here, Bill, o' man ——"

"Go on! I'm going to attend to this business."

"What are you going to do?"

Bill's finger was on the bell, and he kept it there without pause. A few short hours before, life had been a thing opening out before him in a prismatic vista of manifold ambitions. He had had all sorts of plans plans for making a fortune, plans for marrying Alice Coker, plans for scoring off at Wilfrid Slingsby. Now all these rainbow visions had passed from his mind and he had but one object in the world—just one—and that was to get into this house, find the fellow who had sloshed him on the bean and methodically kick the man's spine up through his back hair. He was in the mood which used to send ancient vikings berserk, which makes modern Malays run amuck and prod the citizenry with long knives. Like most big men, Bill West was good-natured. He did not readily take offense; but hit him an absolutely unprovoked wallop on the head with a stick and you started something. He continued to ring the bell.

"I'm going to have a heart-to-heart talk with that fellow," he said grimly.

Judson's feelings were now those of a child who, sporting idly with a pocketknife beside a reservoir, finds suddenly that he has bored a hole in the dam. He had unchained passions which overawed him. Frothily though he had talked of inflicting violence on the erring Roderick, Judson had never really intended business. He knew now that he would not have proceeded beyond words. But in Bill's program words had only too plainly no part at all. To see Bill, that mild and good-humored young man, standing there with his teeth bare, his eyes glittering and a thin trickle of blood running down his forehead appalled Judson. He felt weakly unequal to the situation. With a pale face and limp knees he returned to the cab, and as he did so the door opened.

Wace the butler had been annoyed by the strident persistence of the bell. It was with the intention of administering a severe rebuke that he now presented himself. But the words he had framed were never uttered. Something large and solid brushed Wace out of the way; and staggering back, he saw a big man without a hat careering along the hall toward the drawing-room.

"Hi!" he said feebly.

The intruder paid no attention. He had stopped for an instant, as if uncertain of his destinaton; but now a burst of voices from behind the door put him on the scent. His fingers closed on the handle.

"Hi!" said Wace again. "Stop!"

Bill did not stop. He plunged on into the drawing-room.

The drawing-room was full of men and women dressed and eager for the feast. Here Mr. Wilkinson, of Heath Prospect, chatted about the weather to Mrs. Hammond; there Mrs. Byng-Jervoise, of The Towers, spoke to her host of new plays. Colonel Bagshott was drinking sherry and entertaining Mrs. Wilkinson with an account of his most recent passage of arms with the local council. Sir George and Mr. Byng-Jervoise were talking politics. Roderick, a solitary figure attached to no group, stood by the open window.

Into this refined gathering Bill charged like a ravening wolf. And Roderick, turning with the others at the sound of the opening door, and catching sight of his ghastly face, acted promptly. This was the fourth time today that he had felt the imperative need of flight from forces beyond his control; and nimble though he had shown himself on each of the previous occasions, his movements then had been leaden-footed compared with the turn of speed which he exhibited now. He shot out into the garden like a cannon ball, with Bill in close attendance.

IV

THE young need careful handling. Into the life of the most docile and well-regulated girl there come crises where only tact and sympathy can avert disaster; and ever since Flick Sheridan had made her momentous announcement respecting Roderick tact and sympathy had been very notably absent from the attitude of her

Thin Cool Absorbent

LAWRENCE Tailored Knit Underwear is the perfect summer underwear, the *new idea* in athletic undergarments. *Different* from the woven or muslin type.

The featherweight, *flat-knit* fabric is so thin, so cool, so elastic. Yet for all its gossamer effect it absorbs perspiration as *only knit underwear* will. There is no stickiness.

Each Lawrence garment is cut with extreme care to insure roominess, comfort and correct size. Any man, no matter what his physique, can be fitted well in Lawrence Underwear.

Flat-knit Union Suits [illegible] the perfection of [illegible] dexterity in tailoring and finish.

And how it wears! Seams won't split and buttons *can't* come off. Ask for *Lawrence Knit-athletic.*

Union Suits—$1.75 to $2.50. Shirts and Drawers—$1 to $1.50. (Also made sock length.) Two qualities—Blue Label, combed yarn, finest quality; Red Label, same durability and finish, slightly different yarn. If your dealer hasn't the particular garment you wish, please send us his name, and ask for booklet showing various styles.

LAWRENCE MANUFACTURING CO., Lowell, Mass.
Established 1831
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Ordinary accelerators transmit every road shock to the carburetor, causing starving, choking or sputtering

No jars can reach the carburetor and your foot has the most comfortable cushion it ever rested upon.

The Pneumatic Accelerator for Fords is the first and only real improvement in foot acceleration since automobiles first came out. It's simple, easy and quickly installed, and unconditionally guaranteed for one year. You risk nothing—so buy one now!

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A tough and resilient rubber bulb is placed wherever most convenient on the floor board. This bulb is connected by a thick tubing to an expansion diaphragm. Pressure on the bulb compresses the air and expands this diaphragm which pulls the rod that opens the carburetor and regulates the flow of gas into the engine.

Nothing could be more simple—it works just like the shutter of a camera—or like the air brakes on great railroad trains. The Accelerator, of course, operates independently from the hand lever.

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The bucking and jerking days of your Ford are over when you install a Pneumatic Accelerator. It is the most comfortable cushion your feet ever rested on. It absorbs all road shocks and jars—it cannot choke or starve the engine—it is the smoothest acceleration imaginable.

Try a Pneumatic Accelerator once and you will never be without one. It cushions the jars and shocks of the road so smoothly—it provides such smooth and certain acceleration—it's so quiet, so convenient and comfortable—that you'll think you are driving a new car.

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Put a Pneumatic Accelerator on your Ford for thirty days at our risk. If you're not completely satisfied at the end of that time, your money will be promptly refunded without question. Get one from your dealer—or order on the attached coupon.

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The Pneumatic Accelerator

FOR FORD CARS

Motor Products Corporation,
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Gentlemen: Here's $3. Send me a Pneumatic Accelerator. It is agreed that you will return my money if I'm not satisfied at the end of 30 days.

Name_____

Address_____

immediate circle. It was perhaps unfortunate that Mrs. Hammond, always prone to supersede her husband in the conduct of delicate operations about the home, had declined with some asperity to allow the amiable Sinclair to go up and have a chat with his niece, for this eliminated from the situation the one person to whom Flick in her mood of bristling defiance would have listened with any calmness. Instead of a gentle talk with Uncle Sinclair, Flick had been plunged into a battle royal with her Aunt Frances—a contest which had left her, though undefeated, badly shaken; and immediately on top of this had come Sir George's brief address through the locked door. At about the time when the cab of Roderick and that of Bill and Judson were toiling up Putney Hill, she was seated on her bed, staring into the future.

It was not a very agreeable future for any girl to look at—certainly not a girl who, like Flick, was of a quick and gallant spirit and had always held herself to be the captain of her soul. It was a future filled with wrangling arguments, cold, hurt silences, a never-ending strain—never-ending, that is to say, unless she meekly yielded and consented to marry Roderick. And at the thought of marrying Roderick, Flick's teeth clicked together and she blinked rebelliously. Nothing should ever induce her to marry Roderick. She loved Bill West. Uncle Sinclair had spoken flippantly about juvenile romances, but that extraordinary meeting with Bill this afternoon had shown her that these were not things to jest about. They were beastly solid facts that hurt you.

Oh, she knew how absurd it was of her. She knew that Bill was in love with some starry-eyed cat of a girl out in America, and wouldn't look at her, anyway; but that made no difference. If she couldn't have Bill she wouldn't have anyone—least of all Roderick, who jumped into cabs and left her standing on the pavement at the mercy, for all he knew, of men who looked like Airedale terriers.

She jerked up her head with a sudden unconscious movement of defiance and resolution. She had made her decision. The next moment she was opening her bag and feeling in it for the money earmarked earlier in the day for the relief of the distressed Mrs. Matilda Pawle. She pulled out the notes and dropped them in a rustling heap on the bed. They made an encouraging display. If she had ever thought of weakening and drawing back, the sight of this money gave her strength. It seemed to her a vast sum, the sort of sum on which a girl of careful habits could face the world indefinitely. And in the distant future when she had spent all this wealth, there was all the rest of her jewelry to fall back on. She hesitated no longer.

She went to cupboards, ransacked drawers. She pulled a suitcase out from under the bed. After a thoughtful interval devoted to making a selection of the things she could not possibly do without, she packed the suitcase. She scribbled a hasty note in pencil and fastened it to her pincushion. She tore the sheet from the bed and tied knots in it. She attached the sheet to the rail of the bed, dragged the bed to the window, and had just flung the window open when from the garden below there came to her ears a sudden uproar. With a startling abruptness the quiet night had become filled with noise and shoutings.

Flick leaned out, deeply interested. If there is one spot in the world free as a rule from alarms and excursions it is the aristocratic quarter of Wimbledon, that row of large mansions along the edge of the common where wealth and respectability dream and let the world go by. In all the five years of her residence at Holly House, Flick could recall no event of any description that had even bordered on drama. Yet now, if she could believe the evidence of her ears, drama was stalking abroad in the night as nakedly as in the more vivacious portions of Moscow. Dark figures were racing on the lawn, voices shouted hoarsely. She could detect the deep bay of Colonel Bagshott, of Pondicherry Lodge, the shriller yapping of Mr. Byng-Jervoise, of The Towers. Her Uncle George was bawling to somebody to fetch a policeman.

Flick forgot her troubles in the thrill of these amazing goings on. She leaned farther out of the window, annoyed by the fact that her vision was much impeded by the roof of a sort of outhouse immediately below her window. A few moments before she had been extremely grateful to Providence for having supplied this outhouse roof as an aid to her escape; but now she resented its presence. The spirit of youth called to her not to miss a bit of this, for it was good; and she chafed to think that she was missing practically all of it.

The shouts increased in volume. The flying figures continued to fly. Then suddenly there echoed through the night a tremendous splash. Even an onlooker whose view was cut off by an outhouse roof could interpret the inner meaning of this, and Flick understood it instantly. Somebody had fallen into the pond.

She hoped it was her Uncle George.

v

IT WAS her Uncle George; and he made his own personal needs so manifest in a vigorous speech from the depths that the pursuit ceased on the instant and all present rallied round to lend him aid and comfort

All except Bill. Bill was otherwise occupied. Retired altogether now from the maelstrom of activity on the lawn, he was crouching in the shadow of a large bush, reviewing his position.

The first fine frenzy that had carried Bill through the front door into the drawing-room, and through the French windows of the drawing-room out into the garden in pursuit of Roderick, had kept him going nicely for perhaps two minutes. At the end of that time the folly of chasing people about strange gardens in the dark was brought home to him in no uncertain manner by a wheelbarrow left by Gardener John in the shadows at the edge of the lawn. It was a low, underslung wheelbarrow, quite invisible in the gloom, and he had dived over it with a shattering bump which gave him a momentary impression that Wimbledon and neighborhood had been convulsed by an earthquake. A young man less accustomed to falls on the football field might have lain there indefinitely, but Bill staggered dizzily to his feet, and it was at this point that he discovered that the fever of the chase had completely left him.

As he stood there, dazedly wishing himself elsewhere, he perceived that the whole aspect of the world had undergone another change. A moment before it had been a roomy place with nobody in it but Roderick and himself; but now there appeared to be people everywhere. Large though the garden was, it seemed uncomfortably crowded; and the chase, which had started out as a straight issue between himself and Roderick, had become quite a public affair. The thing had developed into a sort of Walpurgis Night. Phantoms whizzed to and fro. Demon voices bellowed advice and threats. An unseen dog was barking its head off.

Bill was appalled by his position. That is the worst of berserk moods—they lure you into stupendous acts of imbecility and then coolly abandon you to extricate yourself as best you can. A chilly remorse flooded over him. He saw now where his initial mistake had lain. He ought to have taken from the start an attitude altogether more dignified and formal. Instead of charging into the house of a complete stranger, breathing fire through his nostrils and seeking whom he might devour, he should have gone quietly away and on the morrow approached some good lawyer with a view to bringing suit against the man Pyke for assault and battery. Not having taken this prudent course, he was, he ruefully admitted, in a distinctly unpleasant hole.

The descent of Sir George into the goldfish pond had given him a respite, but it was plain that it was not to last long. A nasty spirit of vindictiveness prevailed in the enemy camp, and voices were urging once more that the police be summoned. He must get out of this infernal garden, and that right speedily, before they started to make a systematic search. Unfortunately it was only too clear that to leave the garden now he would have to fight his way out, for already people were shouting to other people to guard the exits. The task that lay immediately before him was to find some nook, some haven, some retired spot where he might hope to avoid discovery.

The night, as mysteriously happens when we stay out in it for any length of time, had now become appreciably lighter. Objects previously hidden began to reveal themselves. And among them was a sort of outhouse place that stood against the wall of the building some six feet from the bush in which he was lurking. Only a fraction of a second passed between the sighting of this outhouse by Bill and his realization that here, if anywhere, safety lay. The entire

(Continued on Page 141)

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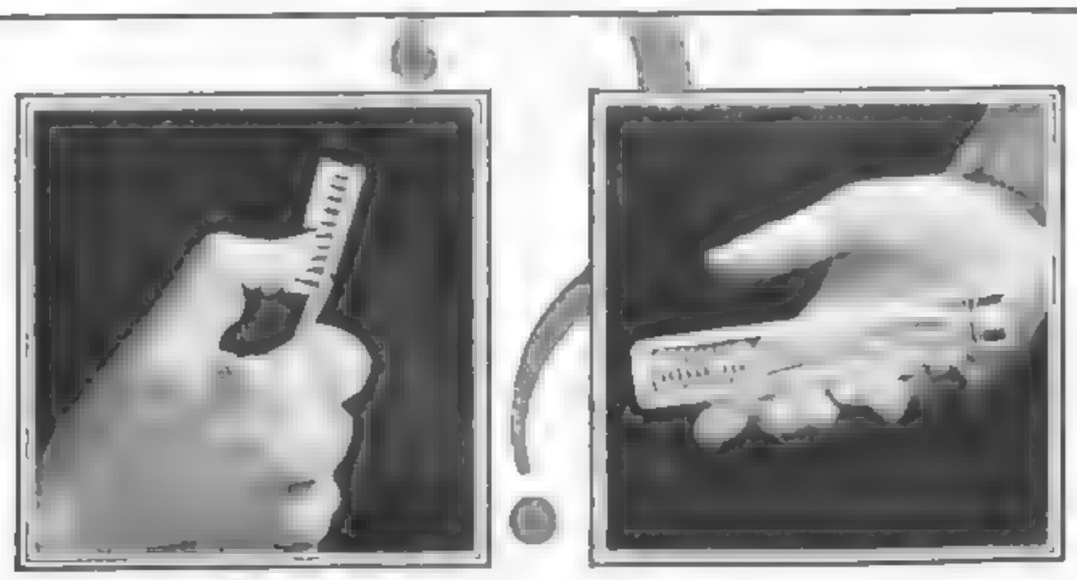

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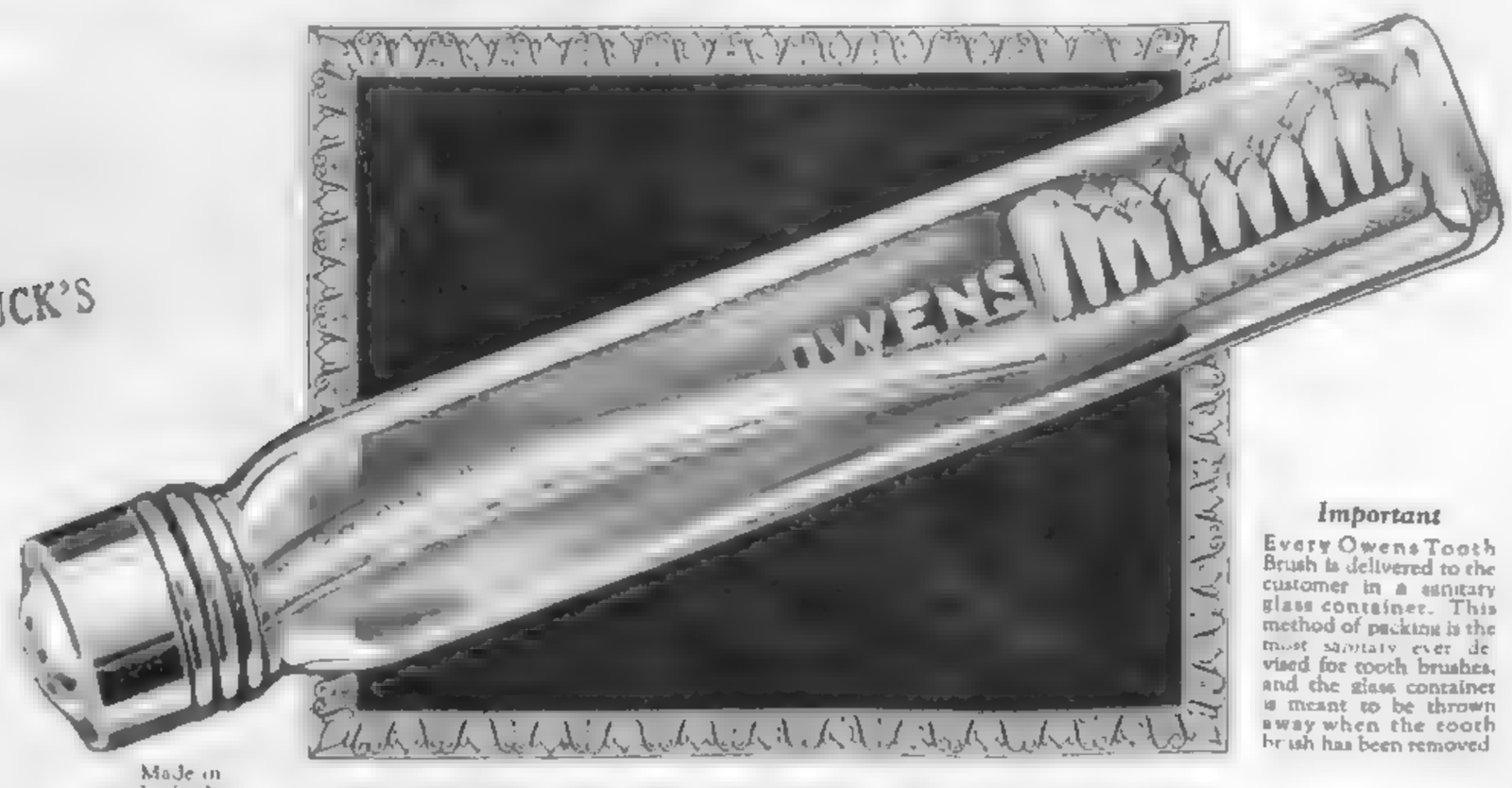

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(Continued from Page 138)

strength of the company appeared to have their attention concentrated at the moment on the goldfish pond, from which proceeded squashy sounds as of some solid body being gaffed and hauled ashore. Bill seized his opportunity with the promptitude of a strategist. Sliding softly out of his bush, he heaved himself in one scrabbling leap onto the outhouse roof and lay there motionless.

Nobody appeared to have observed him. A detachment of the enemy forces moved across the lawn and passed beneath him, Sir George walking squelchily in their sympathetic midst. The others, calling to one another at intervals, were prowling about, beating the bushes. But nobody thought of examining roofs. And after a lapse of time which might have been ten minutes or ten hours, the pursuit finally sagged away to nothingness. First one, then another of the prowlers gave the thing up and drifted back into the house, until at last the garden was its silent sleeping self again.

But Bill remained where he was. At times of tense emotion we tend to extremes, and the vanishing of the berserk mood had been followed by one of the utmost wariness. He had the night before him, and he meant to allow himself a generous margin of safety. The longer he waited, the better his chance of slipping away without any uncongenial brawling. He had had all the brawling he wanted for one night.

At length, however, when he had begun to feel that he had been lying on the roof since early childhood, he decided that it was safe to make a move. He slithered cautiously into a sitting position and rubbed his cramped limbs. And then, as he was about to rise and lower himself to the ground, every nerve in his body leaped simultaneously and twisted itself at the ends. Something had fallen with a thud not two feet from where he stood. Spinning round defensively, he discovered that it was a suitcase. Why people were throwing suitcases out of windows at such an hour he could not imagine.

His speculations on this problem were interrupted by the sight of something even more remarkable—a dark figure apparently crawling down the side of the house.

VI

A MAN with all the world—or at any rate part of Wimbledon—against him inclines naturally to see enemies everywhere; and Bill's reactions on becoming aware of this figure descending onto what he had grown to regard as his own private roof were at first purely militant. He retired a few steps and braced himself for combat. It was too dark to get a clear view, but the person who was crawling down the wall appeared to be of a slender physique, and he looked forward to the coming encounter with a bright confidence. For though he was not afraid of the bulkiest foe, it is always pleasanter to have a rough-and-tumble with somebody a trifle undersized. He could eat this midget, and unless the midget behaved itself he proposed to do so.

The figure alighted, and at the same moment Bill made his spring. It was only when a startled squeak rang out in the darkness that he was embarrassed to discover that he was grappling with a girl. At which point the militant mood vanished abruptly, to be succeeded by one of amazed consternation. The man who lays a hand upon a woman save in the way of kindness is justly looked askance at by society. What then can be said for the man who tackles her as if she were trying to make a ten-yard gain round the end? Bill was bathed in a prickly shame.

"I beg your pardon!" he cried.

Flick did not reply. It had never occurred to her when she began her descent of the knotted sheet that violent giants were going to bound out at her from the night, and the shock had almost caused her to faint. She stood there panting.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Bill contritely. "I thought—I didn't know—I had an idea ——"

"I've dropped my purse," said Flick dizzily.

"Allow me!" said Bill.

A match sputtered. Its light shone on Bill's face as he groped about the roof on all fours.

"Mr. West!" cried Flick, amazed.

Bill, who had just found the purse, sprang upright. Of all the bizarre events of the night this was the most astonishing.

"I'm Felicia Sheridan," said Flick.

Such was Bill's perturbation that for a moment the name conveyed nothing to him. Then he remembered.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"I live here."

"But what are you doing crawling down walls, I mean?"

"I'm running away."

"Running away!"

"From home."

"You're running away from home!" said Bill, mystified. "I don't understand."

"Don't speak so loud," whispered Flick. "They may hear."

The good sense of this warning appealed to Bill. He lowered his voice.

"Why are you running away from home?" he asked.

"What are you doing on this roof?" asked Flick.

"What's the idea?" inquired Bill.

"What has been happening out in the garden?" countered Flick. "I heard all sorts of noise and shouting."

Bill felt it would be a beginning in the direction of clearing up the situation if he answered her questions before putting his. Otherwise they might stay here all night, conducting an endless duologue. It was not a brief task, explaining the motives which had brought him to this house; but this done, the rest of his story was simple and straightforward. He related it crisply.

"The man biffed me over the head with a stick," he concluded, "and after that nothing in the world seemed to matter except getting in here after him. It was a crazy thing to do, of course. I see that now. But it seemed a darned good idea at the time."

"Biffed you over the head with a stick!" said Flick, marveling.

"Sloshed me."

"Who hit you with a stick?"

"This fellow—Pyke his name is."

"Roderick!"

"No, Pyke."

"His name," said Flick, "is Roderick Pyke. That's why I'm running away."

This struck Bill as a *non sequitur*. Women do eccentric things, but surely the most temperamental girl would hardly leave her home simply because a man's name was Roderick Pyke.

"They wanted me to marry him."

Bill's mystification vanished. He shuddered with sympathetic horror. A moment before he had been conscious of a certain disapproval of Flick's scheme of running away from home and had intended, when the opportunity presented itself, to try to dissuade her. But this piece of news altered the whole aspect of the matter. Naturally, she was running away—anybody would. No lengths to which a girl could go to avoid marrying the bounder who had biffed him with a stick appeared extreme to Bill. There and then he executed a complete change of attitude, and was now wholeheartedly in favor of the project and resolved to do all that in him lay to push it along.

"Marry that oil can!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"Of course, in some ways he's quite nice."

"He is not!" said Bill vehemently, and passed a gingerly hand over his corrugated skull. To his sensitive imagination the lump under his hair seemed to stick up like a mountain peak.

"Well, I'm not going to marry him, anyway," said Flick. "So the only thing to do is to run away. The trouble is," she said ruefully, "I don't in the least know where to go."

"Your best plan is to come back with me to Marmont Mansions," said Bill. "We can talk it over quietly there, and decide on something."

"I suppose that is best."

"We certainly can't stay on this roof. Any moment somebody may come along and find us."

Flick betrayed some agitation.

"I wonder if it's safe to try to get away."

"There seems to be nobody in the garden."

"I can't hear anybody. I suppose they've all gone in to dinner. There was a dinner party on tonight, and I know Colonel Bagshott, for one, wouldn't want to wait too long for his food, whatever had been happening. What do you suppose the time is?"

"I haven't an idea. It must be long past eight. It was nearly that when I got here."

"I tell you what," said Flick. "You jump down and creep round the house till you get to the front door. If the windows next to it are lighted and you can hear voices, it will mean they're in at dinner."

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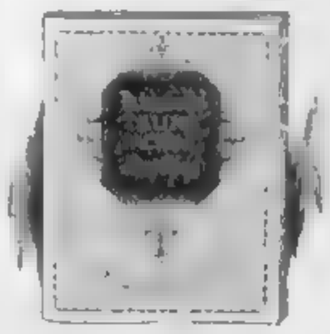

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"Good idea. If everything's all right I'll whistle."

Flick stood in the darkness, waiting. The tremulous excitement which had filled her as she started to climb down the sheet had given way to a calmer and more agreeable mood. Bill, it seemed to her, had been sent from heaven to assist her in her hour of need. She had had only the vaguest idea of what she intended to do after she had escaped from Holly House, but now there was someone she could lean on. Bill was so big and comforting; a rock of strength. Slightly overestimating his mental capacity in her enthusiasm, she considered that there was no problem in existence too big for Bill to tackle.

A low whistle cut through the little night sounds of the garden. She leaned over the edge of the roof.

"All right," said Bill's voice in a cautious whisper. "Drop me down your suitcase."

Flick dropped the suitcase. He caught it skillfully. She lowered herself over the roof and was seized by a strong pair of hands and deposited gently on the ground.

"They're all in at dinner," said Bill. "Shall we get out by the front, or do you know a better way?"

"There's a door in the wall across the lawn. It'll be safer using that."

They crept cautiously across the lawn. Something small and white snuffled in the darkness. Flick stooped with a little cry.

"Bob!" She rose with a dog in her arms. For the first time a sense of bereavement swept over her. "Oh, I can't leave Bob."

"Bring him along," said Bill.

Flick's heart swelled with adoration for this godlike man who made no difficulties, raised no chilling obstacles or objections. She choked. Bob, who had had a great night so far and approved of the way things were shaping, licked her face frantically as they passed through the door.

The latch, closing behind her, clicked a brief farewell. Holly House was a thing of the past. Flick stood in the road with the world before her.

"All right?" said Bill understandingly.

"Quite all right, thanks," said Flick, but in a voice that shook a little.

VII

BILL stood with his back against the mantelpiece of his sitting room and smoked a thoughtful pipe. He was glad to be safe once more in the castlelike seclusion of Marmont Mansions. Apart from the spiritual relief of being several miles away from the house from which he had—probably quite illegally—helped a young girl to escape, there was the bodily comfort of being warm again. Almost immediately after the exodus from Holly House the mellowness of the night had changed to a raw chill, aided and abetted by a penetrating wind that sprang up from the east; and they had had to walk a shivering mile before they found a cab. Now they were home, the fire was blazing and everything was jolly.

He looked down at Flick. She was lying back in an armchair with her eyes closed, Bob, the Sealyham, slumbering on her lap. The sight of her did something to diminish Bill's sense of well-being. And yet, mysteriously, at the same time it seemed to make it deeper. It was as if two conflicting voices spoke simultaneously in Bill's subconsciousness, one saying, "You poor impulsive nut, what have you let yourself in for?" the other, "It makes the old home look very cozy, does it not—a girl sitting in an armchair with her hat off and a dog on her lap?"

He weighed the contending claims of these two voices. Most certainly there was much in what the first voice said. Not legally, perhaps not even morally, but beyond a doubt romantically, he was responsible for this girl. The gods of high adventure do not permit a young man in the springtime to smuggle a girl away from her home by night and then bid her a civil good-by and think no more of her. Bill, as has been repeatedly stated before, was pledged for all eternity to Alice Coker—whose twelve photographs stared down from mantelpiece, whatnot and elsewhere, one might have said a little austerely—but he felt very keenly a bond between himself and Flick. The details of the thing could be thought out later, but about the broad outline there was no argument possible. Here she was, under his charge, and somehow or other he had got to look after her and see that she came to no harm. He managed after a while to quiet the first voice by advancing the suggestion that a girl would not run away from home without some sort of plan in her mind; and, moreover, living in a house of that magnificence, she probably had a large private income. She would be all right, he urged. He then had leisure to listen to the second voice.

There was no denying the truth of what the second voice was saying. The presence of Flick did make the place look cozy. She was not Alice Coker, of course; but somehow at the moment the fact did not seem to matter so much. Bill found himself oddly soothed by the mere act of looking at Flick. To attempt to pretend, simply because his whole soul was wrapped up in Alice Coker, that Flick had not a decorative effect on his sitting room would have been merely foolish. He admitted freely that she had. Indeed—without the slightest disloyalty, of course—he was obliged to own that in such a position her flowerlike prettiness had certain advantages over Alice's queenly and to a diffident man rather overpowering beauty. The thing turned on a matter of personality. Flick, if one might put it that way, blended gently and harmoniously into the atmosphere of a fellow's sitting room; whereas there was that about Alice's stupendous loveliness that always seemed to make her hit any place which she entered like a shell bursting in the midst of a fanfare of trumpets.

Before Bill could penetrate any further into the depths of analysis, Flick gave a little sigh and sat up. She stared for a moment at her surroundings as if bewildered.

"I couldn't think where I was," she said. "Have I been asleep?"

"You did doze off for a minute or two."

"How rude of me."

"Not at all," Bill assured her. "How are you feeling now?"

"Hungry," said Flick. "Starving. I haven't had a bite to eat since lunch."

"Good Lord!"

"And I had a very light lunch, because it seemed wicked to be stuffing oneself with food when people like Mrs. Matilda Pawle hadn't tasted a thing for three days. That reminds me, didn't you say that your friend lived here with you? Where is he?"

Bill lowered his pipe in sudden consternation.

"I'd clean forgotten about Judson," he exclaimed blankly. "Good heavens! He may be running all over London."

"When did you see him last?"

"When the man Pyke whacked me over the head I told him to go and sit in the cab. You don't think he's still sitting there?"

"It'll be awfully expensive if he is. I suppose the clock was ticking up twopences all the time?"

"No; he must have left, of course. Then goodness knows," said Bill dejectedly, "where he is now."

Flick was a healthy girl and had a healthy appetite. The question of Judson's whereabouts competed but feebly for her interest with the thought of food.

"You haven't such a thing as a biscuit or anything, have you?" she asked wistfully. "Or a leg of mutton or a tongue or a round of beef or a piece of cheese or anything like that?"

"I'm awfully sorry," said Bill, aroused to a realization of his position as host. "I should have got you something long ago. I'll forage in the larder."

He left the room hurriedly and returned some minutes later with a laden tray—which he nearly dropped on the threshold in his dismay at the sound of a muffled sob. He did drop a knife and two forks, and the clatter caused Flick to start and turn a tear-stained face in his direction.

"It's nothing," she assured him.

Bill put the tray down on the table.

"What's the matter?" he asked, agitated. Like most men, he was conscious of a grisly discomfort in the presence of a crying woman. "Can I do anything?"

"It's nothing," said Flick again. She dabbed at her eyes and smiled a faint smile. "Do cut me some of that ham. I'm simply famished."

"But look here——"

Flick attacked her meal composedly. She appeared to have woman's gift of rapid change from mood to mood.

"Is that coffee?" she said. "How splendid!" She drank a mouthful. "It warms one, doesn't it?" she said. "Makes one feel braver. I was only crying because I was a little scared. And well, yes, because I suddenly happened to think of Uncle Sinclair."

"Uncle Sinclair?"

"Do you remember him? He was staying with your uncle the time you saved my life. He hadn't married Aunt Francie then, and he and I were together all the time." She choked. "This coffee is hot," she said in a small voice.

"I remember him," said Bill. "I liked him."

"I love him," said Flick simply.

There was a silence.

"Some more ham?" said Bill.

"No, thanks."

Flick stared into the fire.

"It's horrible to think of leaving him," she said. "But what was I to do?" Bill nodded sagely. "I had to run away."

Bill coughed. He wished to approach as delicately as possible the question of future plans.

"Talking of running away," he said, "I was rather wondering I mean, had you any particular idea in your mind?"

"Only to get away."

"I see."

"You mean," said Flick, "had I decided what to do afterwards?"

"It did cross my mind," admitted Bill.

Flick pondered.

"Do you know," she said, "at the time I don't think I had the slightest notion. But I'm beginning to see now. I think I had better write a letter, don't you? I did leave a sort of note pinned to my pincushion, but that just said I was going away because I wouldn't marry Roderick."

"You mustn't on any account marry that chap," said Bill decidedly. He still had a slight headache.

"Oh, no, I'm quite determined about that. But I think I'd better write and say that I'll come back if they promise that I needn't marry him."

"What made you suddenly find you couldn't go through with it?" asked Bill.

"It was something that happened this afternoon. A man came rushing up to him when he was with me on the Embankment, and Roderick was so frightened that he leaped into a cab and fled for his life, leaving me on the pavement."

"Good Lord!" said Bill. "That must have been Judson. It's too long to explain now, but it just shows that even Judson is of some use in the world." He poured her out another cup of coffee. "I'll tell you exactly what to do," he said. "Write this letter and tell them that if they want you to come back on your conditions to advertise in the personal column of the Daily Mail. Have you got any money?"

"Oh, yes; plenty, thanks."

"Then all you have to do is just to stick it out. They'll probably quit in under a week."

"I don't know," said Flick doubtfully. "Uncle George and Aunt Francie are frightfully determined people. Uncle George is one of those little square-jawed men who never give way an inch. He was the one who fell into the pond," she said, bubbling reminiscently.

"No, really?" said Bill, amused. "He made a pretty good splash, didn't he?"

"I've never heard anybody fall into a pond before. I only wish it had been daylight so that I could have seen it."

"If it had been daylight," Bill pointed out, "he wouldn't have gone in."

"No, there's always something, isn't there?" Flick agreed. She got up. "Well, I certainly feel ever so much better," she said. "I needed that food. I suppose I ought to be going now, though I do hate leaving that fire. Have you ever noticed how cozy a room looks just when you have to leave it?"

"Going?" said Bill. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I've got to find a room, haven't I? Somewhere to sleep tonight." She looked ruefully at the Sealyham, who was on the rug gnawing the remains of a chop. "I'm afraid Bob's going to be rather a burden. Do you think a landlady would make a fuss about my having him? They usually own cats, and Bob gets so temperamental when he sees a cat."

Bill spoke decidedly.

"It's absolutely impossible for you to go about trying to find a room at this time of night. Quite out of the question. You must stop here, of course. I'll clear out and intercept Judson when he gets back and take him off somewhere."

"But where?"

"Oh, I know dozens of places where we can go."

"It's awfully kind of you," said Flick, hesitating.

"Not a bit of it. We've got an old woman who comes in by the day and does the cooking, and so on. When you hear her in the morning, pop your head out and shout at her to bring you breakfast."

"It will probably scare her into a fit."

"Oh, no, she's a hardy old soul. Well, I'll be saying good night."

"Good night, Mr. West."

Bill hesitated.

"I wish you wouldn't call me Mr. West," he said. "Surely when you were staying at my uncle's you used to call me Bill?"

"I believe I did." She stooped and patted Bob, who rolled an eye up at her, but did not discontinue his meal. "And you called me Flick."

"Flick!" exclaimed Bill. "So I did. Isn't it funny how one forgets things?"

"I'm rather good at remembering things," said Flick.

"Well, good night, Flick."

"Good night, Bill."

"I'll be round in the morning sometime, and then we can discuss what you're going to do." He paused at the door. "By the way," he added, "you've—er—got ——"

He looked at her suitcase and decided that she probably had.

"Good night," he said. "See you tomorrow."

"Good night, Bill, and thank you a million times for being so wonderful."

"Not at all," said Bill modestly.

Bill went downstairs and out into Prince of Wales Road. He began to regret the necessity of having to wait here to intercept Judson. It was a very open question whether Judson, having money in his pocket, would revisit the home many minutes in advance of the morning milk; and meanwhile it was infernally cold. To keep himself warm Bill began presently to pace up and down the pavement outside the block of flats; and he was still doing this when there slouched through the pool of light cast by a street lamp near the door a wretched, travel-stained creature with dusty shoes and the beginnings of a cold in its head. It was a heart-rending sneeze indeed that first attracted Bill's attention.

"Judson!"

The figure stopped and leaned wearily against the railings.

"Hullo, Bill, o' man." A groan blended with another sneeze. "Oh, gosh, Bill, I've had one rotten time!"

"What happened?"

Judson mopped his forehead with his handkerchief and spoke for a while of blisters on the soles of his feet.

"When you left me," he said, "I sat in the cab for ages, wondering what the deuce you were up to. And then the cabby shoved his head in and wanted to know what the game was. I said, 'Stick around, George. We've got to wait for the gentleman.' Upon which the fellow got very nasty. Insisted on having his fare. And I had to cough up, darn it! Took all the money I had and left me owing him threepence. He said it didn't matter about the threepence and drove off with a cheery good night, and I had to hoof it all the way home. All the way home, Bill, o' man! Gosh, I don't suppose I've walked that far before in my life! I'm all in, besides having blisters. Well, thank goodness, I've got here at last. Now I'm going to tumble into my little bed."

"No, you're not," said Bill. "There's a girl in it."

Judson gaped.

"A girl?"

"I'll explain as we go. You and I are going to sleep at the Jermyn Street Turkish baths tonight."

"A girl in my bed?" repeated Judson blankly.

"Well, she may be in mine. Anyway I've given her the flat for the night and we've got to go elsewhere. I'll tell you all about her on the way."

Judson sighed.

"I might have expected something like this," he said resignedly. "Everything's on the fritz nowadays. I haven't had a bit of luck since I lost that lucky pig of mine. Never did find that pig. Oh, by the way, Bill ——"

"Now what?"

"That cab. It cost me thirteen shillings and something. Call it a sovereign in round numbers. I'd be glad to have that."

"I suppose you would."

"You're surely going to refund it, aren't you?"

Bill turned, astounded.

"Refund it?" he cried incredulously. "Who, me? Why, it was your cab!"

The night closed in upon them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ROTAREX

The secret of the new ROTAREX washing principle, the most scientific development of a thousand years in clothes washing, is centered in the big, light aluminum cylinder of new and different type. Observe that the holes through which the suds reach the clothes are in the two ENDS of the drum while its sides are perfectly smooth.

The only complete line of major electrical housekeeping appliances made by one manufacturer

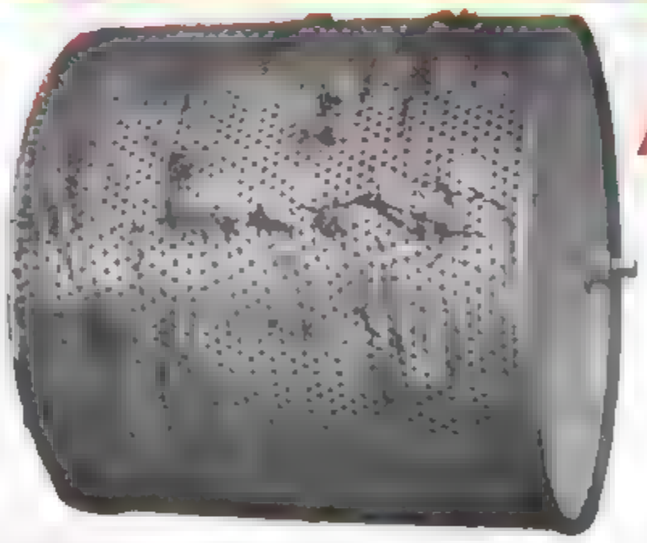
ROTAREX ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

ROTAREX HOME DOUBLE ROLL IRONER

ROTAREX ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

ROTAREX ELECTRIC KOOK-RITE

Apex ELECTRIC SUCTION CLEANER



In this old type washer cylinder, the perforations are placed in the walls instead of in the ends. This photograph shows how, by continuous washing and scraping of the clothes over the hole-filled surface the contents of the cylinder have been worn to shreds.

In the new ROTAREX cylinder the garments glide over a surface that is as slippery as glass. There is no rubbing, scrubbing or scraping of the fabrics, merely gentle dipping and draining that purges them of all soil and dirt.

New Type Cylinder Saves the Clothes

At its new low price the ROTAREX is the most profitable investment any housekeeper can make.

Read above how its new type cylinder washes clothes clean without wear by an entirely new principle. Then arrange to see this remarkable washer in actual operation, either in your own home or at our nearest dealer's store. Write for his name.

With Galvanized Tub $137.50	With Copper Tub . $155.00
Denver and West . $145.00	*Denver and West . $162.50*
In Canada $172.50	*In Canada $187.50*

Sent free on request, "From A to Z in Home Cleaning, 100 New Ways to Save Hours, Work and Money." Every housekeeper should have a copy.

THE APEX ELECTRICAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1079 East 152nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio
Factories at Cleveland, Ohio and Toronto, Ontario

BUNTING

A MESSAGE to 50,000 USERS of BRONZE BUSHING BEARINGS

YOU build, assemble or use most of the machinery that serves humanity in the factories, work shops, mills, mines and homes of the world. You build and service the millions of automotive vehicles that carry humanity and merchandise from place to place.

Around shafts and other movable parts you put bronze bushing bearings to protect your machine from the destructive effects of friction caused by unbushed metal surfaces sliding against each other.

SPECIAL SIZES and ALLOYS of bronze bushing bearings are met here with a truly scientific accuracy and an amazing economy. Some of you cast and finish your own bronze bushing bearings. Many of you buy the rough castings and machine the bronze to bushing bearings of the size required. This organization has proven to thousands of manufacturers, large and small, that it can sell finished bronze bushing bearings of any specification at a price below any cost that the user can reach by making them in his own shop.

BUNTING'S "Ready Made" Bronze Bushing Bearings squarely meet the needs of the manufacturer whose requirements do not involve any unusual design or alloy. There are approximately three millions of these completely machined and finished BUNTING "Ready Made" Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings always in stock awaiting your order. They are made up in vast quantities. The resulting low cost is passed on to you.

These great stocks are maintained at all times for your convenience at the BUNTING factory and at BUNTING Branches in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland and San Francisco.

There are 269 different sizes of these BUNTING "Ready Made" Bushing Bearings ranging from ⅝ In. outside diameter by ½ In. inside diameter by 1¾ In. length, to 4 In. outside diameter by 3½ In. inside diameter by 5½ In. length. In this enormous reserve you will find the bushing bearings you require, or sizes so near that they may be used by a slight change on the blue prints.

Compare your present cost with the price of a completely finished BUNTING Bushing Bearing. On this page, three examples show how machinery manufacturers are now buying completely machined and finished BUNTING Bushing Bearings for less than they formerly paid for the rough castings alone.

And BUNTING Quality is never questioned.

BUNTING'S No. G-2000 "Ready Made" Bushing Bearing 2¼ In. outside diameter by 1¾ In. inside diameter by 4 In. long. Costs you 47½ cents each in 100 lots.

The manufacturer who is now using BUNTING'S G-2000 formerly bought a rough casting weighing 2 pounds at 30 cents per pound or 60 cents for the rough casting. He then machine finished the bushing in his own shop at a heavy additional cost

BUNTING'S No. E-465 "Ready Made" Bushing Bearing 1¼ In. outside diameter by 1 In. inside diameter by 2 In. long. Costs you 14¼ cents each in 100 lots

The manufacturer who is now using this BUNTING "Ready Made" Bushing formerly bought a rough casting weighing ½ pound at 30 cents per pound or 15 cents for the rough casting, which was later machine finished at additional and high labor cost

BUNTING'S No. F-327 "Ready Made" Bushing Bearing 1⅜ In. outside diameter by ⅝ In. inside diameter by 2½ In. long. Costs you 23½ cents each in lots of 100

The manufacturer who is now specifying this BUNTING Bushing for his product formerly bought a rough casting weighing 85/100 pound at 30 cents per pound or 25½ cents for the rough casting. To this cost he added the heavy cost of finishing.

"Your cost big as a horse —our cost big as a rabbit"

Ruby Bunting

BUSHING BEARINGS

PATENTED

MANUFACTURERS

You will save money from the day you compare your present cost with BUNTING quotation. The 269 sizes of "Ready Made" Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings are shown on BUNTING'S stock list No. 10. Write for this list.

AUTOMOTIVE JOBBERS

BUNTING Piston Pin Bushings shown on stock list No. 11 and BUNTING Spring Bolt and Spring Eye Bushings shown on list No. 102 cover practically every replacement requirement for all automotive vehicles. Write for these lists. The BUNTING Bronze Bar Service Assortment containing 6 bars offers you a splendid bearing metal specialty to stock and sell. Write for Booklet S-7.

MILL SUPPLY JOBBERS

BUNTING'S Cored and Solid Bronze Bar Shop Assortment, containing 5 bars of BUNTING Phosphor Bearing Bronze, meets every usual machine shop need for bearing metal. Write for Booklet 7-B. BUNTING Phosphor Bronze cored and solid bars are carried in stock in 31 sizes.

SPECIAL SIZES

Quotations and counsel on any special requirement. Pattern and tool equipment for over 10,000 different designs. Practically unlimited plant capacity. Send in your blue prints.

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Circle 0844

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Main 5991

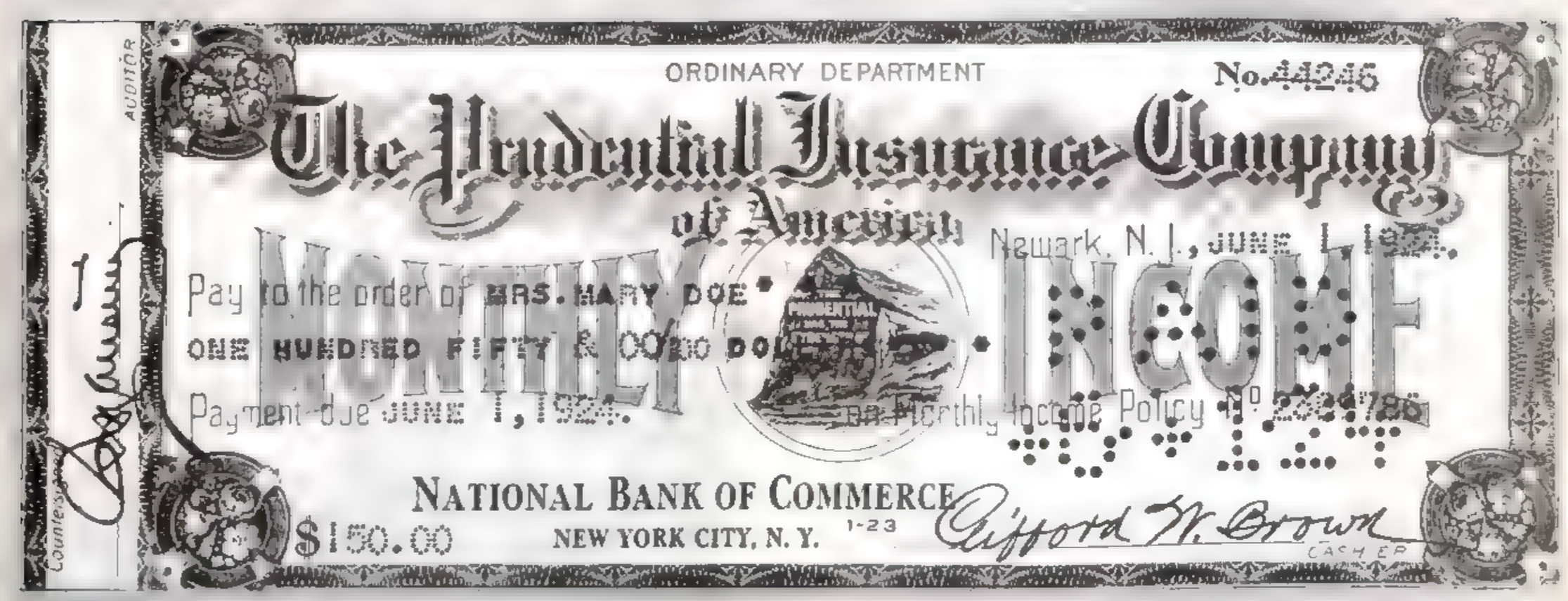
CHICAGO
722 S. Michigan Ave.
Wabash 9,33

PHILADELPHIA
1330 Arch St.
Spruce 5296

SAN FRANCISCO
198 Second St.
Douglas 6245

BOSTON
36 Oliver St.
Main 8488

The Mail That Brings the Monthly Bills Carries the Check That Pays Them



The Provider, Though Absent, Is the Provider Still

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* — *Home Office,* NEWARK, N. J.

THE SHADOW ON THE SILHOUETTE

(Continued from Page 21)

are scared like that! So my advice to you is, right now—get busy, my boy. Get right on board. Or you're done! It'll be all over with you, and poor Delphine!" The undemonstrative speaker now started getting up on his feet, preparatory to going out. "For whatever's out to smash the silhouette—that's scared it off the stage and out of the movies—that's got the biggest in the business with their teeth chattering today—it's nothing, nothing that you and I wish to run up against in anger, my boy!" he said in formal warning, and moved now silently away.

His companion, remaining after him, put his head down to worry—with no appetite—through his now almost stone-cold luncheon. "The movies, huh!" he muttered to himself. "Scared stiff!" And he lighted his pipe—told the waiter he didn't want dessert.

"The movies, huh!" he said. "They're always jumping at their own shadow!"

But he could see there was something big there, just the same. He was getting jumpy himself at this thing after him.

More anxious for his new information, but no nearer knowing what it was pursuing him than when he entered, the real Delphine Ducharme arose at length and went out the high brown crowded hall by the perennially hopeful portrait of Phineas T. Barnum—out upon the side street of the theatrical district; and stamped along, head down, cane striking sharply on the pavements, deep in thought and speculation.

He had gone but a short distance when he looked up with a bitter oath. But it was already too late.

The mysterious snapshot photographer, lying in wait, had already shot him twice, and was turning away—his long hunt ended—with two perfectly satisfactory portraits.

III

THERE was, however, absolutely nothing to be done; and finally the real Delphine Ducharme, his angry staring done, walked on, with set imperial and stamping cane, seeking in anger and alarm the refuge of his own quiet studio—for thought.

He stopped at a news stand, bought the evening papers, stamped on—still thinking of the untoward and mysterious occurrences of these past two days. Why should he, a publicity agent, anonymous and by necessity hidden from the public, be the object of pursuit by what was apparently a professional camera hound of the daily press? He could not answer this, in any way, satisfactorily.

Turning the corner into his own side street he now opened the earlier and so-called home edition of one of the evening papers which he had just bought, and turned, as was his custom, to the women's page, which was given so much greater importance in these earlier than in the later editions. He stopped short, with a hoarse cry, as he did so. For at its head he saw another blow, a heavy knock from the unseen power upon the change of silhouette—the *jupe tonneau:*

SEVEN THOUSAND PHYSICIANS SAY "NO!"

STRAIGHT SILHOUETTE MUST NOT BE CHANGED

FREES WOMAN FROM IMMEMORIAL AND HEALTH-DESTROYING BONDS

Agreed in saying that the disappearing feminine waistline must not return, a referendum of 7000 doctors throughout the United States, taken by the American Woman's Protective Association, shows ——

With a groan the reader of the paper let it down as he stepped into the clanking old elevator. How many thousand dollars had that publicity stunt cost? How many of the fifteen thousand periodicals of the United States would carry it? Who was behind this mysterious and tremendous drive against the new spring silhouette, so absolutely necessary to the prosperity of his clients—which he himself had contracted for so large a sum with them to put over through free publicity?

Leaving the elevator and crossing the narrow hallway into his own studio, the now thoroughly alarmed fashion expert strode at once to his telephone and asked for Information.

"Can you give me the street address of the telephone number, General 777?"

"There is no such exchange as General," said Information, in polite pain.

"Of course not. My mistake!" admitted Richard Roche O'Reilly, shutting down his phone.

Evidently he had been mistaken, had misunderstood. And yet he would have sworn that number—three times given—was General 777. And now he thought to himself, with sudden apprehension, that he could not call up, make peace with this unseen power which was threatening him—if he wished to!

Dismissing the thought, sitting down suddenly upon a sumptuous green satin evening wrap with a Russian motif, the real Delphine Ducharme again lit up his heavy pipe to consider the situation in which he found himself—to read more fully the decision of the seven thousand doctors upon the silhouette and women's freedom; to call up by the desk telephone possible sources of information on this mystery; to sink back upon the Russian wrap, baffled, uninformed, still more anxious!

It was almost five o'clock in the evening before another clew or warning came, entirely unsolicited—when a telegraph messenger appeared with a quite bulky envelope.

Opening it, Mr. O'Reilly's naturally quite prominent blue eyes assumed a greater prominence as he first noted the proofs that it contained, and then read hastily the unsigned, undated typewritten letter:

MLLE. DELPHINE DUCHARME,
173 West 5 – Street,
New York City.

Dear Mademoiselle: Would you care to run over and to verify the biographical facts in the inclosed proof sheets before they are sent out to the editors of the three thousand women's pages of the United States? If so, and after reading you have anything you wish to say, kindly call General 777.

Yours most sincerely,
AMERICAN WOMAN'S PROTECTIVE ASSO.
(M. B.)

P. S. Haste is imperative. Do not delay. Calling after noon tomorrow will be too late, as three thousand proof sheets will then be on their way.

Turning now to read the proofs, the reader abruptly dropped the letter from his shaking hand as his eyes fell first upon the headline upon the proof and what followed it:

MARKED FIGURES IN THE WORLD OF WOMEN
No. 1

His bulging eyes passed down from this single headline and fell at once upon the cut in the text underneath—the reproduction of the snapshot just taken by the pursuing photographer, and captioned simply underneath:

THE REAL DELPHINE DUCHARME

He was numbed; it was several moments before he could school himself to read coherently the accurate and even intimate description of himself, and the various triumphs in the field of free publicity which had marked his long career.

With a roar of injury and anger the real Delphine Ducharme at last threw down the papers to the floor! He did not underestimate this thing—this ingenious, unscrupulous and damnable attack upon himself. An outrage that in all his experience in his profession he had never seen duplicated in the free-publicity field of New York. For now, for the first time, he had a very definite clew.

For there was no question now about one thing, no matter what else might be in doubt. His assailant—the attacker of the silhouette—was another free-publicity agency, wise in all its methods; and an agency of a power and equipment for getting out its work beyond any that he personally knew. What one was it, he asked himself, that could possibly have carried out this stunt of the photographer and the press sheets, upon himself? And have had it in his hands three hours from the time the photographs were taken?

A sudden twinge of apprehension came over him—the thought of that one agency, that greatest secret publicity power in the United States! Could it have done this thing? He decided not. This was not in its line. It would be too busy with Wall Street.

And yet he knew—he was certain now—that it was some press agency—and one of great size—which was at work on this.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet. He remembered. On this evening of the week the board of governors of the New York Press Agents Club would be in session.

Grasping the letter and proofs, livid with rage and fear and a raw sense of wrong, the real Delphine Ducharme clapped on his hat and coat, took his cane and pipe, and hurried under the twinkling lights which were ushering in the dawn of another night on upper Broadway, to the obscure but costly clubhouse of the New York Press Agents Club.

"We'll see," said the real Delphine Ducharme in red-faced anger, "if one press agent can pull an outrageous stunt like this upon another press agent in the City of New York!"

IV

PASSING by the entrance of the great brown dining hall, now practically empty, the real Delphine Ducharme turned upstairs to the club officials' rooms in the second story. The board of governors, he saw, were still in session. After a moment's hesitation he knocked upon their door.

Samuel Sizmore, the genial secretary, stepped out, shutting the door carefully behind him. A tall, heavy man, but with spirit and pep in spite of his more than fifty years, which gave him the bounce and buoyancy of extreme youth, he was one of the oldest and most popular press agents in New York. But his face was now both serious and preoccupied.

"What is it?" he asked sharply.

"Listen, Sam," said the real Delphine Ducharme, seizing the lapel of the coat of the secretary of the governors of the Press Agents Club, and pushing the letter and proof sheet containing his own likeness and biography before the other's eyes. "I want to ask you—is this right? Is this square? Is this ethical?"

Taking the papers, Samuel Sizmore, he saw, gave a start of sympathy and, he thought, of recognition.

"You can see what it is—with one eye closed!" said Mr. O'Reilly; and he showed him the evening paper, with that last slam on the barrel silhouette. "No seven thousand doctors are out on their own," he said, "taking a bite out of the new silhouette. You know that. It's publicity—big publicity! You know that, Sam. Making a dirty, unprofessional attack on me and my clients. Who is behind this Woman's Protective Association?" cried the real Delphine Ducharme, seizing the secretary's buttonhole again. "That's the question. What agency is putting that stunt out? Do you know?"

"No," said the usually genial Samuel Sizmore with a dark and troubled face.

"It's a big one—one of the great big ones in the business. You can see that."

"Yes, that's written all over it," the listening official conceded.

"Well, then, ten to one it's a member of this club. Somewhere in the four hundred and twenty-five members here you'll find the man who's responsible for this—this damnable, outrageous, unethical piece of trickery!" said the real Delphine Ducharme. "And when you do I'm going to have justice."

The other attempted to interrupt him, but in vain.

"They've got a right to come out slamming the silhouette," the speaker was continuing, "even after I've got my contracts made and got the season all lined up for a change—a change that all my clients, all along the line from shoes to corsets, have got to have, to live! They've got a right to set as many ministers and doctors and women's clubs barking as they know how—whoever or whatever's back of this thing. But they've got no right to put over and perpetrate a low-down dirty job like this, by ——" said the real Delphine Ducharme, with a hoarse curse, holding out again the proof sheet carrying his picture and career, and the letter from the American Woman's Protective Association. "And the sooner they get their notice the better. And I'm not talking only for myself when I say that either. I'm talking for the whole profession.

"For it can't be done, Sam. You know that," he went on—"one press agent going after another like this! It's all wrong. It's contrary to all the ethics of the profession. If everybody should start out like this," he said, shaking the proof, "showing up who was back of the news in the papers of this country, there wouldn't be one of the thousands of press agents in New York City

(Continued on Page 149)

A COOL MOTOR

When it's hotter than blazes!

Cool, peppy, powerful — that's the Ford motor on the hottest day, with the "Henry" Circulating Water Pump on the job.

The "Henry" *pumps from where the water is,* gives the Ford a cooling system equal in efficiency to those on higher priced cars. Ends overheating troubles—loss of power, warped valves, excessive carbon, fouled spark plugs. It means the end of hot floor boards, boiling radiators, delays to replenish water.

The "Henry" on a Ford car or truck pays for itself many times by saving on repairs. Greater mileage from oil and gas. Quickly attached—you can do it yourself in 10 minutes. Guaranteed for the life of a Ford. See your dealer today. If he cannot supply you return coupon with $7.50, (west of Rockies $8.00).

Dealers:—If you are not handling the "Henry" write your jobber or us.

HENRY AUTO PARTS CO.
Trade Sales Division of
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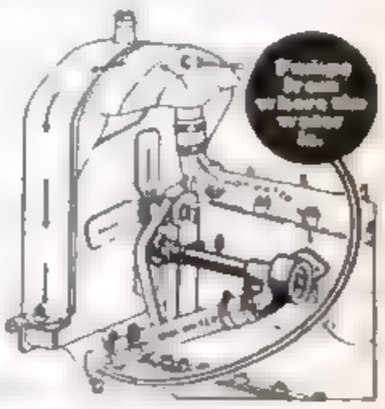
Dept. P, Clinton Street Milwaukee, Wis.



The "Henry" is guaranteed for the life of your Ford.

The "Henry" CIRCULATING WATER PUMP for FORD CARS & TRUCKS

Henry Auto Parts Company,
Trade Sales Division of the Prime Mfg. Co.
Dept. P, Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen: I enclose $_____ for "Henry" Water Pump for 19____ Ford.

My Name_____

Address_____

City State

My dealer's name is_____

Saves Time and Trouble as Well as Tires

INSTANT-ON is valve cap and dust cap combined in one convenient unit. A turn or two, a push, another turn and it's on. Reverse the action and it's off. Five seconds is all it takes—either way.

You'll appreciate Instant-on every time you inflate or change your tires. It makes the job so quick—and so easy.

And, because the Instant-on makes tire inflation so simple and easy it promotes better care and better tire mileage.

On balloon tires Instant-ons are doubly valuable. They seal the valve stems against leaks, and this is supremely important in balloons. On these super-sized tires five pounds' loss of air makes all the difference in the world in riding ease and in the life of the tire.

Car manufacturers realize the great advantages of this wonderful, convenient cap. Most of them provide it as standard equipment. If your car isn't already equipped, any good dealer can provide you with a set of Instant-ons. 5 in a box, $1.00 ($1.25 in Canada).

Manufactured and marketed by the makers of a complete line of tire valve equipment, including the famous Dill Standard Valve Insides.

If your dealer cannot supply Instant-ons or Dill Valve Insides they will be sent to you direct on receipt of price.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING CO., Cleveland, Ohio
Manufactured in Canada by The Dill Manufacturing Co., of Canada Ltd., Toronto

Dill Improved Valve Inside

Looks different and is different. Made with swiveled top and protected entrance, preventing wear and preventing leaks. Carry a box in your car. Price 30c for a box of five.

1 *Just catch the cap on the valve stem with one or two turns—*

2 *then push down as far as the cap will go—*

3 *another turn or two to tighten and it's done.*

DILL
Tire Valves and Valve Parts

(Continued from Page 147)

today doing business six months from now. It's suicidal! It's unethical! It's all dead wrong!"

"That's right, Rochie, old man. You're absolutely right," said the genial but obviously hurried secretary, breaking in at last. "But let me ask you—did you call up this telephone number—this General 777?"

"Now there's another thing," said his visitor, "that I don't understand. I called up Information, and she said there wasn't even an exchange like that."

"What difference does that make?" asked the secretary of the Press Agents Club's governors.

The real Delphine Ducharme merely stared.

"You can have any secret telephone number you want," said the secretary, looking first around the hall. "If you're only big enough!" he said, when he saw no one was there.

"Look, Sammy; listen," said the real Delphine Ducharme, now still more genuinely alarmed. "What is this thing—that's out chasing me—and the silhouette? What is it, Sammy, if you know?" he asked, plucking anxiously at his arm.

"That's what we're looking up now—in there!" responded the secretary, jerking his plump thumb toward the closed governors' room, from which, Mr. O'Reilly now noted, there came a continual hoarse sound of argument. "We don't know yet—except there's something very big and strange, and very likely crooked, going on here—out of this General 777. And a lot of our members are being held up by it—whatever it is! There's a lot of unreliable, untrustworthy, unethical characters have crept into this profession the last few years. It ain't like it was when you and I first started—you know that!" said Samuel Sizmore.

"You said something there," said the original Delphine Ducharme. "The sense of honor is all gone out of the business."

"But this thing is so big—and so way-down-under!" went on the secretary.

"Say, honest, Siz, no lying; can't you get any line on it at all?" asked the club member hoarsely, clutching once again at his lapel. For it was getting him, more or less, the way they all came back to it—how big it was, this thing that was after him and the silhouette; and he saw clearer and clearer every minute now what it was likely to mean to him personally if they didn't clear it up someway before tomorrow noon.

"Nothing yet, no," said the usually smiling secretary, with set face. "Beyond the power it's got! The size of it! And now here," he went on when Richard Roche O'Reilly stood staring, letting his last few words sink in. "I wish you'd do this for me, old man. There's reasons why we want to keep this thing secret and confidential—away from the general membership—until we find out who we're dealing with," he said, still piling on the mystery. "So, if you'll run out now and take dinner out of the club tonight, alone—as I'm asking the rest to do; and come around at, say, 9:10," he said, smiling, and pushing gently at his hearer's shoulder. "In the meantime you may be sure your interests ——"

"All right. All right," said Richard Roche O'Reilly hurriedly. "But don't you forget either. You say this thing that's out after us is big. But don't forget this: It's not so big, probably, as my interests are—the interests of my clients. This is the annual silhouette I'm working on now, Sam. There's millions, literally millions hung up on it. You know that! And especially this year, with the women all going the direction they are now, straighter and simpler and less clothes on every year! If we can't do something," he said, in a voice hoarser still, "the mill towns will all slide off the map and the corset makers will be crazy, and half the East Side will be diving off the Williamsburg bridge—blown blooey, if they can't do something to change this present silhouette!"

"I know, I know!" said the preoccupied secretary, still pushing gently.

"And wait. Listen. One minute, Sam!" urged the other, resisting, seeing always clearer now the way he personally was getting fixed by this. "You don't want to forget me in this thing either. And where I stand—if you can't pull off something for me before tomorrow noon. I can't go to my clients, after getting their money, and lie down and tell them I can't put over what I started out on. And, on the other hand, if I don't, this big crook—whoever he is and whatever's back of him—is going to ruin me! He's out to kill off my Delphine Ducharme service with all the newspapers—this stuff that I've put in a good share of my life building up, with the five million readers I reach now in this country!"

"I know. I know, Rochie," said the soothing but anxious secretary, still pushing at his arm.

"I won't stand for it, that's all," said the real Delphine Ducharme, the sense of raw injustice clutching him suddenly by the throat. "I've been thirteen years building up Delphine Ducharme with the women of this country, and no big crook is going to come in and gyp me out of my honest living, that I've built up by hard work—I don't care how big or powerful he is! I won't stand for it, that's all. I'll have justice! It's coming to me. And I'll have it!"

"That's right. That's right. You're absolutely right!" admitted the genial but hurried secretary, still pushing. "At 9:10 then!"

Smiling still, he pushed him genially away and, turning quickly, went back inside the closed door, which opened and shut upon the sound of hoarse, excited argument, which only heightened the anxiety of the listener outside.

What was it? What could it be? the real Delphine Ducharme was saying to himself, standing listening, that had got them going like that—the whole inside crowd—the very biggest men in the New York Press Agents Club!

But then, turning away, after a long, set, puzzled stare at the closed door of the governors' room, the member of the club prepared to pass the dragging time until his appointment, outside its quarters. And the portrait of the greatest American showman beamed its pink hopefulness after him with small effect as he went on out toward the club entrance to take his dinner elsewhere, as advised.

The dark was come. Broadway invited, full-jeweled for another night. But after a minute's thought he turned his back upon it and his face toward the morose high-walled darkness of the side street, and walked eastward, more gloomy than his dark surroundings, to seek the quiet chophouse where he would take his dinner alone, thinking of his problem and his ever more threatening danger.

He saw now—as only press agents and others behind the scene shiftings of the daily printed matter of the press can see—that he was without doubt caught in the center of some tremendous conflict of those huge subterranean forces which make New York—and so the United States—what it is, and in which he and all his might be easily crushed and annihilated, without even the knowledge of the principals involved.

In all his twenty years as a press agent, working in and out of New York, Richard Roche O'Reilly had seen, of course, many times these great hidden remorseless powers at work, through the medium of the press, but never such a menacing fight as that which now hung over him personally. It reminded him of the terrible war which—before the compromise was made—had threatened when the paint-and-varnish-trade press agents and the publicity vice presidents of the banks had started after the same date for National Clean-Up and National Thrift Weeks.

But that historic metropolitan struggle was nothing to what this one bade fair to be. For in this, he knew, the second greatest financial interest in New York—the vast vested interest in the manufacture and sale of women's dress in all its branches—was being suddenly assaulted by a power as great or greater than itself. What was this power? He could surmise only one. But that seemed incredible! He could scarcely believe that Wall Street would concern itself to any such extent in the new silhouette. If it did, heaven help New York! Heaven help himself, and his chief property—the Paris letter of Delphine Ducharme.

It had been a long, hard struggle. He had built her up, step by step, from nothing, until she was one of the best money earners in the publicity game, with an income from all kinds of manufacturers of women's wear that needed boosting. And now, bang! Wall Street, or something, was out for blood, fighting off the silhouette, and if he didn't keep on moving, and moving fast, she'd be done for—finished! He'd have to jump with her, one way or the other—either with the women's-wear people or this big crowd that was out after them—before

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noon tomorrow. And either way, he might be ruined!

Eating his solitary meal, smoking pipe after pipe of his strong tobacco when it was done, the veteran press agent at last sprang up nervously from the chair in the chop-house where he had dined. The thought had struck him, why not, while he waited, walk across and take a look at the show windows on Fifth Avenue?

In the very first one that he approached, one of the most influential windows in that Main Street of the Women of the United States, he noticed, with some surprise, that, contrary to the custom of the shop, window dressers were at work, in plain sight and evident haste, arranging upon their manikins a change of gowns. And as he stepped up to look he uttered a hoarse cry, for he saw their new display of silhouettes.

"Hell's bells," said the real Delphine Ducharme, "all straight!"

That was true. That great shop—one of the greatest molders of women's forms in the United States—had gone directly back upon its word; displayed, on all its models, nothing but the straightest, narrowest of silhouettes.

As he saw this he turned suddenly. Behind him, at one side, a man of middle age, in an overcoat with deeply indented waistline, was staring sharply in the window, making notes and sketches. He recognized him at a glance. He was a style pirate.

Richard Roche O'Reilly gave a groan, quickly disguised as a cough.

The style pirate, with a sudden jump, started to whip back his notebook into his pocket, and move on. But seeing the other did not further notice him, but stood, still staring into the show window with set eyes, he stepped back and started at his work again, realizing that he was in no danger.

The watcher beside him stood like a stone. These people—the great syndicate which owned this great emporium—had been one of the foremost of those committed in advance to the spring change of silhouette, the ill-fated *jupe tonneau*. Yet now from their own show windows the style pirates were copying the old narrow skirt, and soon all over the big East Side the cutters of stolen styles would be cutting and the sewing machines ahum with this unchanged line—the acknowledged shape of the American woman for another season.

He was dazed, turned cold by what he saw. Without a struggle, without a sound—first the movies, then the theaters, and now the great women's-wear trade itself, had all turned tail and were fleeing before this unknown shadow that had suddenly stood before them. And if these—these big boys all turned and scampered back in silence, what about the little ones? What about him, and his Delphine Ducharme service? There was no longer any doubt in the mind of Richard Roche O'Reilly. It was time for him to go and get aboard—right now! His only fear now was lest he should be too late.

Taking out his watch he saw with a considerable relief that it would not be so very long now before the time of his appointment at the Press Agents Club.

Turning away, starting toward it, he scarcely paused at the other show windows that he passed, more than to note that all along the Avenue, from which are dictated the forms and fashions of the American woman, the models showed with no exception the straight narrow silhouette; that the style pirates were out everywhere, books in hand, busy with their plundering all down the thoroughfare.

He groaned, looked at his watch again and turned into the dark cañon of the deserted side street at the end of which showed the distant flashes of Broadway. Passing through it, he went, head down, pounding the pavement with his heavy cane, all but panic-stricken with suspense.

At 9:10 he knocked and was admitted to the room in which he had his appointment with Samuel Sizmore.

"What is it? What have you found out?" asked Richard Roche O'Reilly in a voice thick with hurry and anxiety.

"You are to call General 777, at ten o'clock tomorrow morning," replied the secretary of the governors of the New York Press Agents Club. "That's all I am to tell you."

He had undergone, his caller saw, a sudden and very remarkable change. His face was flushed, his lips a brighter red, his eyes full of youth and purpose—and of wonder! He was no longer the heavy, hearty, easy-going secretary of the overprosperous Press Agents Club. He was like a man transformed.

But his interviewer paid scant attention to this—obsessed by his own anxiety.

"General 777? What do you mean? What is General 777?" he was asking, more and more in haste.

Samuel Sizmore looked carefully about the entirely empty room before he finally answered.

"It is Marcus Aurelius Browne," he said then in a low voice; "that much you are entitled to know."

His hearer started—his prominent blue eyes a still fuller ovoid; his gray imperial quivering with ill-concealed haste and emotion.

"Then," he said, breathing hoarsely, "it was Wall Street! Wall Street," he stammered, with mingled fear and wonder, "has butted in upon the silhouette!"

"No," said Samuel Sizmore briefly, "it is not Wall Street."

"Then what is it? What is it that that big scoundrel represents?" asked Richard Roche O'Reilly harshly, bitterly.

"It is more than Wall Street—a damn lot more," said the secretary of the New York Press Agents Club, the remarkable rejuvenated change in his appearance heightening as he said it.

But again his hearer took small notice. For he was talking on himself—clutching at the other's upper buttonhole.

"Listen, Sam, listen!" he cried thickly. "Tell me—this one thing more! Am I too late—to get aboard? Will he be the kind of a man to take a personal grudge against another man for coming back at him rough, defending his rights, the way I did over the telephone? Is there anything in this—do you think—that will make me have to kill off Delphine Ducharme?"

He did not wait in his excitement for an answer to his own questions. Shaking the other by his lapel until he rocked upon his feet, he went on with his chief anxiety.

"For I can't do it—I can't kill her off now—you know that, Sam. After all these years! I can't. She's my main meal ticket."

The other answered him, doing his best to soothe. "Oh, I guess not. I think probably she'll be all right," he said. "Though, of course," he added, the new and transforming look now growing like an increasing light upon his face, "we shall all have now to make our sacrifices!"

Further than this in explanation the now thoroughly alarmed Mr. O'Reilly could not make him go. Already, he stated, he had gone, for personal friendship, further than he should; and swearing his listener to secrecy, he now sent him out, in a daze, into the hall and away from the clubrooms.

V

ENTERING the offices of the greatest of Wall Street press agents, Richard Roche O'Reilly saw with practiced eye the power and system which lay behind the quiet and simplicity of the place. In the room behind the rich but low-toned reception hall where he stood waiting, he knew, as all American press agents knew, was at work that great organization which furnished ideas, speeches, interviews and brochures for the various current intellectual needs of the captains of industry of the country; that directed the public relations of the great corporations of the land—each magnate and corporation assigned to the special expert in publicity who had charge of his contact with the public mind—the shaping of a popular and sympathetic public personality. And yet there was not a sound of this in this rich, silently carpeted anteroom.

It was the head, Marcus Aurelius Browne himself, who came out to greet and lead the visitor to a still and darkly wainscoted adjoining room

Mr O'Reilly had never seen before this immense hidden power in the public opinion of the United States, this great financial public-relations counsel who held himself so aloof and remote from even the richest and most highly connected press agents of New York. A tall man, he observed, with glasses and dark heavy hair, and the grave, cultivated, reticent manner of a scholar, he wore upon his vest the square shining antique gold key, the emblem of college scholarship, of which he was said to be so proud

"You wanted to see me!" said Richard Roche O'Reilly, covering his interest and anxiety with his usual snappy manner.

"Yes And it was very kind of you to take time to come," replied his host, with a blend of the double suavity of the best college and the best inner Wall Street manner. "To make the sacrifice!"

His hearer winced at that last word—the word which had been holding him awake all night long; that had made his voice uneven and his hand jerky.

"Won't you sit down?" his host was saying courteously, pointing to a high-backed chair across a richly hand-carved table. "And I hope," he went on, when Mr. O'Reilly had done so, "that in the beginning you will pardon me—for the pressure, the apparently unethical means I used to bring you in here. But it was essential, as you will see. Haste, quick action is absolutely essential now!"

His hearer, nervous beyond proper self-control, now burst out suddenly into speech. "Tell me—if you will—please," he begged, his voice hoarse and his imperial twitching, "who is it that's behind this thing? What man or set of men is out to do this—is strong enough to butt in and tell the manufacturers and dealers and women of this country, offhand, that they can't have their annual change of silhouette? Who is it?" demanded the real Delphine Ducharme, his voice hardening, in spite of himself, with anger and anxiety.

"There is no such man or group of men," said the dark-eyed speaker across from him.

"Then what is this? What is this that's going on here?" asked Richard Roche O'Reilly, half rising from his high-backed chair in his excitement.

There was no change in the dark emotionless face; the politely controlled voice that answered.

"It is war!"

The real Delphine Ducharme started to his feet. "War!" he cried. "How can you know? How can you be sure yet?"

"We have our ways of knowing," said the calm, polite, studiously measured voice of the still-faced man in heavy glasses across the costly brown table.

The chill of awe came over the veteran press agent, hearing its assurance, reflecting upon this man's power, his connections, his sources of information.

"Hot dog! What a system!" he muttered to himself, sitting watching that still, cultivated, assured personality, who thought and acted now—not in terms of cities, single places, but in countries, continents. He listened, silent, as this man was going on.

"And knowing that," he was saying, "and knowing what war would mean, I have decided, within the week, to make the sacrifice, which I feel that sooner or later our country will demand of all of us in the free-publicity business. I have put my own affairs into other hands, and have decided to do what I can for my country—to lead, as far as I am able, the others in our profession to the sacrifice that we all must make."

And again at the repetition of that word, thinking of his own possible great sacrifice, his hearer started noticeably.

"What is it—just what is it that you plan to have me do?" he asked him hoarsely.

Instead of answering directly the other turned a question back to him.

"For what is the first necessity," he asked, "of a nation entering war?"

Neither the light blue eyes nor the mustached lip of Richard Roche O'Reilly moved before the other answered his own question.

"It must mobilize its public opinion for war, must it not?" the smooth but cultivated, persuasive voice was asking him.

His hearer nodded his assent to that obvious statement.

"This is what I myself—with much other help, of course—am trying now to start," the great publicity counselor was telling him.

And Mr. O'Reilly muttered out his understanding.

"How was this to be done?" the great Marcus Aurelius Browne was going on, asking and answering his own questions. "Through the press of the country, of course. But how? Where? Through the editorial pages? Does one in a hundred read the editorial pages today?"

"Why would they?" the real Delphine Ducharme spoke up at last, dismissing that idea.

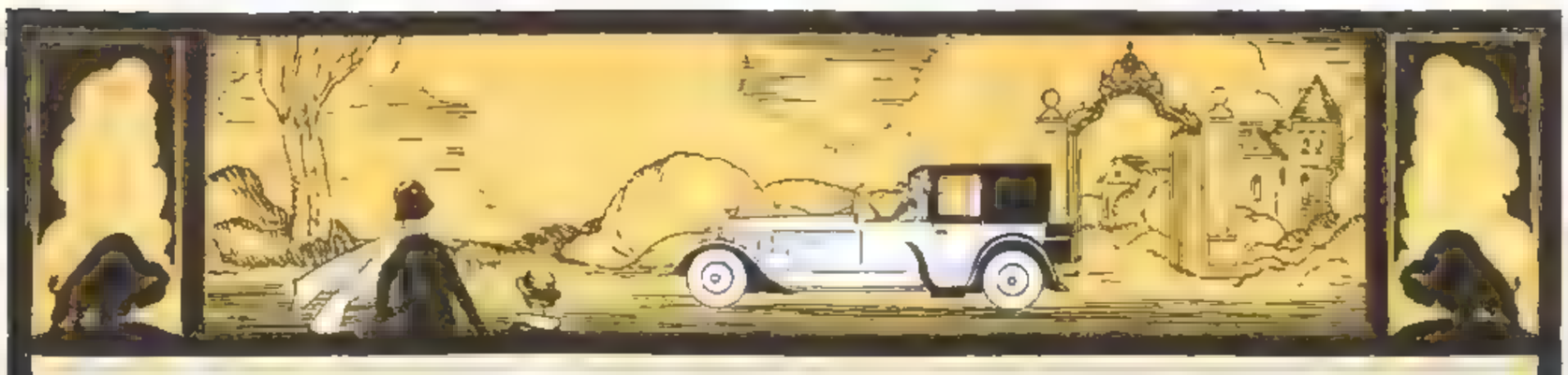
"No. Obviously not the editorial page. The editorial writer is not the instrument for this," the cultivated voice was going on. "And as for the average reporter, I need not speak of him at length"

"Hell's bells, no!" exclaimed Richard Roche O'Reilly

"Then what is left," asked Marcus Aurelius Browne, "as the one great present-day influence on public opinion?"

Mr. O'Reilly signified his understanding of his drift by a simple nod.

(Continued on Page 153)



WHILE the world awaits the outcome of the globe-encircling air flights, public interest is focused upon the phenomenal advancement made in Transportation during the last two decades.

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Convincing proof of this company's determination to further advance Transportation was evidenced by its introduction of the Buffalo *small diameter wheel*—the wheel that made possible the true ballooning of tires.

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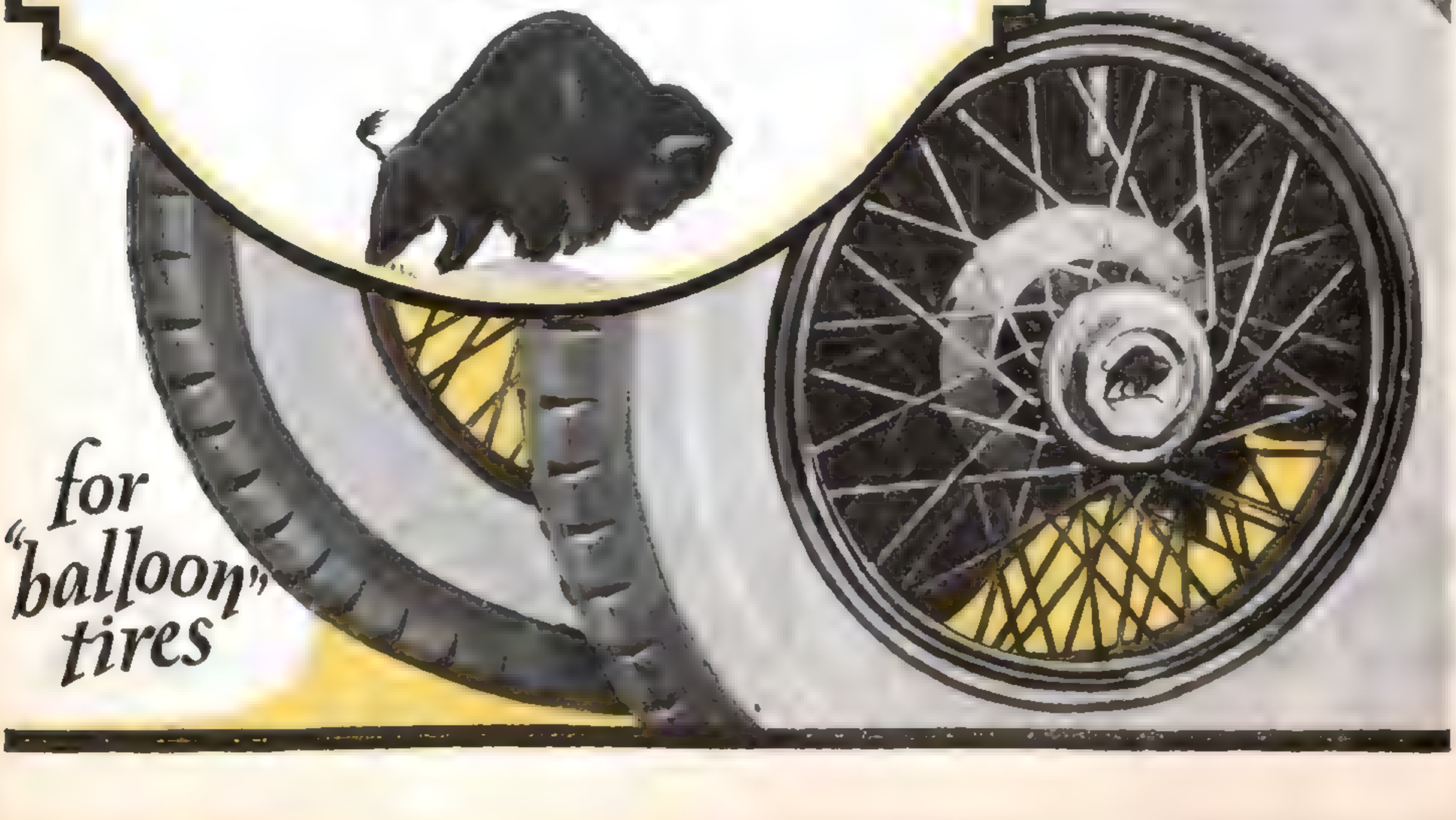

for "balloon" tires

From Year-Long Summer to Winter-Long Cold

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(Continued from Page 150)

"What has been the greatest development in the journalism of this country since 1900? Surpassing all the rest? Drawing from the press -the leading papers of the great cities—the men of initiative and brains and promise?"

His hearer did not find it necessary to reply.

"What was it that Germany studied and copied—out of all the American press had to offer—for its propaganda in this war?"

"The New York press agent!" said Mr. O'Reilly, speaking out at length that well-known fact.

"You are in the business—as I am. How many free-publicity agents would you say there were in New York today?" asked Marcus Aurelius Browne, going on. "Not less than two thousand certainly?"

"More. More," said Richard Roche O'Reilly.

"And counting those that work part time?"

"God bless my soul, you couldn't count them!" exclaimed the real Delphine Ducharme.

"More, anyhow, in New York alone, than all the staffs of all the papers in the city—and better paid and abler. Specialists in their line, with time to be! Not continually rushed to death in a vain attempt to appear omniscient—as the newspaper man must be," said the other—the great publicity counselor.

"So you see, my dear Mr. O'Reilly," he was going on, "what our first step must be—toward mobilizing the public opinion of this country for war!"

Mr. O'Reilly nodded, seeing clearly.

"It is to mobilize the publicity men—the press agents of the United States," the other was saying to him. "In no war in history will public opinion, with the many approaches that there are to it now, play so great a part. And so, I dare predict now, before its beginning, in a very special sense, the press agents of this country will win this war! Without a doubt!"

He stopped, his voice and color higher, his eyes brighter behind his scholarly glasses. He was not at all the ordinary press agent, his observer felt—especially now, when excited and rejuvenated by his emotions. He was, with his glasses, his use of highbrow words, his gold college key with its Greek letters upon his vest, more like an enthusiastic professor in a university. And yet, though so theoretical in his appearance, he must certainly be very practical in his ways—as all his surroundings, his well-known and notable achievements in publicity showed so clearly.

"Yes," he said, his voice again lowering. "Of this I am very sure: It is the patriotic press agents who will win this war. And we must begin now, first of all, to make its sacrifices!"

And now again at that disagreeable word Richard Roche O'Reilly started sharply, more and more convinced that he was leading by degrees to that supreme sacrifice which had already been so broadly hinted by the proof sheets, the threatened exposure of his own hidden personality to the women readers of the United States.

"What—what is it," he asked abruptly, with dry throat, "that you want me personally to do?"

"Can't you see? Can't you understand? From what I have already asked you," inquired the other—"the great service I am going to ask of you?"

"No," said his hearer hoarsely, and waited for him to go on.

He did so, but again in question form.

"What is without doubt the greatest single group of manufacturing and distributing agencies in the life of any modern country?" he asked, falling back into that highbrow talk again—that talk of a college professor. "It is clothing," he answered himself again, "is it not? And principally the clothes of women. What other thing is there to compare with it—with the whole towns and whole sections of great cities given over to it?"

"Sure," said Richard Roche O'Reilly, his feet again on his own ground. "All New England! The half of New York City!"

"Yes," the other was going on. "And so what is probably the greatest waste of civilization? Of raw material—of labor—of business building? What is it that costs us, without economic returns, millions of bales of cotton? Millions of hides? Millions of yards of cloth? The work of millions of laborers? You see then what it is that we must do—one of the first and greatest economies upon entering war—a thing that France and Germany and England have already done."

"We must cut out the annual silhouette!" said Richard Roche O'Reilly, seeing it all at last!

"Yes. Women's insatiate desire for change of dress—of form—of attraction," the scholarly voice went on, "must be put aside until this terrible conflict is over."

"I get you. Now. Exact!" said Richard Roche O'Reilly sharply, with bright eyes.

"And so, seeing this, I have worked through various means upon many others—the manufacturers, the dealers in women's clothes, the stage, the motion-picture industry—all those agencies of style promotion."

"And they?"

"They have unanimously agreed to come along with us—for the general good of their country."

"Oh," said Richard Roche O'Reilly, in final understanding, and was still.

"And at the same time with these, I have pursued you—brought you here at length, to make with all the rest your sacrifice."

The veteran press agent stiffened, touched again with the growing apprehension of the past two days, maddened with the continual repetition of that word.

"What sacrifice?" he asked hoarsely. "What is it? What do you want me to do? Drop my service? Kill off Delphine Ducharme?"

It seemed a year before the other answered—speaking warmly in his cultivated voice.

"Oh, far from it, Mr. O'Reilly," he was protesting in his courteous speech—the double courtesy of the college and the higher, younger, inner Wall Street. "No, we must certainly not kill off Delphine," he said, smiling gravely. "Not now, certainly. She can be of too much use today to her country."

"In heading off the new silhouette?" cried Richard Roche O'Reilly quickly.

"Yes. And even to reduce the present one—to a minimum!"

The great wave of relief which swept over his hearer made itself apparent in his hurried happy speech.

"You watch me," he said. "What I do to that silhouette—that *jupe tonneau!* I never did like the thing anyway. I kicked on it from the first. Why dress up a good-looking girl in a parachute, I say?"

"Thank you," Mr. Browne was saying very simply, as he now arose.

"And as for taking off cloth, cutting down on women's clothes—from now on—well, you watch us! That's all!"

"Don't go too far," warned his hearer, smiling faintly as he held out his right hand, palm upward in a shallow cup, in the best and most courteous form of inner Wall Street's token of dismissal. "And thank you so very much for your sacrifice."

"You watch!" exclaimed the veteran press agent, the real Delphine Ducharme, with happy sparkling eyes. "You won't know them when I get through. I'm going right over now," said Richard Roche O'Reilly, warmly shaking hands, "and tear up that last Paris letter, and knock out a new one. And you'll see what I'll do to that crazy barrel silhouette. How I'll cut down material on the old one—with the five million women that read me twice a week!"

"That will be wonderful," said Marcus Aurelius Browne.

VI

IT WAS another day—a day nearer America's entrance into the Great War. Marcus Aurelius Browne, the most influential of New York publicity experts, stood in his great and continually growing library. A flush of interest was in his face, a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

"Will you read it, please, aloud?" he said to his efficient librarian and periodical reader, Miss Julia K. Judd; and stood then, toying with the Phi Beta Kappa key upon his vest, in deep thought, as she read in her precise voice the typewritten matter, the substitute Paris letter of Delphine Ducharme, which had been sent in by its author for approval, before it went out to the five million readers in the women's pages of America:

LA SILHOUETTE DE LA PATRIE

(EXCLUSIVE IN YOUR TERRITORY)

PARIS, February 15, 1917.

O, *Mesdames*, but you would have delight in your hearts, and a touch of happy awe could you with me from my windows look out now and see upon the Place de l'Opéra all Paris in the *silhouette de la patrie*—the contribution of the loyal Frenchwoman, the patriotic, ever-fervent Parisienne to her beloved country's need.

For the silhouette, *mes chéries*, will not change this year, nor through the remainder of the war, but only to somewhat diminish and grow less. The edict has gone forth. Dame Fashion has prescribed in no uncertain tone that woman, lovely woman, must for her native land make her supreme sacrifice; that she must lay down upon the altar of La Patrie her charm of unexpectedness, of variety, her change of silhouette—in short, her very clothes.

It is not that she will not gladly, willingly do this. *O non!* As you, *mes braves Américaines*, will do also when you come, as come you must some day, into this terrible, this just war—standing with us, side by side.

For think, must not this frightful war have all—all the material from our bodies, if need be, no less than the labor of our hands? Must not the *costumiers* make now alone the uniform of our brave troops, our beloved poilus? Are not our slippers fashioned into belts? Our parasols beaten into bayonets? Do not the very *corsetiers* in their factories make these days the shells with which the loyal women of La France throw now each day their compliments to the *sales Boches?*

And so, everywhere about us now we see upon our avenues the evidence of this last sacrifice of woman—the new *silhouette de maigreur*—the new and fashionable emaciation, the *pâleur des tranchées*, which makes the Parisienne today so interesting in her patriotism, her sacrifice, her self-effacement *pour la patrie*.

But *tiens, chérie!* Take heart. Do not misunderstand. It is not then unlovely, this so-willing sacrifice; this new economy. Oh, quite *au contraire!* The Parisienne is not less radiantly beautiful in her greatly lessened clothes. *O, non. Non. Non!*

For once determined on, the change, you may believe me, is gracefully, thoroughly and most delightfully done. Loss of mere cloth does not mean loss of loveliness to these Parisiennes, you may be sure. Indeed, *parlant à ton oreille*, when has lovely woman been made less *intéressante*, less *intrigante*, less *ravissante* by this change? By the tasteful and artistic lessening of her toilette, and especially when practiced *con amore* for her beloved—her country!

Toute à vous,

DELPHINE DUCHARME.

"M'm," said the great publicity expert to himself, when she was finished. "Yes, that will do."

"And do you think that the American woman will follow this?" asked the reader crisply. "Give up her annual change of form or silhouette for this war—the country?"

"I think so, yes," said the expert, still absently.

"And even cut down her wearing apparel to a minimum?" persisted the precise voice of Miss Judd.

"You watch them," replied her chief, less absently, "for the next few years, and see! Before many months, I am willing to predict, the clothes of all our women will be cut down to a minimum—a practically irreducible minimum!"

Having made this prophecy he lapsed again into a brown study, brushing back the heavy hair from his forehead with the characteristic gesture of interest and intensity which Miss Judd knew so well.

"What a wonderful thing, after all, this operation of mob psychology!" he said aloud at last. "What a machinery we have built up in the United States! And how like magic it will develop in this war—as in all wars!"

He paused, while Miss Judd gazed at him sharply. It was only she who had the privilege, at rare intervals, of seeing and understanding the actual emotions and reactions of this deeply hidden but remarkable personality.

"What were Napoleon and Cæsar, after all," he continued, repeating a statement he had made several times of late, "but great publicity experts—masters of mob psychology? What would they not have done to this country, with the machinery of mass suggestion, of the never-ending free publicity that we have today?"

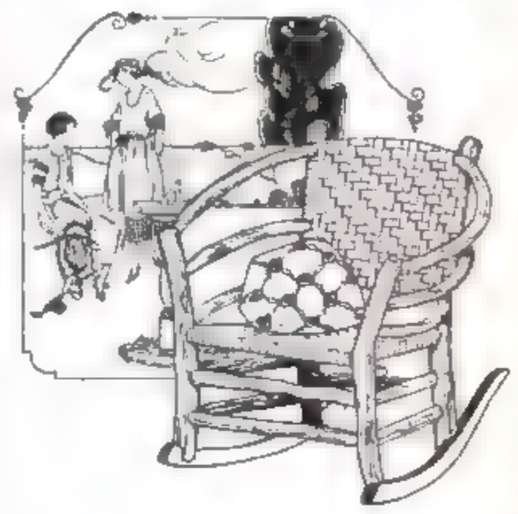
Miss Judd looked steadily and seriously at him through her thick glasses. She did not care for this mood, which had grown so fast upon him in the past few years—this desire for more and ever greater fields to conquer.

"Oh, what a temptation!" he said suddenly. "For an ambitious man, a first-class mind!"

Opening and shutting his long, nervous fingers, pushing back the hair upon his forehead, he strode without more words out of the library.

"I wonder sometimes," said Julia K. Judd to herself, gazing steadily after him, "if he is not growing too ambitious—too dangerously so?"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr Turner. The next will appear in an early issue.



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A LONG WAY TO THE FIRST HOLE

THE PATIENT PIMAS

(Continued from Page 29)

"The soldiers," wrote Father Eusebio Francisco Kino in 1697, "were much delighted to see the Casa Grande. We marveled at seeing that it was about a league from the river and without water; but afterward we saw that it had a large aqueduct with a very great embankment. . . . This very great aqueduct not only conducted the water from the river to the Casa Grande but at the same time, making a great turn, it watered and enclosed a champaign many leagues in length and breadth, and of very level and rich land."

Father Kino also spoke of the kindliness of the Pimas, who received them by erecting crosses and arches "and, with great pleasure to themselves, gave us many little ones to baptize." And when several of the horses of the Spaniards had been scattered and lost, the Pimas "at once went in search of them, nor did they give up until they had collected them all for us." The Pimas brought food to them from their fertile and well-cultivated farms, and altogether made a highly favorable impression on the Spaniards and Father Kino, who made several other trips to the Pima country without altering his opinion of them in any way.

Again in 1746 a Jesuit missionary named Jacob Sedelmayer made a trip to the Pima country and reported that on both sides of the river, as well as on islands in the river, there were large rancherias with broad stretches of fertile land, and that on this land the Indians "sow corn, beans, pumpkins, watermelons, cotton, from which they make garments, and plant wheat with irrigation gutters."

A Record March

He further reported that the Apaches lived near at hand, and that "these Pimas of the Gila River are the enemies of the Apaches." He speaks, furthermore, of the "charming country, with its meadows, moors, reed lands and large areas planted with willows and poplars," and of the general character and disposition of the Indians, who "are mild, affable, kindly, industrious, enemies of our enemies, friendly to the Spaniards, fond of dealing and contracting with Christians; homelike and very peaceful on their lands." He adds that "it is now near fifty years since they have been peacefully allowing the monks on their lands, showing them most respect and receiving judicial appointments at the hands of the fathers." And of tribes near the Pimas he reports that "they have on several occasions shown their desire to be Christians like the Pimas."

So, down through the years, the scanty records show that the Pima Indians were good Indians, cultivating their fertile fields assiduously with the waters of the Gila, which was a real river then, holding out a helping hand to all the white men who ventured across the Arizona deserts, and continually fighting off the bloodthirsty Apaches, whose hands were against every white man.

In 1846, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, there was formed the Mormon Battalion, which marched from Iowa to California as a part of General Kearney's Army of the West, suffering excessive hardships and privation.

"History," according to the report of its commanding officer, "may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Half of it has been through a wilderness where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found, or deserts where, for want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labor, we have dug deep wells, which the future traveler will enjoy. . . . Marching half naked and half fed, and living upon wild animals, we have discovered and made a road of great value to our country."

The Mormon Battalion fell in with the Pimas and were hospitably received and fed by them. It found the Gila River valley a "beautiful plain of rich, cultivated land," and it found that one Pima village contained "near four thousand inhabitants, peaceable and contented, engaged in agriculture and making blankets."

Sergeant Daniel Tyler, of Company C, probably mellowed by his first full meal in some time, was moved to remark, after carefully viewing the Pimas, that "our American and European cities would do well to take lessons in virtue and morality from these native tribes."

During the rush to the California gold fields, the Pimas supported and protected thousands of immigrants who, without their assistance, would—to put it conservatively—have had a thin time of it between the Apaches and the dearth of food and water.

In 1855 Col. A. B. Gray explored portions of the Southwest for the Texas Western Railroad Company, and reported concerning the Pimas that they were "quiet and peaceful, and have no fears except from their enemies, the Apaches, and are very industrious, much more so than the lower order of Mexicans, and live far more comfortably. It is astonishing with what precision they construct their irrigation canals, some of them of very large size, and without the use of leveling apparatus, but simply by the eye. Their gardens and farms, too, are regularly ditched and fenced off into rectangles and circles, with hedges and trees planted as if done by more enlightened people."

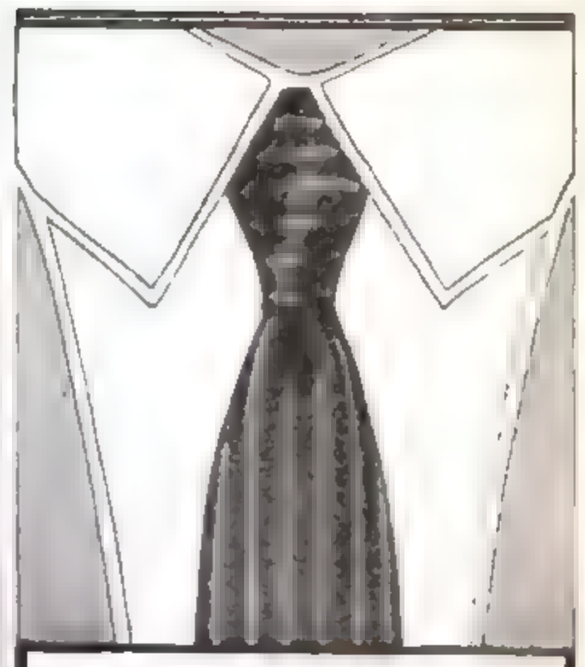
Good Indians

During the Civil War the California Volunteers marched across Arizona—a trip which they admitted they could not have performed without the wheat and other supplies obtained from the Pimas. General Carleton, of the California Volunteers, reported that "the Pima and Maricopa Indians have already sold to us 143,000 pounds of wheat. Of the new crop they will have for sale 200 tons of wheat. . . . The Pimas and Maricopas are the finest Indians I have ever seen, and will be of great service to us and to the Overland Mail Company, which eventually is certain to run over this route. The Apaches are their hereditary enemies. The Apaches have murdered people on the route and possessed themselves with arms, with which they now, for the first time, successfully assail the Pimas. The latter pray to be furnished with arms, not only to defend themselves but to punish the Apaches. I beg to respectfully request that the general will cause to be sent . . . one hundred stand of the old muskets—percussion—with ten thousand rounds of buck-and-ball cartridges and with a supply of bullet molds for the muskets."

As recently as 1874 the attorney of the legislature in Tucson, Arizona, published a pamphlet in which it was said of the Pimas that "although their mode of agriculture is

(Continued on Page 157)

A Pima Indian Irrigating His Land



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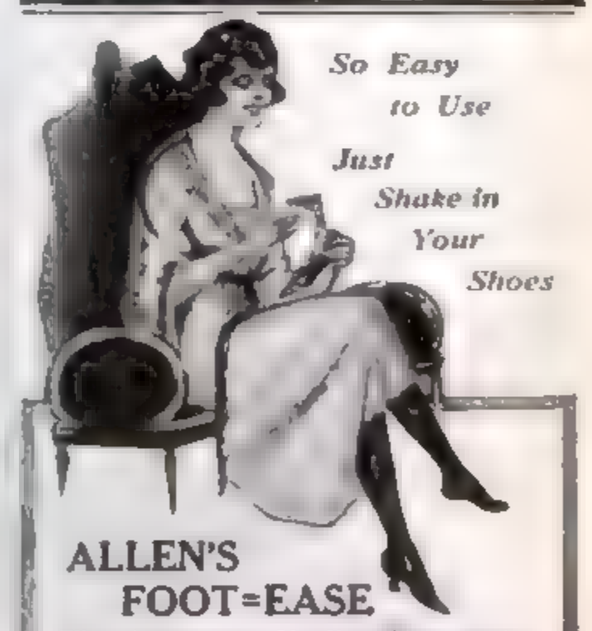

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The Osborn Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio

New York Chicago Detroit San Francisco

(Continued from Page 155)

rude, still they raise all the vegetables, wheat, barley and corn necessary for their own use, and sell annually about two million pounds of wheat."

In 1877 one Enoch Conklin visited the mines of the Aztec Mining Company, became interested in the Pimas, commented on their industry as well as on the richness and fertility of their land along the Gila, and stated that "over the whole sunny reservation may be seen patches of peas, beans, pumpkins, melons, and vegetables of all kinds; while vast fields of wheat, barley, corn and the larger crops may be seen further off. Sorghum has proved a profitable crop in this valley. In 1863 they sold 700,000 pounds of wheat and flour to the government garrisons and travelers and miners through the southern Gila Valley."

The recounting of these monotonously favorable bits of press-agent work in behalf of the Pimas is for the purpose of showing that prior to the advent of white settlers in their vicinity the Pimas had been blessed with a sufficiency of water to irrigate their lands, and that so long as their lands were irrigable, their natural industry was sufficient to enable them to add considerably to the economic well-being of the country.

Starting around 1860, however, white settlers began to occupy the lands along the upper Gila River, many miles upstream from the country of the Pimas; and since fall land in that section of Arizona is desert land unless it is constantly irrigated, the white settlers naturally began to build irrigation ditches along the river and draw off the waters of the upper Gila onto their lands. As a result of this withdrawal of water, the amount of water that flowed down to the Pimas in normal times began to be materially reduced.

When the white settlers came in, the Gila was a normal, narrow river of clear water which flowed peacefully through a tree-grown plain. The mountains along the sides of the Gila Valley were fairly low, and covered with a growth of mesquite and various other trees, as well as with grass.

With the settlers, of course, came large quantities of cattle. The settlers cut down the trees and the cattle ate off the grass—which, under normal conditions in Arizona, is, to the appreciative eyes of the effete Easterner, of a somewhat scraggly and wizened nature anyhow. The cattle, furthermore, wore trails through the sand and down to the river edge.

Where the Water Went

As a result of the disappearance of the trees and grass, the heavy rains, instead of being held in the soil and allowed to seep slowly down to the river, rushed down the slopes on the surface of the ground, cutting deep channels in it and washing tons of mud into the river bed. As the river rose during rainstorms, with ever-increasing suddenness and to greater heights than ever before, it spilled out of its banks at the spots where the cattle had worn trails down to the river, slashed new and broader channels for itself, cut the river-bank farms to shreds and vanished into the thirsty sand like smoke before a west wind.

In twenty years' time the white men's cattle and the white settlers along the upper Gila had, between them, practically wrecked the fertile fields that had supported the Pimas for hundreds of years, and from which the unknown Indian builders of Casa Grande and all the other Gila River towns had taken their living for hundreds and probably thousands of years before the Pimas came.

By 1890 the Pimas seldom saw water in the Gila except immediately after a heavy rain; and heavy rains, during the best part of the year in Southern Arizona, are about as frequently encountered as bearded babies.

The normal flow of the Gila, so far as the Pimas were concerned, didn't exist; for before it ever had a chance to reach the San Carlos Box Cañon, which separates the valley of the upper Gila from the Pima country, it had been drawn off by the white settlers for their fields.

The Gila had become a broad, sun-baked flat, a mile and more in width, grown up between rains to a tangle of saltweed. Automobiles and teams could cross it at all normal times, provided they avoided the patches of quicksand that are always to be found at frequent intervals in every Western river bed.

The Pimas worked their lands as they had always worked them. They plowed and planted; and in the event of rains, the floods came tearing down the Gila and for a day or two every Pima had water. Then, during the hot months of spring and summer, when the temperature mounts to 120 degrees and San Tan Mountain quivers in heat waves, the Gila remained dry and the crops shriveled in the fields. Instead of the fertile fields that the Spaniards and the Mormon Battalion and the California Volunteers used to see in the country of the Pimas, one saw little except desert. The fertile farms slipped back, one by one, to mesquite and greasewood and jack rabbits, and the Pimas gradually became hungrier and poorer—although all the nearly 5000 Pimas, with the exception of some 75 ancient Indians who have no relatives to assist them, are still self-supporting.

One of the best farmers among the Pimas is Lewis Nelson, a lean, amiable, reliable, hard-working gentleman who is greatly esteemed by all the white men who have ever had any dealings with the Pimas. Nelson and his family have a matter of eighty acres along the Gila River. In the old days, before the white men took the water of the upper Gila for their own purposes, and before the Gila had run amuck from the overgrazing of the adjoining slopes, Nelson frequently got as much as 2500 pounds of wheat to the acre. The average crop, in the old days, year after year, was 1600 pounds to the acre. Nelson ran over his records for the past eighteen years for me, and this was the way it worked out:

The Vanishing Wheat Crop

Eighteen years ago it happened that the rains came along at exactly the right seasons, and the fields were watered as well as though they were regularly irrigated. Consequently he had a good crop. The same thing was true seventeen years ago and sixteen years ago. Fifteen years ago there were no rains and no water in the Gila. He purchased and planted twenty sacks of seed, and out of it he got nothing at all, for everything dried up. Fourteen years ago he had all his acreage under cultivation and got 500 pounds to the acre as against an average old-time yield of 1600 pounds. Thirteen years ago his work was in vain and he got nothing at all. Twelve years ago he again managed to squeeze 500 pounds an acre out of the reluctant earth. Eleven years ago there was a little more rain, so that he got 700 pounds to the acre. Ten years ago there was still more rain, and he got 1000 pounds to the acre, as against the average 1600 pounds of the old days. Nine years ago he again got 500 pounds to the acre. Eight years ago there was no rain at all, the waters of the Gila went to the white settlers above the reservation, and Nelson's crop was a total failure. Seven years ago it was a total failure. Six years ago he got between 500 and 600 pounds to the acre. Five years ago he got 400 pounds to the acre.

Four years ago his crops died in the field and he got nothing. Three years ago his crops were a total failure. Two years ago his crops were a total failure. A year ago his crops were a total failure.

I talked with Nelson in February of 1924. His land was neatly fenced; his fields were cultivated and the crops were well up. The bed of the Gila was nothing but dry sand, though the white settlers on the upper Gila were getting water—water that he and his father and his grandfather and his ancestors back beyond the curtain of history had always had. His irrigation ditches were dry, and would remain dry; and he was waiting hopefully and patiently for rain. If rain came within two or three weeks, he would have small crops once more. If it didn't come, he would have no crops at all. But Nelson is a good farmer; and if his irrigation ditches could be filled with the water that should by rights be his, he would always be sure of 1600 pounds of wheat to the acre, and he would probably have more. Instead of being a poor man, he would be a rich man, as Indians go.

Twenty-five years ago and more, said Nelson, the chiefs of the Pimas used to meet together and draft petitions to Washington, urging that their rights in the waters of the Gila be protected, and Washington always replied that everything would be done.

In his pocket Nelson had a letter from the chairman of the House of Representatives Committee on Expenditures in the

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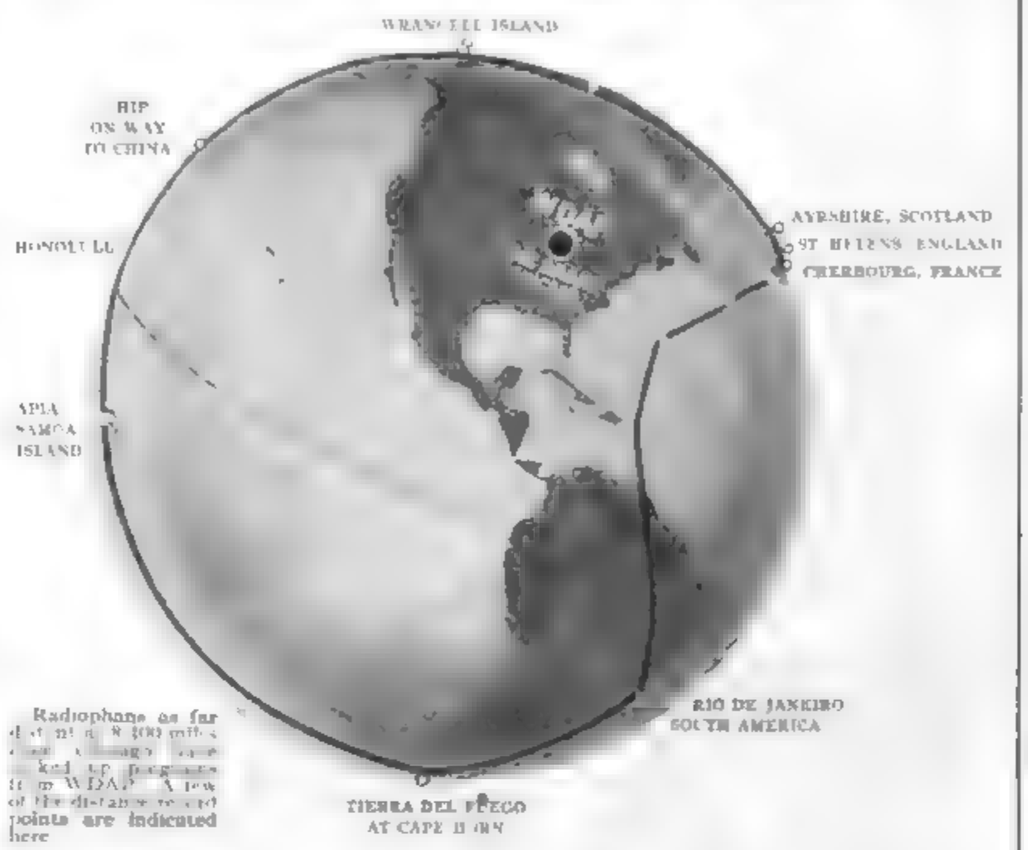

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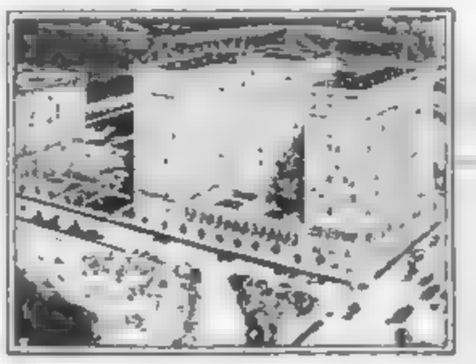

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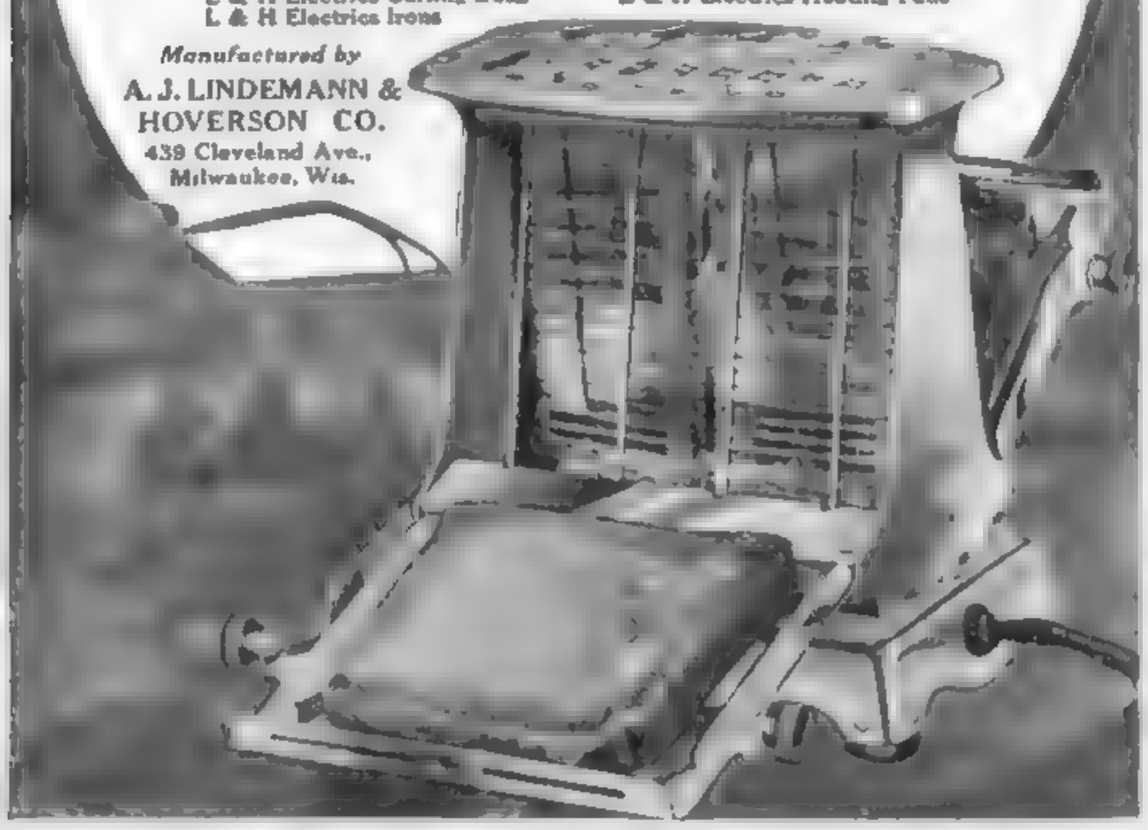


Post Office Department, written in 1911, thirteen years ago.

"The rights of the Indians of the Gila River Reservation in the use of the waters," said this letter, "will be fully protected."

That was one of the many years in which the Indians of the Gila Reservation had no use whatever of the waters of the Gila River, so that their crops were total failures. Year after year, for twenty-five years and more, Congress has heard the petitions of the Pima Indians for the protection to which they are entitled, and year after year Congress has smiled benevolently and said, "Certainly, good people! Your rights will be fully protected!" And then it has turned aside with a dignified air and voted $10,000,000 for the relief of the suffering children of Transmagnesia, or something similar, and the Pima Indians have gone back home, plowed their fields, hoped in vain for rain and enjoyed another crop failure.

If the Indians were white men, they would, of course, have been protected in their water rights many years ago. But since they are Indians, they must wait patiently for Washington to carry out the promises that it has been making to them for more than a quarter of a century.

A Starving Pima's Defense

Occasionally one finds an impatient Pima; but not very often. Back in 1895 Governor Hughes, of Arizona, reported to the Secretary of the Interior on the necessity for irrigation water among the Pimas, and quoted from a brief account in an Arizona paper of a Pima Indian who, with three other Pimas, had pleaded guilty to grand larceny and had been sentenced to the local bastile for a year. They had stolen ponies and traded them for food. The Indian, named Wee Paps, explained his case to the court through an interpreter in the following manner:

"For hundreds of years my people have lived on the banks of the Gila River. We have always been honest and peaceful, and have supported ourselves and never asked for any help from the Great Father at Washington. We have raised our own wheat and corn and ground it in our own metates. Until the past few years we have always had plenty of water to irrigate our farms, and never knew what want was. We always had grain stored up for a full year's supply. We were happy and contented. Since the white man came and built the big canals and acequias, we have no water for our crops.

"The Government refuses to give us food, and we do not ask for it; we only ask for water, for we prefer to earn our own living if we can. I am no thief, and I will not beg; but my wife and children were hungry and I must either steal or they must starve. So I took the horses and traded them for grain, and the hunger of my family was satisfied. You can do with me what you will. I have spoken."

None of the Pimas asks for more than that for which Wee Paps asked twenty-nine years ago. Not one of them asks for anything except a chance to help himself; and without water, on the Arizona desert, the smartest and most diligent Indian or white man has about as much chance to help himself through agricultural pursuits as William Jennings Bryan has to become King of Greece.

"If we can only have water," they say, "we will be all right. We need nothing except water. Others are taking the water that belongs to us, and we need the water. We have needed the water for many years, and for many years Washington has agreed that it is our water and that we shall be allowed to have it. We have done nothing that our water should be taken away from us. The Government said many years ago that this was our land to live on forever, and now it has permitted our water to be taken away from us, which makes it no land at all. All we ask is water. If we can have water, all our troubles will be ended."

One has plenty of opportunity, on the Pima Reservation and in the adjacent country, to see the results that can be obtained on desert land with irrigation.

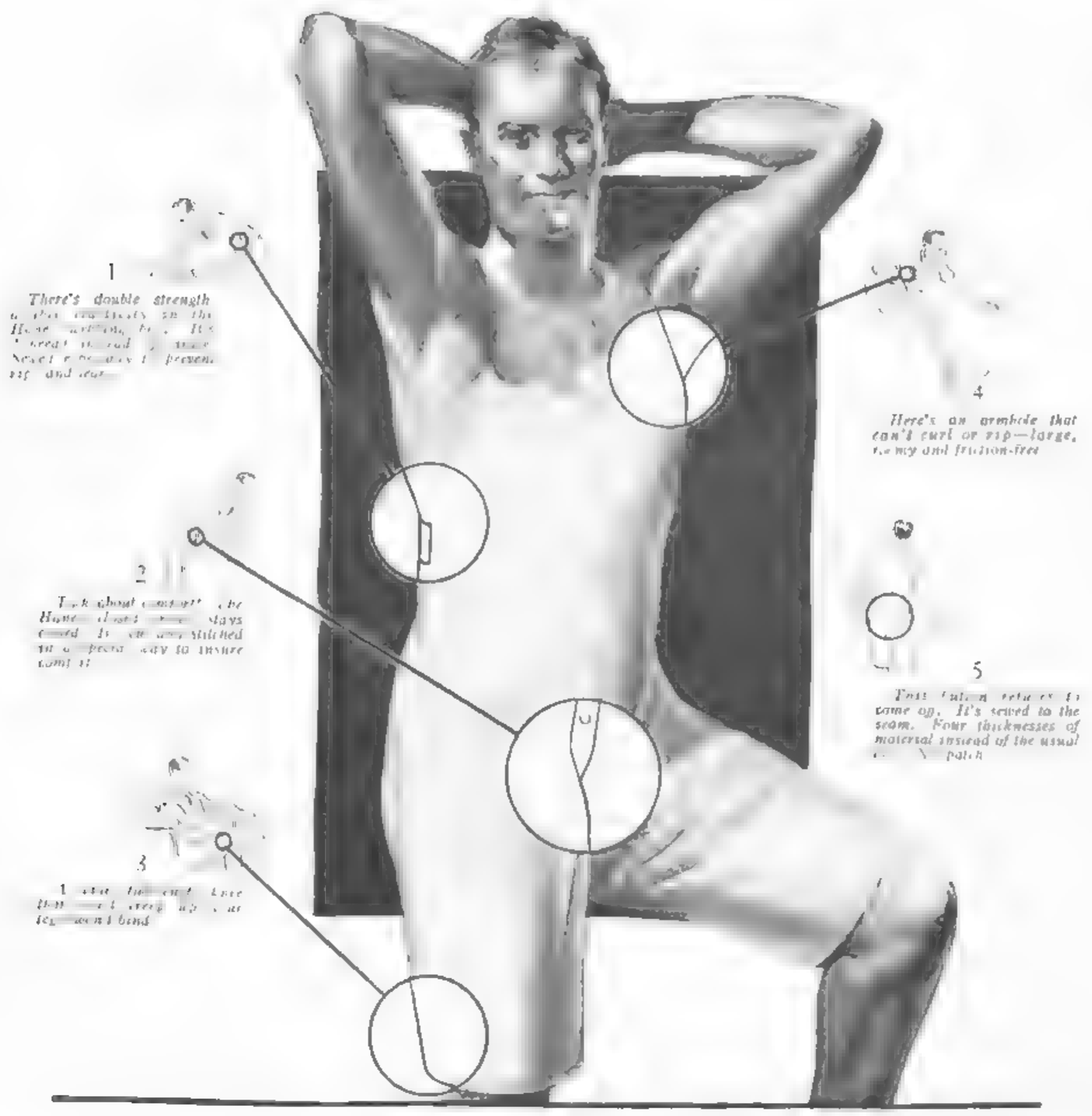
Irrigation at Sacaton

The heart of the Pima Reservation is the village of Sacaton. At Sacaton are the offices of the Pima Indian Agency and the home of the agent—cheerful bungalows set among pepper trees, palms and cottonwoods; and across from them are the boarding-school buildings which house 271 Pima children and take them through the sixth grade—though in other parts of the reservation there are government day schools and the schools of the Catholics and the Presbyterians, all of which take care of another 750 children. The school buildings also are shaded by palms and cottonwoods, and lack the fearfully drab and depressing atmosphere that seems to shroud so many Indian schools in gloom. Beyond the school buildings there is a bright and airy hospital with sixty beds, and an agricultural experiment station with all sorts of long-staple cotton, and fruit trees and trick garden truck and palms growing in the fields around it; and around all these there are cultivated fields that are watered by wells and by a little dribble of seepage water that seeps through the lands of the white settlers on the upper Gila and trickles down to the Pimas along a canal which conserves every possible drop of it. The water from the wells is pumped into canals that had already been in use for an unknown number of years when the Spaniards entered the country. At a conservative estimate, they have been built at least 500 years.

A matter of 3000 acres is the total amount of Pima land that can be irrigated by the well water and the seepage water; whereas in comparatively recent times, before the white settlers took the waters of the Gila for their own land, the Pimas irrigated and cultivated 12,000 acres. Nine thousand acres of Pima land have gone back to desert within the memory of many Indians who now wait patiently for an all-wise Great White Father to keep his promises.

On these 3000 acres, however, the Pimas raise crops of wheat, melons, long-staple cotton and suchlike knickknacks that repeatedly take first prizes in competition with all the white people of Arizona. In 1922 the Pimas won the sweepstakes on wheat and many blue ribbons at the Arizona State Fair. In 1923 they won fifteen blue ribbons. *(Continued on Page 161)*

A Typical Pima Home



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Judged by just these standards there's no better rug value on the market than a seamless Beauvais rug. You can buy rugs at half the price—but they will wear out in a year. You can buy other rugs at twice the price—but they will wear no longer.

Many Beauvais rugs have lasted for twenty-five years. Many have lasted longer. By those who know, it is conceded to be the best rug value on the market at the price; and any rug salesman you ask is pretty certain to tell you so. It has been sold for thirty years, and it has a record of worth, service, and satisfaction behind it. And the salesman knows it.

The Sanford Beauvais rug is a high-grade Axminster, and it is good from whatever point of view you look at it. It is woven without a single seam—and seams are the first places a rug wears out. It has a long pile and a close pile—and that means an added wear that not even all seamless rugs possess. It means a soft, luxurious tread you can feel the moment you put your foot down. That pile is wool, and nothing but wool—and takes dye beautifully . . . . And the Beauvais is substantial and solid too. Look at its closely woven back. When you feel how sound and firm it is, you will understand at once why the Beauvais lies so flat on the floor and won't wrinkle under the foot-tread.

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Stephen Sanford & Sons, Inc., have made rugs and carpets since 1838. Never have they lowered the quality of their rugs. You will probably get Beauvais (pronounced Bo-vay) rugs at your dealer's, because more dealers carry them than any other kind. If you cannot get the Beauvais, write us and we will tell you the name of the nearest merchant who has it.

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Its cushion like tread with a resilient nap that comes right back

Beauvais Rug No. 3974—one of 55 beautiful designs.

Beauvais Rug No. 3990—combines beauty with utility.

SANFORD'S Beauvais Rugs

(Continued from Page 158)

If one starts from Sacaton, crosses the dry bed of the Gila, skirts the base of San Tan Mountain and its groves of candelabra-like giant cactuses and bears off to the northwest, he runs out of the Pima Reservation in an hour or so and enters the bright green fields of Salt River valley—Salt River being a tributary of the Gila just below the Pima Reservation.

Not many years ago the Salt River valley was as dry and hot and dusty a desert as any part of the Pima Reservation. Then the Government built the great Roosevelt Dam above the valley, and from the mass of water that is stored in Roosevelt Dam, irrigation canals carry water to 200,000 acres of desert land, while another 100,000 acres is watered by means of pumps.

The fertility of Salt River valley is as great as any section of the world. One finds great orange and grapefruit—seedless grapefruit—groves there, and broad fields of alfalfa, cotton, wheat and every sort of growing thing. The Roosevelt Dam cost $12,000,000, and is being paid for by the white settlers in the valley, who are reimbursing the Government at the rate of $60 an acre, payable in 20 annual payments.

If the Indians could have the water that the Government has so earnestly promised them for a quarter century, the Gila Valley would produce as fluently as the Salt River valley, if not more so. Patrick Hamilton, writing in 1884 on The Resources of Arizona, stated that "the Pimas' wheat crop will average 2,000,000 pounds a year. It is much superior to that of their white neighbors on the Salt [River] both in cleanliness and quality, makes a better article of flour and commands a higher price."

One of the features of the Gila River valley that should cause considerable fatigue to the fertilizer companies is its ability to produce an endless number of the most luxuriant crops without the use of any fertilizer stronger than water.

There is only one way in which the Pimas can get the water of which they have been deprived and for whose return they have waited so long and patiently.

Land Allotments

As has been said, the upper Gila River is separated from the lower Gila by a long narrow cañon known as the San Carlos Box Canon. The Indian Irrigation Service has long had the plans for a storage dam to be placed at the upper end of the San Carlos Cañon and to be called the San Carlos Dam. Once this dam is built, enough water would run into it in a single season—water which now vanishes into the sand and rushes in brief floods into the Gulf of California—to irrigate for three seasons all the irrigable lands of the Pimas and the lands of their white neighbors around Casa Grande. During the last five months of 1923, for example, 750,000 acre feet of water poured down the Gila and was wasted. If it could have run into a storage dam, it would have lasted for three seasons on 100,000 acres of land if augmented by the natural flow of the river.

Each Pima Indian—man, woman and child—is allotted two patches of land by the Government. Each of the two allotments is for ten acres, but one is irrigable land along the river and the other is desert land for grazing purposes. Allotments on the Pima Reservation now amount to 97,880 acres out of a total acreage of 337,302 acres. Since half the allotments are in desert land, the number of acres that the Pimas can irrigate and plant, if they were able to draw water from the proposed storage dam, is 48,940 acres, which compares very favorably with the outside limit of 3000 acres that their infinitesimal water supply now permits them to cultivate.

In the vicinity of the Pima Reservation, around the towns of Florence and Casa Grande, there are white settlers who now have some 17,000 acres of land under cultivation; and with the proposed storage dam in operation, these white settlers would be able to more than triple their irrigated acreage.

The talk of storage dams in the San Carlos Cañon, however, sends no thrill through the breasts of the white settlers along the upper Gila River, many miles above the spot where the dam would be placed. They have some 32,000 acres of land in irrigation above the proposed site for the dam; and this 32,000 acres would be in no way injured or affected by the San Carlos Dam. Just as much water would continue to come down the upper Gila as now comes down, and the residents could take out just as much for their land.

Soon or Never

But as is to be expected in human society, the residents along the upper Gila are not content with the 32,000 acres which they now cultivate; so they propose to get out a bond issue for the purpose of financing a storage dam of their own far above the San Carlos Dam site, a dam which will store 100,000 acre feet of water. If this should be done, the water that flows down the upper Gila would be entirely cut off from the San Carlos Cañon and the lower Gila, and the proposed San Carlos Storage Dam would be entirely useless, because there would be no water to store. And since there would be no water to store, there could never be any water for the Pima Indians in the valley of the lower Gila, and they would go on getting poorer and poorer until the Government either took to issuing daily rations to them to keep them alive, or let them starve to death—which might conceivably be the most merciful ending to the long years of unjust and contemptible treatment that has been accorded to the Pimas by the ruthless white man and his well-intentioned, supposedly enlightened but magnificently stupid Government.

Everybody who knows the Pimas is hopeful that Congress will soon authorize the building of the San Carlos Dam, owing to the fact that if it isn't done soon it can never be done.

The bill which provides for the dam authorized the expenditure of $6,500,000 on it, of which only $500,000 would have to be immediately available. The persons who benefit from the dam would ultimately reimburse the Government for building it, just as the beneficiaries of the Roosevelt Dam are doing. The white landowners who

Pima Girls at the Government School, Sacaton, Arizona

Lincoln School, Birdsboro, Penna. — Hotel [illegible], New Orleans, La. — Excelsior Masonic Temple, Milwaukee, Wis.

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draw water from it will pay the Government a certain amount per acre every year for twenty years. The Indians, being wards of the Government, do not own their land, so that they would probably pay no assessments. Their land is held in trust for them for twenty-five years, at the end of which time it is conveyed to the Indian—in theory—and he does what he pleases with it, unless the trust period is extended. He would then pay taxes and assessments on it; and if he sells it, according to the present law, his assessment for the dam would be deductible from the selling price.

One of the most popular of all indoor and outdoor sports in the Southwest is the roasting and blackguarding of the Indian Bureau of the Interior Department. If a traveler based his judgment of the Indian Bureau on the Pima Indians, however, he would find small grounds for complaint, outside of the lack of water, which can scarcely be blamed on the bureau, since it is unqualifiedly in favor of obtaining a storage dam for the Pimas. One of the chief grounds for complaint would be that the bureau in charge of the Pimas is located some 2500 miles from them, which is not exactly conducive to an exhaustive understanding, on the part of the bureau, of the Indians' condition and needs. A trip through the Pima Reservation occasionally stirs in the mind of the traveler some suspicion of many of the anti-Indian-Bureau agitators—a suspicion that is not entirely allayed when one discovers that one of the loudest screamers for the entire abolition of the Indian Bureau was, about ten years ago, devoting a large amount of his time to an attempt to procure the appointment as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and that his intense antagonism to the bureau dates from the time when the appointment was given to somebody else.

Inadequate Medical Attention

One of the greatest needs of all Indian tribes is adequate medical attention. The Pimas are better off than most tribes, for the hospital at Sacaton is large, airy, cheery and clean; and the reservation is blessed with fairly good roads, as desert roads go, so that sick Indians can be brought to the hospital comparatively easily.

Moreover, the hospital has a good doctor, which is not always the case. A doctor's salary on an Indian reservation, thanks to the staggering generosity of those who apportion money to the Indians' needs, ranges from $1200 to $1400 a year, with a bonus of $240 a year to take care of the loose and irresponsible manner in which the cost of living has increased in the past ten years. As can be imagined, the chances of persuading an experienced doctor to enter the Indian service at $1440 a year are not particularly glowing.

None the less, the Sacaton hospital is a good one, and sick Pimas get good attention. The hospital has no X-ray machine, but since Congress prefers to spend the country's money in other ways, there isn't anything for the hospital to do except get along without it.

The cost of supporting each patient for a day in the Sacaton hospital last year was fifty-six cents, which compares very favorably with the seven dollars a day per patient that was spent at an Arizona Veterans' Bureau hospital during the same year.

But in spite of the unusually good hospital and medical attendance, the Pimas, like all the Indian tribes, are heavily afflicted with trachoma. No immigrant who has trachoma is ever permitted to enter the United States; but in spite of the large amounts of money that are spent each year in keeping out trachoma at the nation's ports of entry, no adequate provision is made on any Indian reservation to segregate and stamp out the disease. School children with trachoma are allowed to study, play and live with healthy children, and Indians in general are allowed to go where they please, irrespective of whether they have trachoma or not.

It is probable that if those who have supervision over the Pimas could drive into their heads—which seem to be congenitally thicker than those of the white men along certain lines, although not along all lines—the necessity for caring for their eyes, the Pimas themselves could noticeably cut down the prevalence of trachoma. There are two Pima judges on the reservation who sit in judgment each week on the sinners among their own people; and the liberality with which they plaster penalties on the guilty ones shows that if they wished they could easily administer helpful punishments to those who broke any antitrachoma regulations.

Here, for example, is the record of the trial of three Pimas accused of the manufacture of intoxicating liquor. The record was set down by one of the two judges, and is copied from the great official blank book of the Pima court:

Defendant: Juan S. Anton.

Q.: How did you come to get that kind face?
A.: Try to make whisky.
Q.: What did you make out of it?
A.: Corn, sugar, yeast.
Q.: Then what did it do?
A.: It boiled and with steam open the let so quick spilled on my face.
Q.: Who was with you?
A.: Victor Anton. Leo Vavages.
Q.: Did you make before? I mean whisky.
A.: Once we made.
Q.: What did you do with it?
A.: We leave it there someone stole some I sold one gallon to a Mexican for eight dollars.
Q.: When did you learn to make whisky?
A.: A Mexican told me and its his barrels and material to make with it.
Q.: Where is that Mexican?
A.: Last time he was at Chandler. But he was going off.
Q.: How much sugar did you use to make whisky?
A.: Over eleven dollars and corn for two dollars.
Q.: Did that Mexican sold that working thing to make whisky?
A.: Yes, for twenty dollars.
Q.: What is that Mexican's name?
A.: Raphil, but he is called Chapo.
Q.: Where is he going as you said so?
A.: He said hes going to Perrio.

Defendant: Victor Anton.

Q.: You got wife?
A.: Yes.
Q.: Children?
A.: No.
Q.: You also with Juan making whisky?
A.: I did came to Juan when he was making.
Q.: How many time did you make whisky?
A.: One time we make good four gallons the second time is the time we got trouble spilled out busted.
Q.: You know that Mexican?
A.: No I don't know him but I seen him.
Q.: Would you know him if you ever see him?
A.: I think so.

Decision: Juan S. Anton, Victor Anton, Leo Vavages are sentenced six months.

SAM RANDALL,
BEN JOHN,
Judges.

Some idea of the physical fitness of the Pimas may be gained from the fact that some of the more rakish young bucks, when apprehended and dragged before the court for intoxication—which occurs very rarely—admit to gaining their edges through the agency of the solidified fuel alcohol known as canned heat.

One must be a stout and sturdy fellow to drink canned heat and still live.

Still Waiting for Water

Religion is never interfered with on the Pima Reservation; and yet about 150 Indians who had land on an irrigated area developed the habit of running down to Magdalena in Mexico for a religious feast and staying away from their land for two months. After a little of this they were given to understand that nobody wanted to interfere with their religion, but that if they didn't want to take advantage of their irrigated lands they could take their choice between losing their irrigation water or taking up their permanent residence in Mexico. They now farm diligently without knocking off for religious feasts.

All the troubles of the Pimas, however, are infinitesimal ones compared with their great need for water. I was talking one afternoon with an educated and industrious Pima who raises cotton, wheat and alfalfa with great success when the rains are heavy. He recounted the drying up of his crops year after year, and wound up with the calm but somewhat weary observation that "all we need is water."

The superintendent came along just then and stopped to speak to him.

"My friend," said he, "your hair is getting gray."

The Indian nodded his head.

"I'm getting old," he said ruefully, "waiting for water."

"And your father grew old waiting for water," added the superintendent contemplatively.

"Yes," said the Pima, "we both grew old, just waiting."

Patient folk, the Pimas.

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They are held in reserve in hospitals to save lives should city current fail during an operation; and in motion picture theatres to prevent loss of revenue or, worse, panic. The list could be extended indefinitely: new uses are being added to it almost daily.

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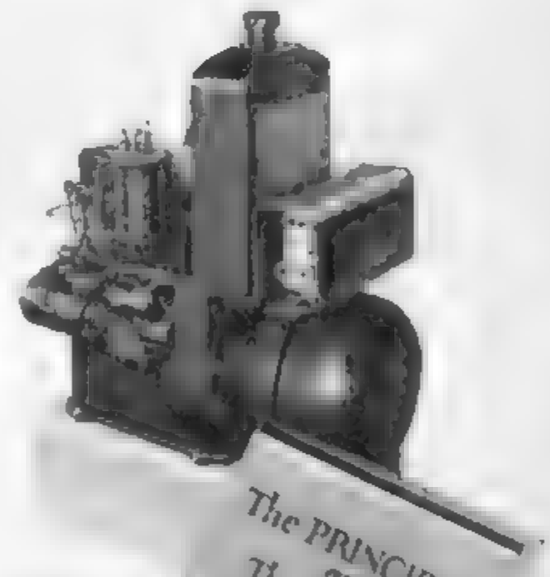

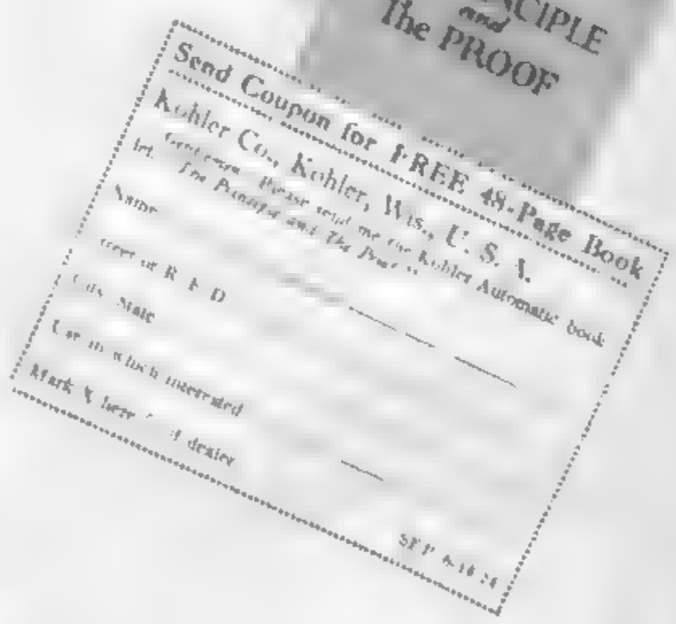
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You would find that the genuine *Thermos* Vacuum Bottle is beautifully made. The glass filler is cushioned by a *spring shock absorber*—while many another make of bottle has only a strip of corrugated pasteboard to keep it from breaking against the metal case.

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THE ALTAR ON THE HILL

(Continued from Page 9)

political campaign than meets the eye. Therefore he was neither surprised nor suspicious when one morning the chief told him to hire a deposit box at the Republic Trust in his own name.

"And give me the keys," he said. "Certain amount of confidential stuff oughtn't to be floating around."

So Thomas Patrick rented a box and rather proudly signed his name on the card. Some of these days he and Mary would have such a box. He often felt now that the deed for their house should be in a safer place than under the paper in the bureau drawer. And later on, when he occasionally took a sealed manila envelope to the trust company he enjoyed going into the basement of the bank, where uniformed attendants swung open the enormous door to the vaults and he was able to gain an access impossible to the shrewdest cracksmen in the business.

Next to being great oneself was being attached to greatness.

Greatly to his relief, the Elliot matter seemed to have gone no further. The campaign was in full swing now, and successfully so. Now and then he went with the chief here and there, and from the back of a hall listened with swelling pride to the speeches he himself had helped to prepare. He would treasure the pleasant things he heard and tell the chief on the way back.

"Surely had them going tonight, sir," he would say.

"Think so?"

"It was sticking out all over them. One fellow near me, he said, 'talks like a senator, and by gad, he looks like one!'"

"Humph!" the chief would say, and perhaps straighten his tie.

There were no more evenings at the house now, and Thomas Patrick missed them. But the chief seemed happier, in the thick of things as he was now, and to miss his wife less. He was fairly confident too.

"Mary like the idea of Washington?" he asked once.

"She's crazy about it."

"You'll have to have more money there," he said in his large way. "It costs a lot to live there."

It seemed impossible for a human being to be happier than Thomas Patrick Finnerty was in those days—or less suspicious.

If he had felt no distrust at the renting of the safe-deposit box, he felt even less when he learned one day that the chief felt the need of private quarters of his own. Thomas Patrick was becoming an old campaigner, and he began to see that it was sometimes necessary to give the people what was good for them rather than what they wanted, and even to conceal the fact that they were being done good. Also the opposition was growing bitter, and there was talk of a leak in the office.

"I have to see a lot of fellows," the chief explained, "that I don't want to take to the house. And with reporters hanging about all the time, I can't see them here."

"Yes, sir," said Thomas Patrick, enormously flattered at this confidence.

"What I think you'd better do," said the chief, considering, "is to rent me an apartment somewhere—in your own name. You might try the Burleigh. I understand they have some."

"They're pretty expensive."

"Well, we'll charge it to campaign expenses," said the chief.

Thomas Patrick was very busy the next few days. He took the apartment and equipped it with various things evidently necessary to a political campaign, cigars in quantity, a poker table and chips, and the chief's particular brand of cigarettes, but without his monogram, of course. And he paid the first month's rent in advance out of a checking account of his own, established for the purpose.

Thomas Patrick had a curious feeling of being a secret and powerful figure in national affairs. The only drawback was that Mary could not share this inner knowledge with him.

"All set, sir," he announced to the chief one afternoon as he handed over the keys.

"Fine!" said the chief.

He drew his check book toward him and made out a check. Then he tore it out and passed it over; it was to Thomas Patrick Finnerty for five hundred dollars. Thomas Patrick colored to the roots of his nondescript hair.

"I didn't do it for money," he stammered.

"Campaign expenses, Pat," said the chief. And then he did an unusual thing. He got up and put his hand on Thomas Patrick's shoulder. "You've stuck by me, Pat," he said, "and I don't forget those things."

Never, save when Mary agreed to marry him, had Thomas Patrick been so happy. And the chief's touch on his shoulder meant more than the money in his hand.

"I guess I won't thank you," he said huskily. "I guess you know I'll go on sticking, sir. I guess I'm that kind."

The chief was touched. He knew devotion when he saw it, and he knew, too, that there wasn't too much of it floating about. Also, his own generosity exalted him; he was, so to speak, carried on the wave of it a bit further than perhaps he had meant to go.

"How about taking that campaign check," he suggested, "and buying fifty shares of B. T. & P. on a ten-dollar margin? I understand that there's something doing there."

"But suppose it goes down?"

"Oh, I guess I could carry you all right. But I don't think it will."

The total result of which was that three days later one Thomas Patrick Finnerty cashed in a seven-hundred-dollar profit, making twelve hundred in all, and bought himself immediately a pair of new shoes, not before they were badly needed.

He had not told Mary. She feared and hated speculation, for one thing. Not, of course, that he was going to speculate any more. He was through. And the second reason was that their wedding anniversary was due on the fourth of the next month. He was going to give it all to her then as a present.

At first he meant to give it to her in a check. Then—oh, he was cunning—he thought of a better way. He would cash it, and first of all he would hand her a ten-dollar bill.

"Thought you might prefer buying your own present," he would say.

"Oh, Pat! You're a darling. I'll get— "

Well, maybe she would say silk stockings. She was crazy about silk stockings.

"Then you might want to spend this, too," he would say airily, and lay another bill in her lap.

And so on, through the whole amount. She would grow silent after a while, and just sit staring, and then perhaps her throat would work a little and she would cry. Laughing, too, of course. She had a funny way of doing both together sometimes.

"Kinda set us up in Washington, eh, what?" he would say, and she would hold on to him as if she would never let go.

He was sublimely happy. He held his head higher now as he walked home from the office, and often he came in whistling.

"You'd think you were going to be a senator yourself," Mary said sometimes.

"Maybe I will."

"Two new neckties too!" she said. "Some night I'm going to call up the chief's house and see if you're really there. Maybe you have a girl somewhere."

"Maybe I have!" said Thomas Patrick, strutting about with his secret.

But, as it happened, he did not carry out his plan entirely. Nobody can say exactly why some small patch of apparently extraneous material sometimes creeps into the fabric of a life and entirely alters the whole thing. But it happened now.

One night he saw Mary reading a newspaper advertisement of fur coats, poring over it in her absorbed fashion, and he had his brilliant idea.

"Look pretty good, don't they?" he said, over her shoulder.

"They're half price." But she added, for fear of hurting him, "I don't want one, you know. My suit's as good as ever."

"Well, we're not in the fur-coat class not yet," he said craftily. "Some of these days —"

"—— when you're President!" said Mary.

On the evening of their anniversary he staggered up the street with a huge box and set it carefully inside the hall door. Then he wandered back. Mary was dressed with unusual care, and he could see flowers on the dining-room table.

"Going to have company?" he inquired nonchalantly.

"Company?"

"All dressed up, aren't you?"

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Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you about R. A. Prentiss, of Massachusetts. He accepted my offer. I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he finds it easy to earn over $500 a month. Already he has received from me a Buick Touring car as a bonus on his sales.

You can do every bit as well as he did. If that sounds reasonable, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet, of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $600 and $1,200 a month.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $2 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make $16,800 in the last three years.

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Have you ever heard of Comer Topcoats and Raincoats? They are advertised in the leading magazines. A good-looking, stylish coat that's good for summer or winter—that keeps out wind, rain or snow, a coat that everybody should have, made of fine materials for men, women and children, and sells for less than the price of an ordinary coat.

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And now I am offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory and get your share of that three hundred thousand dollars. All you do is take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We collect and you get your money the same day you take the order.

You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a [illegible] outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you send us only four average orders a day—which you can easily get, you will make $100 a week.

Maybe You Are Worth $1,000 a Month

Well, here is your chance to find out, for the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of $40 in his first day's work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Krieger $20 net profit in a half hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer $[illegible] cash for one month's spare time.

If you mail the coupon at the bottom of this [illegible] I will show you the easiest, quickest, simplest plan for making money that you ever heard of. If you are interested in a chance to earn $200 a week and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to my proposition, write your name down below, cut out the coupon and mail it to me at once. You take no risk, and this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to earn more money than you ever thought possible.

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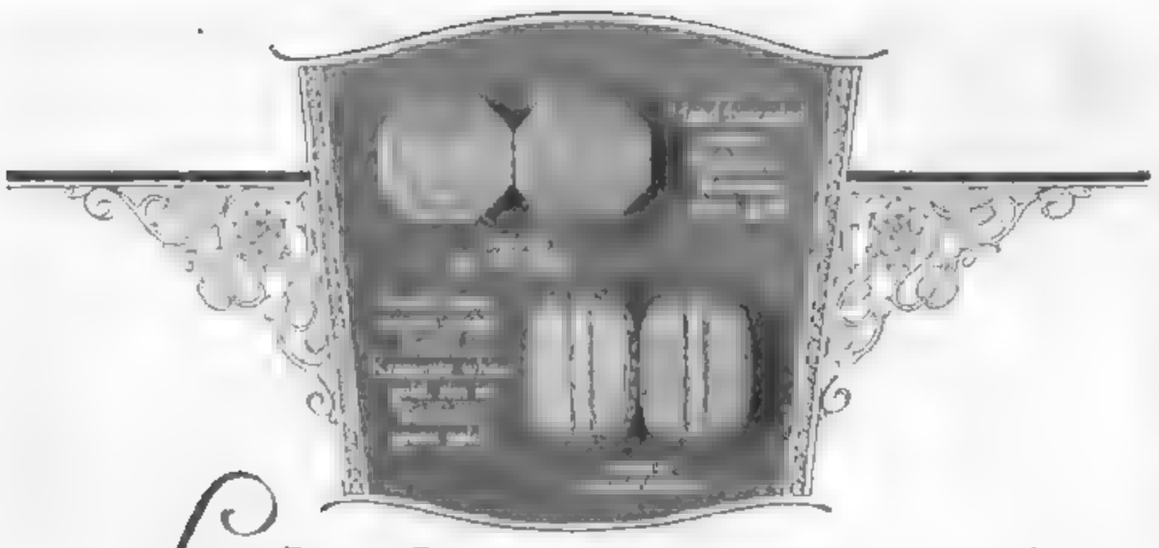

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"Why, Pat!" she said with a little quiver of her full throat. "You don't mean to say ——"

"Great Scott!" he said. "Who'd ever believe I'd go and forget it?"

He tried to take her in his arms, but she evaded him.

"You forgot it!" she said. "You're tired of me. I've been seeing it for some time. I'm not pretty—oh, no, I'm not—and you're going up in the world and I'm standing still."

"Why, Mary!"

"Oh, it's true! Everybody sees the difference. Mrs. Tufts was here today, giving me a talk about holding a husband. 'They're a slippery lot,' she said. 'The minute you sit back and let go your hold they're off.' That's what she said."

"I was only fooling, honey."

"Oh, you say that now!"

"If you don't believe me, come out in the hall."

Just a fur coat, and not a very grand one at that, but how it changed the whole atmosphere of the little house that night! With Mary crying and laughing—wouldn't one know she would do that?—and Thomas Patrick standing her up in it and turning her around; showing her the hidden pockets, and the depth of the fur, and even the quality of the lining, and then fastening the storm collar up over her throat and fetching down a hat, any old hat, to get the complete effect.

And later on, Mary—she was clever, he thought—covering an old coat hanger with cotton and muslin so no wear should come to it from the hanging away. Even the final depositing of it in a special closet, and locking it up, and finding a place to hide the key—all of it more or less sacramental.

She had accepted his explanation of it without question. The chief had given him a check for the extra work, and who should he spend it on if not on her?

"You needed a new overcoat," she said.

"Oh, I'll get that all right," he said in that strange new lordly manner of his. "We're on the upcurve, old lady. I'm telling you!"

But after they had gone to bed he lay for some time staring at the darkness. What had Mrs. Tufts meant that afternoon? Had Tufts by any chance seen him at the theater?

IT WAS about a week after that that events began to move with fatal rapidity. Thomas Patrick had been out of the office all the afternoon, and when he got home that evening it was to find Mary with a curious set look about her mouth and dinner not ready.

"His wife's been here," she said.

"The chief's? When did she get back?"

"Today. She'd had a bill for a fur coat sent to her by mistake. I guess that brought her."

"A fur coat!" said Thomas Patrick, with pulses beating in his neck.

"That's what I said. And when she went to the office and asked him about it he said he'd told you to get one for me and charge it to him."

He was trembling now with fear and anger.

"She had her nerve, coming to you!"

"It's her husband."

"What did you tell her?"

"What could I say? Tell her he was buying fur coats for another woman?"

"How do you know that? How do you know that wasn't your fur coat on his bill?"

"Was it?"

He hesitated. Only once before had he lied to Mary.

"Yes," he said shortly, and went upstairs.

Dinner was very silent. Mary's eyes seldom met his and she ate very little, but it was not until she was carrying out the plates that she came out with what was in her mind.

"I'm just wondering," she said, "how often you've lied to me before."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I saw the bill for that coat. It wasn't bought where mine came from." She deposited her plates in the kitchen and came back. "What sort of a hold has he got on you, anyhow?" she demanded. "You'd lie for him. I believe you'd steal or kill for him."

"You lied to save her, didn't you?"

"That's different," said Mary shortly. "She hadn't done anything. But he's as crooked about women as a dog's hind leg, and you'd lie to protect him."

She went into the kitchen and closed the door.

Had he been less inarticulate he might have explained to her that a great man may have his weaknesses and yet be great; that he must be protected from those weaknesses in order to remain great; and his own feeling that the chief's wife might be virtuous and yet be as guilty as the chief.

But he could not talk. He never had any words for great moments.

He got out his papers and spread them on the dining-room table, but he did not work much. His mind kept running back to that phrase of Mary's: "What sort of a hold has he got on you, anyhow?" And beyond the closed door, where Mary was working in somber silence, he knew she was thinking of that too—suspecting him of God knows what. Perhaps even putting her fur coat in what she had once scornfully termed a conscience fund.

He heard Mary finish her work and braced himself for her entrance. But she did not come in. Instead, he heard the back door open and shut, and knew she had gone to the Tufts'.

He felt strangely oppressed and anxious, and very alone. He had always been alone until the chief and Mary had come into his life, and on them he lavished all he had. Now Mary seemed miles away. And the chief —— If only the election was over and the chief was busy with great affairs; out of temptation, so to speak. A senator could not travel in shady bypaths. He must stand in the sunlight.

He got his hat and went out. Somehow he dreaded seeing Mary again after she had been at the Tufts'. He would let her sleep on the situation and in the morning things would look different. He walked endless miles. He had no particular physique, and when he grew very tired he found a bench in a public square and sat down. Once he lit a match and looked at his watch. It was only eleven o'clock. Then—he was very tired—he dozed off, and it was one when he roused himself and hurried home.

There was a light in the dining room and it frightened him. Mary was sitting there, waiting for him—waiting with what she had heard from Mr. Tufts to confront him with it. She would never believe that he had only carried a message to the Elliot girl. She would be sitting there, her poor throat working, imagining all sorts of terrible things. He opened the door and slipped into the house, quite white with anxiety and excitement.

Mary was at the table, leaning her elbows on it. She had been crying, and as he moved along the little hall he heard her say, "Here he is now."

Then she was not alone. Mr. Tufts, perhaps, waiting to ——

There was a police officer standing on the other side of the table.

The room began to whirl, and Thomas Patrick caught the door frame to steady himself.

"Well?" he said. His voice did not sound like his own.

Mary was standing now, he could see through a sort of black mist—standing and searching his face with reddened, terrified eyes. Then he was in the room, and the policeman had closed the door and was putting him into a chair.

"Better sit down a minute," he was saying. "No hurry." And to Mary: "You haven't a bit of liquor in the house, have you? He needs it."

"No."

His head cleared a little, and he looked again at Mary, this strange, frozen Mary who never came near him, but stood staring with those dreadful eyes.

"I went out for a walk," he said. "Then I got tired and sat down and ——"

"All right, son," the officer broke in. "We'll have all that later—no need of worrying the wife, y'understand."

Suddenly Mary spoke.

"Pat," she said tensely, "for God's sake speak up! Tell him you didn't even know this Lily Elliot; tell him to go home and let us go to bed. Get him out of here! What's he doing here, worrying us to death? We're not criminals!"

It was about the Elliot girl! Then the chief —— The mist was going, and wariness crept into his blue Irish eyes. It was a political frame-up, a stall. The opposition was behind this. Well, let them get something from him if they could!

"I'm not talking one way or the other," he said cannily.

"Pat!"

(Continued on Page 169)

MUELLER

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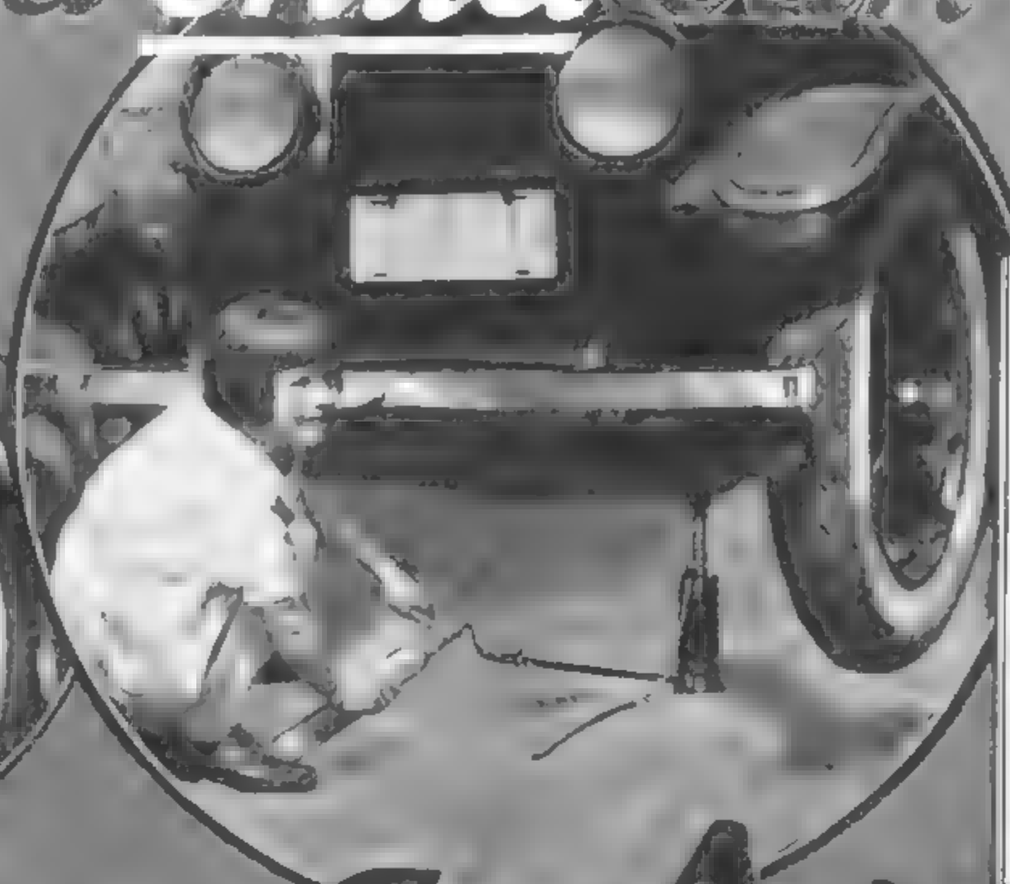

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Just attach the steel Power Bottle to a tire or to any of the Prest-Air devices listed below—then turn the valve. Instantly the purest kind of liquid Carbon Dioxide, safely stored inside the bottle, gives off a dry vapor that expands and flows with silent power till you shut off the valve, saving the unused power for future duty. After the Power Bottle has raised the heaviest car many times, has inflated many tires, or has carbonated twenty or twenty-five quarts of water, you exchange it for a full one for 50c.

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Jack

(Continued from Page 166)

"I'm not talking, I tell you," he addressed the policeman stubbornly. "I'm not playing dirty politics for anybody, and you can chase that up an alley and kill it!"

But it seemed the policeman was not trying to make him talk. It appeared, too, that all that was wanted of him was to go somewhere, and that Mary was to go to bed and not to worry. Long after, all that came back to him, wiped out though it had been by the events that followed. He remembered kissing Mary, and the frightened, desperate way in which she had clung to him, and a police car waiting around the corner, and that silent drive to City Hall.

It was only when he got to City Hall that he knew he was under arrest.

"What for?" he demanded feverishly. "I've got a right to know, haven't I?"

"You'll be able to do your talking in a minute," someone said.

Then he was in the detective board room, with Stuart, the chief of detectives, across a table from him and half a dozen newspaper men standing round. Some of them he knew, and there was curiosity in their eyes, and pity.

Pity? For what?

VI

THE sight of the reporters put him on his guard. Stuart was part of the opposition. They were trying one of their political tricks on him, that was all. Well, they could all go to hell; they'd get nothing out of him.

Stuart was talking, an eye on the reporters.

"Some time ago," Stuart said, "you rented an apartment at the Burleigh—in your own name, didn't you?"

"I did."

"Was that apartment for your own use?"

He hesitated. Better keep the chief's name out as long as possible.

"Yes," he said slowly.

"And in it you installed a girl from the Lyric Theater, Lily Elliot."

Patrick Thomas' face turned an ashy gray.

"That's a lie!" he shouted. "I never ——"

He checked himself. Stuart was grinning at the reporters.

"What about it?" he demanded furiously. "Don't beat about the bush—and quit grinning, damn you!"

"You admit you knew the Elliot girl?"

"I'd met her."

"You bet you had," Stuart said grimly. "Now the question's this, Finnerty: Did you rent that apartment for yourself or for somebody else? Don't stall, and don't try to protect anybody. I want the truth."

"What's it all about, anyhow?" he asked fretfully. "If you're trying to plant anything on—anybody, you'll get nothing out of me."

"Was it for yourself or for someone else?"

"I've told you that."

"And you kept it up, out of your salary, I suppose?"

Some of the newspaper men laughed, but Stuart made a motion for silence.

"I'd—been speculating," said Thomas Patrick, "in B. T. & P."

"Ah, look here, Stuart," a reporter said, "let the kid alone. You know darned well ——"

"Keep out or get out," Stuart replied grimly. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed Thomas Patrick.

"Where were you tonight between ten and eleven o'clock?"

"Taking a walk."

"Oh, you were, eh?"

He reached forward, opened a drawer of his desk and laid a revolver on it.

"You never saw that before, either, I suppose?"

Thomas Patrick gazed at the revolver. Then he leaned forward and, picking it up, examined it. Suddenly it clattered to the floor and Thomas Patrick leaped to his feet.

"Something's happened to the chief!" he shouted. "Let me out of here! You fools, keeping me here, when he's in trouble! I ——"

"Sit down, Finnerty," Stuart said mildly. "He's all right. But I see you recognize his revolver."

Thomas Patrick sat down, trembling. But the last trace of haze had gone, exploded with that outburst.

"Who said it was his revolver?"

"Isn't it?"

"I bought it. It's mine, if you want to know. It's registered in my name."

"Don't be a fool," Stuart said sharply. "Between ten and eleven o'clock tonight the Elliot woman was shot and killed in that apartment of yours at the Burleigh—with that revolver. Now go on and hang yourself if you want to."

The revolver lay on the floor, and Thomas Patrick sat staring at it. Now it seemed black and shiny, and again it was blood red. It made these shifts of color with extreme rapidity, so that he was obliged to blink.

"Well?" said Stuart.

"It changes," said Thomas Finnerty, in an absent voice. "Makes me dizzy looking at it. Kinda sick too. I ——"

He seemed to be stooping to pick up the revolver, but instead he fell forward on his face and lay there in a very peaceful faint. It was the first peace he had had for a good many hours.

When he came around he was very quiet. One of the reporters opened the drawer of a desk and got out a bottle of whisky, pouring some in a glass and mixing it with water at the cooler. But he waved it away.

They asked him innumerable questions, but to most of them he simply said "I don't know" or "I'm not talking any." On one or two things, however, he was very firm. He had rented the apartment for himself and the revolver was his. He "didn't remember" where he had gone on that walk of his. Mostly his replies were rather absent, as if he had to rouse himself to answer them. He would forget them—the men there—altogether between questions, or while Stuart drew circles and squares on the blotter in front of him, and be back at home with Mary, trying to explain to her.

"But don't you see?" he would say. "You take a big man like that, and once you let his name get mixed up in a thing like this, he's gone—gone!"

"But suppose he did it"

"Don't you believe it. How d'you know she didn't do it herself? Or maybe that crowd of drunks that hung around him—maybe one of them got funny. Or there was a fight or something."

What with talking with Mary, and having every now and then to listen to Stuart, he got very tired. His head would droop, and then Stuart would spring at him some question designed to trap him.

"When did your chief meet Lily Elliot?" he would say, for instance.

And Thomas Patrick's tired eyes would unclose and he would say, "I don't know he ever met her."

Finally Stuart gave it up and sent him off to be locked up. But he talked a little first.

"You're doing your best," he said, "according to your lights. But he's not worth it, Finnerty. No man is. Murphy says you've got a wife at home. You've got her to consider. Get some sleep and think it over."

"I'm not worried about my wife," said Thomas Patrick. "She understands me and I understand her."

He looked about the room and his eyes fell on the reporters.

"I'd be kinda glad," he said, "if one of you fellows'd go around there in the morning and see her. Just tell her it's all right, y'understand—everything's all right."

Down in the dingy press room, with its typewriters, its telephone booths and its scribbled walls, the group of reporters held small and informal conclave that night. There was the whale of a story, or there wasn't any story at all.

He was a pretty square kid, they finally decided; and he had lied like a gentleman. Also he had put a pretty definite crimp in Stuart.

"Never got a thing out of him," they said with unholy joy.

In the end they decided there would be no story.

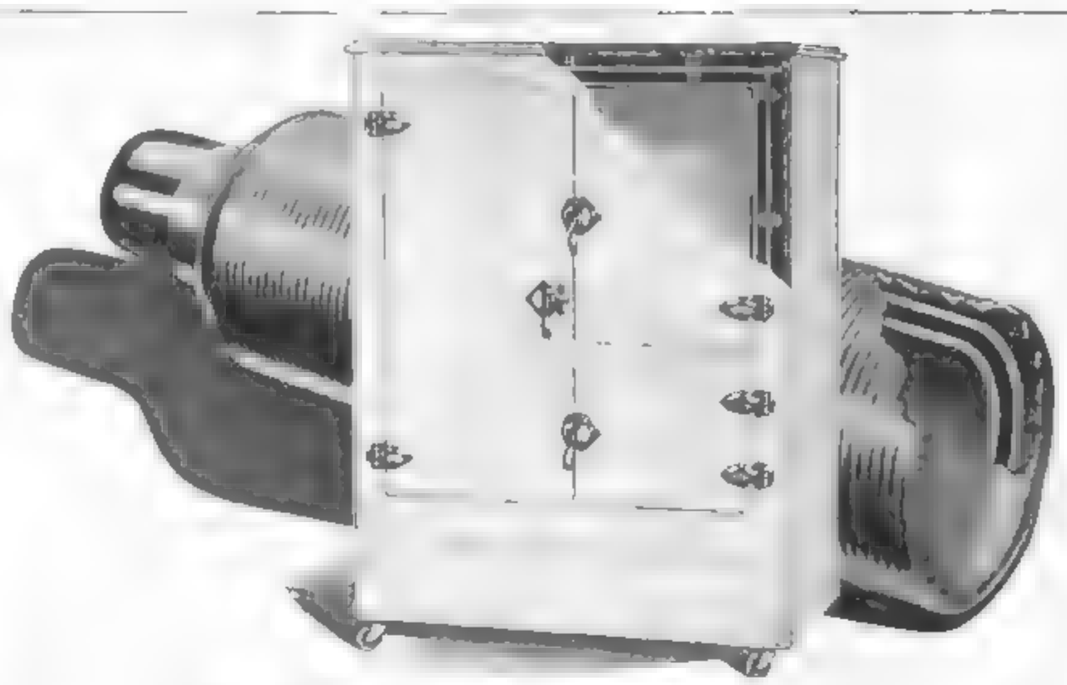
They brought out the bottle from the detective board room and had a drink all round.

"Here's to loyalty," said Herrald, of the Gazette, "which the highly intelligent believe in and only fools practice."

VII

THOMAS PATRICK dropped asleep quickly after they had put him in a cell. He slept heavily, his mouth a trifle open, his fingers sprawled. But toward morning he put an arm out to hold Mary—and she was not there. That roused him.

He sat up and thought things over. The chief, of course, would be around in the morning and explain everything. Of course



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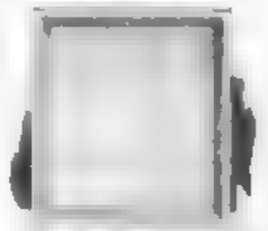
Solid construction of doors and cabinet—no weak, thin panels—assures uniform outer insulation as well as greatly adding to the strength, durability, and distinctive appearance of this finer refrigerator. And it's easier to clean—outside as well as inside.

The full-porcelain, one-piece interior (patent applied for) is a gem of spick-and-span cleanliness. Its bottom is set *above* lower casing to simplify cleaning.



Provision and ice chamber both contained within this one-piece, full porcelain unit. Note that all edges bend outward instead of inward. No sunken hard-to-clean corners.

Ask your furniture dealer to show you this better refrigerator. Your choice of white enamel or golden oak finish. Three popular sizes. Free descriptive literature on request

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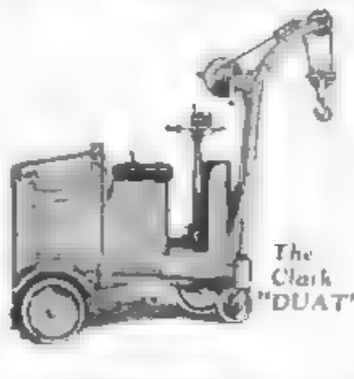

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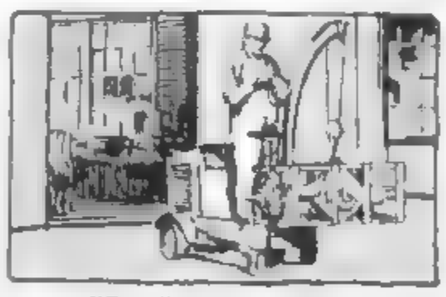
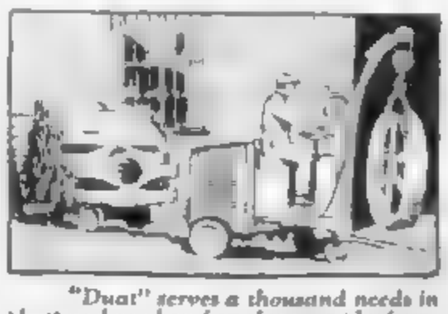
Thousands of men still move *manually* all sorts of burdens which ought to be moved *mechanically*. Let the Clark "Duat" solve your material handling problems—and increase your plant earnings.

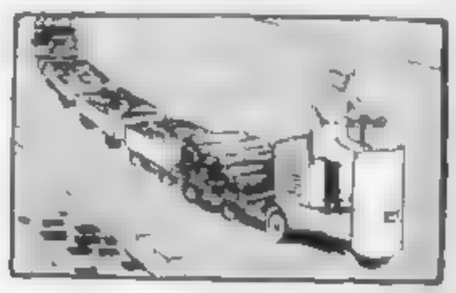


"Duat" cranes a ton. Crane attached in minute without use of tools.

"Duat" loads freight cars and turns around in box car easily.



"Duat" serves a thousand needs in plant and yard and on shipping platform.



"Duat," without crane, tows trailers up to ten tons.

The "DUAT" is the mobile crane, truck and tractor. *It is gasoline powered for 24 hour service.*

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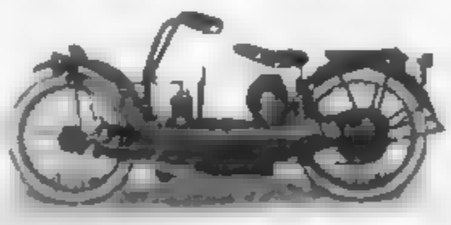

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he hadn't shot her. He probably didn't even know about it. She had shot herself. Those women were always doing that sort of thing—taking poison or something. They seemed to go as far as they could, and then at last they reached the end of the road and ——

She had been a pretty girl. He'd thought that night, seeing her on the stage, that she had a look of Mary about her. Of course in the wings, with that make-up on her —— And now she was dead.

Well, by and large, she'd left a lot of trouble behind her. The chief's wife, now. It was going to be hard on her; she'd been suspicious anyhow. And she'd never understood the chief, as, for instance, Mary understood him. Just as like as not she'd raise a fuss, just when a fuss might be fatal. And she'd never see that if she'd just stuck by—if she'd given him, Thomas Patrick Finnerty, a bit of a hold to help the chief over a slippery place—it would never have happened.

Toward dawn he grew restless and took to pacing the floor in his stockings. He had taken off his shoes. The fear he had fought down all night began to rise in him, and with it claustrophobia, a terror of being shut in. The walls seemed contracting on him; he could hardly breathe.

Odds and ends of thoughts came to the surface of his mind and then sank again—men who had paced floors like this, waiting for morning and the chair; Mary alone in bed, crying; the chief, perhaps, getting his first knowledge in the morning paper, and trying to smile across the breakfast table at his wife; his old father saying to him, "We Irish may be a bit weak in the head, but we're strong in the heart." Mary's fur coat. Mr. Tufts. The safe-deposit box and its seven hundred dollars. The rent money.

He dismissed this last at once. The chief would look after that. He would look after everything.

And when all this was over they would go to Washington, and maybe Mary, in the gallery, seeing the chief at work on the nation's business, would understand him at last.

As always, the thought of the chief steadied him, and when he refused his breakfast it was with a grin.

"I'll be eating mine at home," he said. "Anyhow, I don't hear your cooking here highly recommended."

"Ordered your taxi yet?"

"Taxi nothing! Limousine!" he said, and grinned again.

The morning seemed a day in length, but it was only ten o'clock when his cell was unlocked and he was taken to a small room to see a visitor. He had been so sure it would be Mary that he had trembled with excitement all the way. If only they left him alone with her so he could explain! She would believe him. She must.

But it was only Mr. Marks, the chief's friend and attorney. In his disappointment he did not even see the visitor's hand.

"I'm sorry, my boy, terribly sorry," said Mr. Marks, and sat down. He was plainly nervous. "The—the chief has asked me to look after you, and so ——"

"He knows about it, does he?"

Mr. Marks looked slightly surprised and a trifle wary.

"Yes, of course. He ——"

"Then why didn't he come himself? I sat up pretty nearly all night lying for him."

Mr. Marks looked about him anxiously, but the guard had moved away.

"He can't very well come," he said; "not under the circumstances. But he appreciates what you've done greatly. You've saved him, and you've saved the party."

"I did it for him," said Thomas Finnerty doggedly. "The party hadn't a thing to do with it."

"No, of course not," Mr. Marks agreed with alacrity. "But it becomes a party matter nevertheless. A scandal like this, breaking at this time, would be fatal."

"The scandal's on me, isn't it?"

"Not entirely," said Mr. Marks, and bent forward. "Just how far are you prepared to go in this thing, Pat? I needn't tell you it won't be forgotten."

"Meaning—money?" asked Thomas Patrick slowly. His face had turned scarlet.

"You'll have stood a certain amount of anxiety," Mr. Marks said delicately. "You're entitled to compensation."

"Did he send me that message?"

Mr. Marks saw the error in his strategy and like a wise general retreated in time.

"No," he said. "It was an idea of my own, that's all; and of course it was based on the hope that you would go through with it."

"How far have I got to go?"

Mr. Marks relaxed a trifle and leaned back again.

"Not so far as you think. It wasn't—murder."

"She did it herself?"

"No," said Mr. Marks. "There'd been a poker party and considerable drinking. The chief had left his revolver lying about, and one of the men picked it up. He was playing with it when it went off. There's no case, you see. It was purely accidental."

"Then where do I come in?"

But he came in, he found, very definitely. There would be a verdict of accidental death; that had already been arranged with the coroner. But the opposition was hard at work, trying to connect the chief with it and so to raise a scandal.

"It's a dirty business, any way you look at it," Mr. Marks said. "If you'll stick we'll swing the thing right, Pat. But if you don't we're gone. And"—he looked at Thomas Patrick—"he's gone. Not only publicly but at home. You know what I mean."

"How about me at home?" Thomas Patrick raised a pair of haggard blue eyes. "I'm willing to go the limit for him. You can tell him that. But he's got to go and square things with Mary. He owes me that much."

"I'll see he does."

"And what's more," said Thomas Patrick, raising his voice a little, "he'd better come here and see me himself. This isn't any lawyer's job, Mr. Marks. It's between me and him, man to man."

"So it is, Pat."

Mr. Marks rose and held out his hand again, but before Thomas Patrick took it he said, "She's got to know the whole thing—Mary, I mean. You can trust her, and the poor kid's about crazy by this time."

"You can trust me," said Mr. Marks; and then Thomas Patrick shook hands.

He ate something at noon that day, being upheld by that promise, and also by a faint sense of exaltation. If the chief could trust Mary, and he could trust Marks, then by heaven they could all trust him! Let Stuart do his damnedest. He, Thomas Patrick Finnerty, was on the job.

His faith never wavered until he saw Mary that afternoon in Stuart's office. Stuart was at his desk and Mary was by the window. He saw at once that, although it was a cold day, she was not wearing the fur coat, and she made no move toward him.

Stuart's presence alarmed him and made him self-conscious too.

"Hello, honey," he said. She looked very white, he saw, and she made no effort to answer him. But her great eyes were fixed on him, staring, as if she were seeing a stranger and endeavoring to fix him in her mind. "Mary, honey!" he said, and took a step toward her, but she neither moved nor spoke. He looked at Stuart.

"I'd like to see my wife alone," he said.

"You saw your attorney alone," Stuart said. "Anybody else is against orders."

"Has—has anybody been to see you yet, honey?"

"Nobody except Mrs. Tufts." There was no life in Mary's voice; almost, it seemed, no interest.

Stuart leaned back in his chair and smiled, and suddenly Thomas Patrick saw red. They hadn't told Mary! They weren't going to tell Mary! They would let her suffer, while they ran around pulling their dirty little political strings to keep the thing under cover. Then he would tell her! Let Stuart hear it if he wanted. He would tell Mary the way they had used him, and what they had promised; and he would tell her, convince her, that there was no other woman—there never had been—there couldn't be.

"Nobody came?" he asked thickly.

"The chief called up. He said not to worry; he was looking after things."

The red mist faded. It was Marks who had failed him, not the chief; the chief could be trusted.

"I want you to go and see him, honey," he said, still from that strange distance between them. "He—he wants to see you. Marks said so."

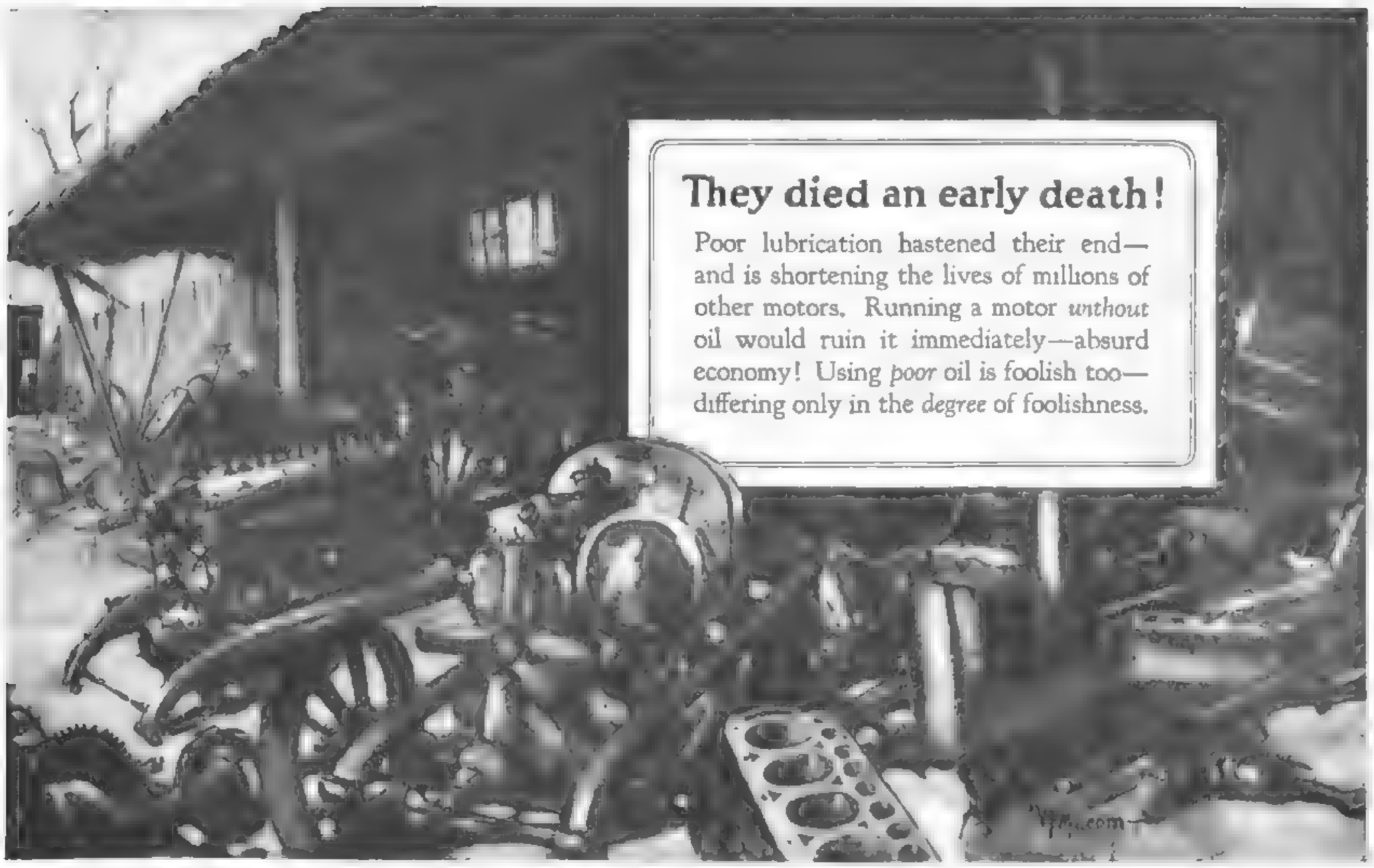
"I never want to see him again," Mary replied monotonously.

"Not if I ask you to, honey?"

Mary's chin suddenly began to work.

"I loved you so!" she said. "I worked and slaved for you. And all the time you had that girl."

(Continued on Page 173)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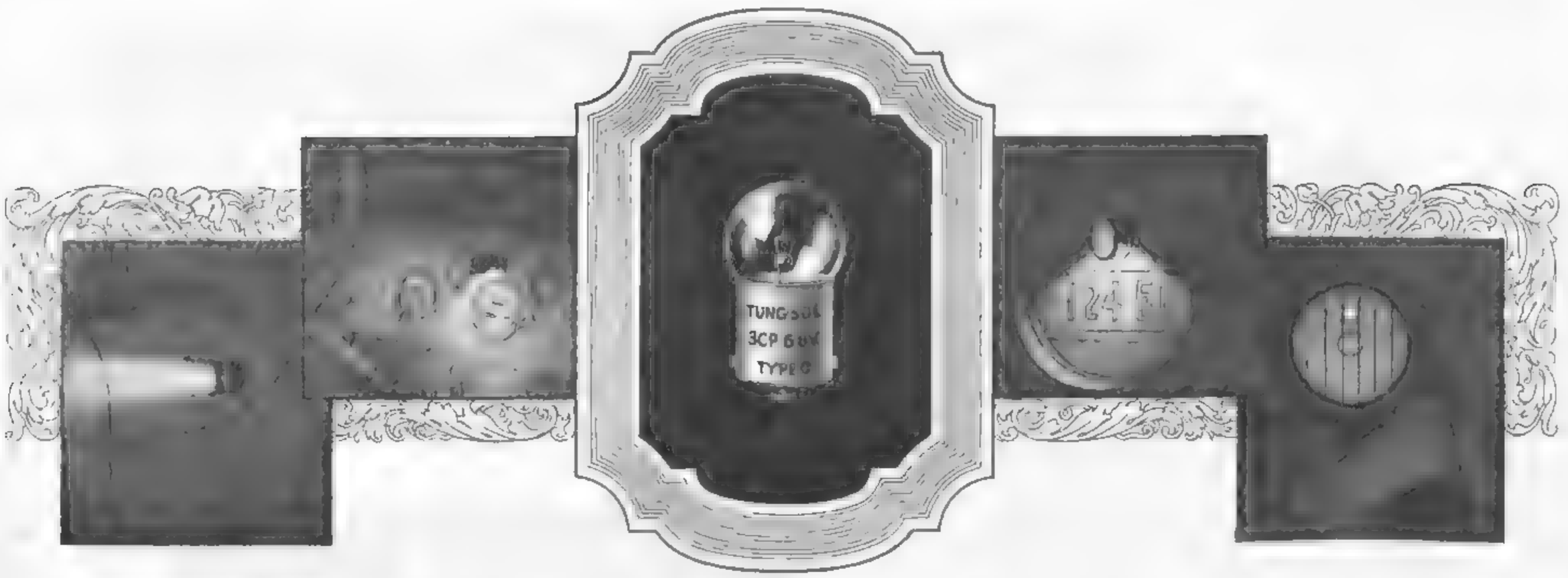

Another Distinct Advance in Automotive Illumination

HERE at last is the bulb which car owners have been waiting for—3 candle-power, providing a *white light* of remarkable brilliancy for dash, taillamps, cowllamps and dimming headlamps. Almost every owner has experienced the feeble glow of the average small bulb—instruments difficult to read: taillamp scarcely visible: and "dimming" bulbs *too* dim to be of service. With the advent of the new TUNG-SOL 3 c.p. bulb, these difficulties become a thing of the past.

TUNG-SOL 3 c.p., 6-8 volts establishes a new standard for small bulb illumination. On the dash, this bulb enables the driver to read instruments *at a glance:* the taillamp becomes a real danger signal. In those states where there are stringent laws, the license plate may be clearly deciphered at the legal distance and when TUNG-SOL 3 c.p. are used as auxiliary bulbs in headlamps, they give ample illumination for parking purposes.

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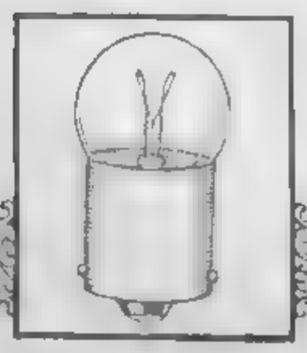

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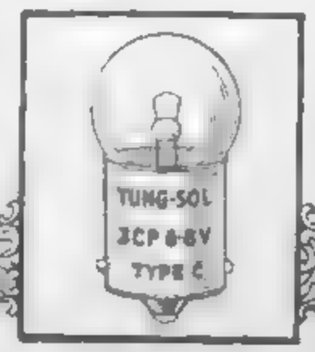


Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

(Continued from Page 170)

Thomas Patrick looked at Stuart and Stuart looked back at him.

"I told you," he said. "You see how it's working out, old man."

Thomas Patrick made a small despairing gesture.

"I guess I'd better go back," he said. He looked at Mary, but she did not look at him. "I never loved anybody but you, honey," he said. "I guess you'll never know how much I loved you."

Then they took him away.

When Mr. Marks, three days later, brought him the news that one Thomas Patrick Finnerty was free to walk the sunny streets again, he found him in the jail infirmary with a fever.

"It's all over, Pat," he said. "You've stuck by us, and ——"

"You bet I have," said Thomas Patrick. "And what have I got for it? Three days in hell! You laid down on me, Mr. Marks."

"If you mean your wife, I saw her yesterday."

"What did you say?"

"I told her you'd had nothing to do with the shooting."

"Did you tell her that girl wasn't mine?"

"That's what I went to tell her, Pat. But — "

"You didn't tell her?"

"Look here, Pat," said Mr. Marks, "you know Mary better than I do. She—well, she's pretty excitable, and she hates the chief. If I'd told her that, you know what she'd have done? She'd have beaten it hotfoot down to Stuart and —— I guess you know the rest."

"My God!" said Thomas Patrick.

He lay back and stared at the ceiling. One wasn't crucified then, all at once; one went on and on, and there wasn't any end to it. For Marks was right and Thomas Patrick suddenly knew it. Mary would fight to the death for him, against the chief, against the world. But maybe he himself ——

"I've got to get out of here," he said feverishly. "I can fix her all right. You needn't worry, Mr. Marks."

"Sure you can," said Mr. Marks heartily. "You'll be all right in a day or so. And the chief says anything he can do, just let him know."

He stayed a little longer, but Thomas Patrick seemed to have nothing to say. He shook hands finally and departed, and as he looked back Thomas Patrick was lying very still, staring at the ceiling.

In a conference with the chief that night, in the library with the painting, Mr. Marks indicated the situation in a few pointed words.

"I'm warning you," he said. "He's all right, but the wife's a pure hysterical type. She'll talk as sure as fate. And he's hell bent on telling her."

The chief was sitting in his chair, his head bent.

"He's got a right to tell her," he said heavily.

"I've warned you. That's all I can do."

"What is it you want, anyhow?" the chief demanded irritably. "I like the boy. I'm not going to sacrifice him any further than I can help."

"I'm only talking of the next few weeks." Mr. Marks' voice was smooth. "Get her away, keep her away from him until after election. That's all." He saw the chief's face and smiled. "I'm not talking about abduction, man! Send her for a trip."

The chief groaned.

"Or let me do it. You needn't appear in it at all. She'll go. She's pretty sore, you know."

VIII

MARY had been eating her heart out for a week, in Florida, when they finally released Thomas Patrick. He was very weak; he seemed, moving in the crowd, more than ever just a part of it, and even a humbler and more inconspicuous part of it than before. He hurried as well as he could. Not an extra minute now must be added to Mary's torture. Because his mind was so eager and his feet so slow, he was slightly bent forward as he moved.

When he found the house locked and the shutters closed he was too exhausted for coherent thought. He sat down on the steps and wiped his clammy hands with his handkerchief.

"And I wanted a drink of water," he muttered to himself. "I wanted a drink of water."

After a time he got up and moved about the premises, and Mrs. Tufts, seeing him, raised her kitchen window.

"Your key's here," she said.

"Where's Mary?"

"You're a fine one to be asking that!" she said, and disappeared. When she returned she held out the key and he took it.

"Has she gone away, Mrs. Tufts?"

"She has that. And right good sense she showed." Then she slammed down the window.

He felt very weak again, and very thirsty. He unlocked the kitchen and got some water; then he sat down and looked about him. Mary had left him—Mary!

The next day he resigned his position. He had thought it all out, and this seemed the only thing to do. But he decided to say nothing about Mary having left him. The chief might somehow hold it against Mary; and, anyhow, he had troubles enough of his own.

"I haven't any quarrel with anybody, you understand," he explained painfully. "I guess it was the only way to fix it. But the way I see it, a good many folks know about it, and"—he smiled faintly—"I'd sort of be a liability; just now anyhow."

"I'll take that risk," said the chief grimly. "You did the biggest thing for me one man can do for another. I'm not forgetting that."

But he made no impression on Thomas Patrick, who remained gently obdurate. He began to wonder if Thomas Patrick suspected the reason for Mary's absence, and he decided, in that case, to make a clean breast of it. The boy's face alarmed him.

"How's Mary?" he asked.

Thomas Patrick paled a trifle, but his eyes were steady. "She's all right," he said.

"It—didn't make any difference to her?"

"She understands me and I understand her," said Thomas Patrick. "I guess she knows I never cared for anybody else."

He declined any help in getting another position and went away, leaving the chief puzzled and baffled. He could not see that what Thomas Patrick had done for him was honorable only by being beyond price—even the price of a job. But he did begin to see, dimly, that one who climbs high may have to do so on the bent shoulders of the defeated.

The next day Thomas Patrick established his vigil. He brought in some groceries and began to keep house, being very careful to wash out the dishcloths and keep everything very tidy against Mary's possible return.

The Tufts would have nothing to do with him, and he was very lonely; so after a while he took to pretending that Mary was there. Alone at the table, he would sometimes talk to her, and he liked to think that she was just beyond the door, in the kitchen. He would even call to her.

As election day drew near, however, he was stronger, and he had given up this childish pretense. The sense, too, of her presence in the little house was departing. But he was still waiting. At night, after the Tufts had gone to bed, he would sit out on the front steps and smoke and watch. And sometimes he fell asleep there, to waken stiff and a trifle chilly hours later. The patrolman on the beat roused him more than once.

One night he wakened himself, and he had a curious feeling that the chief was very near, looking at him. He started up and looked about. But of course the chief was not there, and he went inside feeling rather sheepish.

He read the papers carefully; first the personal column and then the political part, for news of the two people he loved best in all the world. Over one of the chief's speeches he pored breathlessly: "This great nation, founded upon an ideal, and that ideal the sanctity of the home ——"

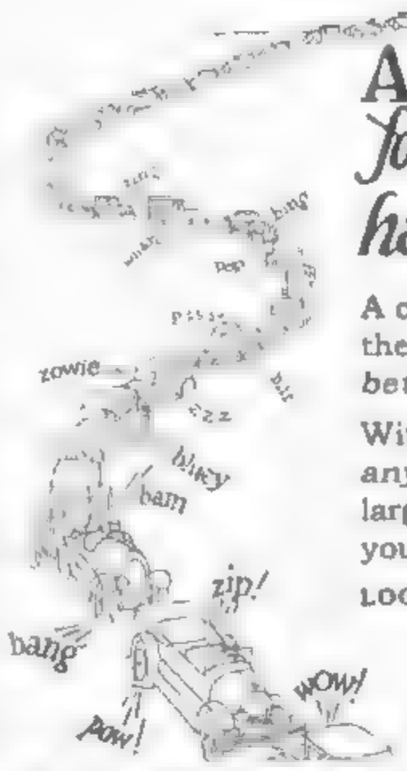
"That's right," he thought, thrilling a little. "That's the stuff—the home. That's—that's America."

He went into his deserted house that night, still exalted.

But more and more he began to feel that election day was to mark a period of some sort. At first it was vague. If Mary wasn't back by election day he would do something. He still felt that to do anything before the chief was elected would amount to desertion. But as time went on the something became increasingly definite, and as election day approached he began to lay his plans.

He rang the Tufts' doorbell one night, and Mrs. Tufts opened the door. He looked so thin and worried that her heart was touched.

"Come in," she said. "Tufts is at the theater."



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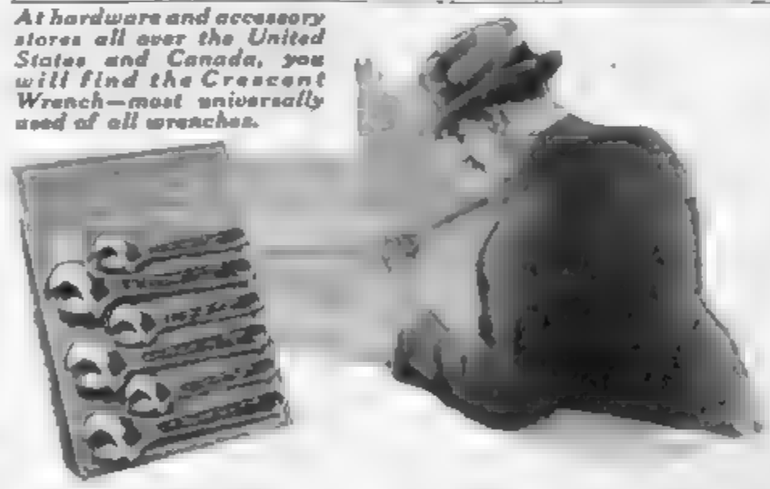
At hardware and accessory stores all over the United States and Canada, you will find the Crescent Wrench—most universally used of all wrenches.



Take a Look at a Genuine Crescent Wrench

Pick it up. Grip the handle. Notice the feeling of ready power and ability it puts into your hand.

Twirl the thumbscrew. Notice how easily and smoothly the jaw moves to exact adjustment. Notice the narrow, yet super-powerful jaws, effective in cramped quarters where other wrenches are helpless. See these things for yourself and you won't need to take anyone's word for it. Your own instinct will tell you, "Here's the wrench I have been looking for."

CRESCENT TOOL CO., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

CRESCENT TOOLS

9 Reasons Why Crescent Wrenches Are Best

1—Steel handle, drop-forged and hardened by special Crescent heat treatment
2—Movable jaw has large bearing surface in handle
3—Accurately cut thumbscrew always easy to turn.
4—All parts always fit perfectly.
5—Small coil spring bears lightly on thumbscrew to hold adjustment when wrench is dropped
6—Braces of jaws designed for extra strength.
7—Bearings sector cut (a patented method)—not broached
8—Crescent design reaches tight quarters
9—Seven sizes—4 to 18 inches

If your dealer hasn't the size of Crescent Wrench you want

USE THE COUPON

CRESCENT TOOL CO.,
211 Harrison St., Jamestown, N. Y.
I am interested in the_____in. Crescent Wrench.
My regular dealer is _____
Signed _____

FLY-TOX

Will help you maintain a neat orderly home

FLY-TOX kills flies, mosquitoes, ants, roaches and other household insects. Spray a cloud of FLY-TOX into the room and within five minutes they will be dead. Harmless to humans and animals. Will not stain—leaves no dust or dirt. Pleasant odor.

FLY-TOX is bottled in convenient sizes—half pint at 75c, pint at $1.25, or in gallons at $4.00. A trial sprayer is given with each small bottle.

To get the best results the improved FLY-TOX hand sprayer is recommended. It is sold at 50c.

Do not tolerate household insects. They are dangerous pests. Buy a bottle of FLY-TOX and a sprayer today.

Your grocer or druggist will supply you

The Toledo Rex Spray Co., Toledo, Ohio
Payette Valley Rex Spray Co, Payette, Idaho
Wenatchee Rex Spray Co., Wenatchee, Wash.
California Rex Spray Co, Benicia, Calif.
The Rex Company, Kansas City, Mo.
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Saves Routine Time
Gives Better Records

NINE SECONDS
The new account in its proper place

WANTED
Men with the ability to grasp information on loose leaf methods as given to them in our school and who believe that everything should be sold from the standpoint of results and value to the customer. We need more such salesmen.

The routine work is the expensive part of administration.
It has been the province of the Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder Company to produce equipment during the past twenty years that has saved hours of routine time for their customers and given them records, more easily compiled and more available for reference.
The NEW Kalamazoo binder is the result of constant contact with record keeping departments.

A boy can operate this binder, changing the sheet in a few seconds; it presents a flat, level writing surface, holds from a very few to any practical number of sheets, absolutely secure; has no projecting metal parts, and is built to last for years, yet contains not one ounce of excess weight. *Descriptive literature upon request.*

KALAMAZOO LOOSE LEAF BINDER COMPANY
Factories at Kalamazoo, Michigan, and Los Angeles, California

KALAMAZOO
LOOSE-LEAF-DEVICES-AND ACCOUNTING-SYSTEMS

"I guess I'd better not," he said uncomfortably. "I have a little package here for Mary. If she happens to come back any time and—I'm not around, I wish you'd give it to her."

"I'll do it, sure. You're not going away, are you?"

"No," he said. "That is, not right away."

He turned to go, hesitated.

"You might hide it somewhere, if you don't mind. It's money."

Long after he had gone, Mrs. Tufts stood with the package in her hands. It was fairly bulky. She took it upstairs and hid it under a corner of the spare-room rug.

It contained, had she known it, the seven hundred dollars from the safe-deposit vault.

One day, too, about that time he met Stuart on the street. Thomas Patrick tried to slip by, but Stuart stopped him.

"Understand you're not working for the chief any more."

"I've been kind of weak since that jail fever you fellows gave me."

"How's the wife?"

"She's all right," said Thomas Patrick craftily.

Stuart eyed him.

"Most women would have lit out," he said. "You're pretty lucky."

"Yes, I'm pretty lucky," said Thomas Patrick, and went on.

He bought a revolver that day.

Election day passed very slowly. In the afternoon he cleaned up the yard and burned the dead leaves. Now and then he stopped and inspected the street. A girl with a suitcase sent him dizzy, until he saw it was not Mary. Now and then he looked at his watch.

He ate no supper, and in the evening he went downtown. The chief was leading, and the crowds were taking his election for granted. Thomas Patrick sat on a fire plug and watched; he felt lethargic and very tired, like a runner who has won the goal and is too weary for triumph.

Home once more, he made the round of the house. It was all in order. He got out the revolver and loaded it. Then an odor of burning leaves coming through the window attracted his attention and he went downstairs, and filling a pail with water, carried it out and extinguished the smolder.

He did not go in at once. He knew now that Mary was not coming back, but he had agreed to give her to election day, and the day was not over. After a time he dozed, to be wakened at midnight by the touch of the patrolman's hand on his arm. He roused and smiled.

"All right, Sweeney," he said. "Kinda cold tonight, isn't it?"

Then he looked again. It was the chief, and beside him was Mary.

Half an hour later the chief went away. Thomas Patrick took him to the door and helped him into his overcoat, as he had done so often before.

"It was awfully good of you to come, sir," he said. "I—I appreciate it."

The chief looked down at him grimly.

"Is that all you've got to say, Pat?"

Thomas Patrick reflected. What had he forgotten?

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said. "I guess I've been pretty much excited. My congratulations, senator."

The new senator pulled his hat over his eyes and opened the front door.

"Thanks," he said, and his voice was slightly hoarse. He went out on the doorstep—the odor of wet, smoldering wood was still thick in the air—and hesitated there.

"But you won't come to Washington?"

Thomas Patrick lowered his voice.

"Well, you heard what she said. She doesn't want to go," he said apologetically. "She seems to think —— Well, she's been kind of worried. And she likes this house."

The chief drove away. He had left the old life behind him, with its weaknesses, and tomorrow was a new day. But he had also left behind him Thomas Patrick, and the new day seemed strangely empty.

As the car turned a corner he glanced back. Thomas Patrick was still on his step, staring after him.

After a time Thomas Patrick went inside and closed the door. In the hall he coughed, to clear a tension in his throat, and then he went back to where Mary awaited him in the parlor—a loving, penitent Mary, but still with that look of fear in her eyes.

"Are you going with him?" she asked.

"No, honey; I told him."

Mary came to him and put her arms around him.

"You'll not be sorry, Pat," she whispered. "I'll make it up to you. We'll just be happy—and forget him."

"Yes," said Thomas Patrick sturdily, "we'll just be happy."

He took Mary around and showed her the dishcloths, and the inside of the coffeepot. He even made her some coffee, and stood over her in the dining room while she drank it.

"How are the Tufts?" she inquired.

"They're fine," he said cheerfully.

And it was as if, in rediscovering Mary, he had rediscovered the little house too.

"Didn't make any mistake in this dining-room furniture, did we?" he asked.

"I got sort of homesick to see it again, Pat."

"Did you, honey?"

But long after Mary was apparently asleep that night he lay there in the darkness, staring at the ceiling. Well, a man couldn't have everything. He had Mary. He put his arm over her, and she moved and spoke.

"Pat," she said, "what was that revolver doing in the spare room?"

He hesitated. Then he told her his third and last lie.

"Oh, that!" he said. "It belongs to the chief. I'll take it down to him tomorrow."

Some months later Thomas Patrick Finnerty got out of the train and took his first view of the nation's capital. He had sat up all night in the day coach of the excursion train—See Washington. Round Trip Five Dollars—but in the washroom he had changed his collar, and he was now prepared to face the day.

The dome on Capitol Hill towered before him. He knew it at once and directed his steps toward it. He was too excited to eat. He was going to see the chief again; hear him too. For today the chief was to deliver his first speech in the Senate.

It was still early. He wandered about, closely inspecting the Grant Monument so as to be able to describe it to Mary later, and so when the doors finally opened he was the first in the Visitors' Gallery. He sat in the front row, inspecting each senator as he went to his desk, until the chief came in. After that he saw nobody else.

Men came in and went out. The galleries slowly filled. Bored reporters wandered into the Press Gallery, glanced down, yawned and went out again. The chief sat shuffling papers on his desk. After a while he rose to his feet. Thomas Patrick's collar felt suddenly very tight; he ran his finger around inside it to loosen it.

It was not a great speech, as such things go, but to Thomas Patrick it was surpassing.

"He's got Henry Clay and Daniel Webster beat a mile," he muttered. "Those old birds, they couldn't touch him!"

He did not understand why the Senate did not rise in acclaim when the chief sat down. He resented the indifference of the Vice President on his rostrum, and the lethargy of the galleries. He was so excited that he had to wipe his clammy hands with his handkerchief.

When the Senate recessed he went down the staircase into the rotunda and waited there. Now and then he glanced at its hideous statues, but only for a second. He did not want to miss the chief. In the center there had once lain the body of the unknown soldier, and all the nations of the world had brought wreaths and placed them against the bier. Some poor kid, sacrificed that government might live. It never occurred to him that there was a certain analogy there. He blinked a little as he stared up into the dizzy height of the dome.

Then he heard the chief's voice. His heart raced; he stepped forward, a small nervous figure, just like any other of the tourists who wandered about, only perhaps a trifle more humble, a size smaller than most of them. So humble, so small and inconspicuous was he that the chief never saw him. He passed, between two other great men, and went on.

Late that night Thomas Patrick sat in the day coach again. He was making notes of what he had seen, to take them back to Mary—the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Over this last entry his head drooped. He was very tired.

He leaned against the back of the seat and thought things over, but mainly he thought of the chief and of the speech he had made that day.

"The country's safe with him," he reflected. "He's a great man. Any way you look at it, he's a great man."

Women Call It the Greatest Single Improvement since Electric Irons first were made

TO ANY woman who aims to have her own personal belongings, her children's things, and everything around her always looking at their very best, an extra fine iron like the Sunbeam is really worth more than it costs.

For not only is the Sunbeam an inviting thing to look at—not only has it all the *real* improvements—not only does it help you do your ironing quicker, easier, better—but once you own a Sunbeam you will never need another iron, because the Sunbeam is *everlasting*.

But, next to the Sunbeam itself, what you have always needed is a permanent place to keep it—out of the way, and out of harm when not in use. You don't want even the finest iron "lying around."

The new Sunbeam case is a delightfully practical solution. Think of the convenience of iron, cord and stand all kept in one dust-proof, moisture-proof place! Through ironing, put everything back where it belongs—the cord in a heat-proof compartment of its own. The Sunbeam case is fire-proof. No need to wait for your iron to cool!

A handsome thing, too, this new Sunbeam case. Finished in Delft Blue enamel, edged with gleaming bands of nickel-plated steel. When you see it you will never want "just an electric iron" again. You will never be satisfied with anything but this much more desirable Sunbeam Set, $8.50 *complete*.

"You Need One Extra Good Iron"

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THE IRON OF IRONS

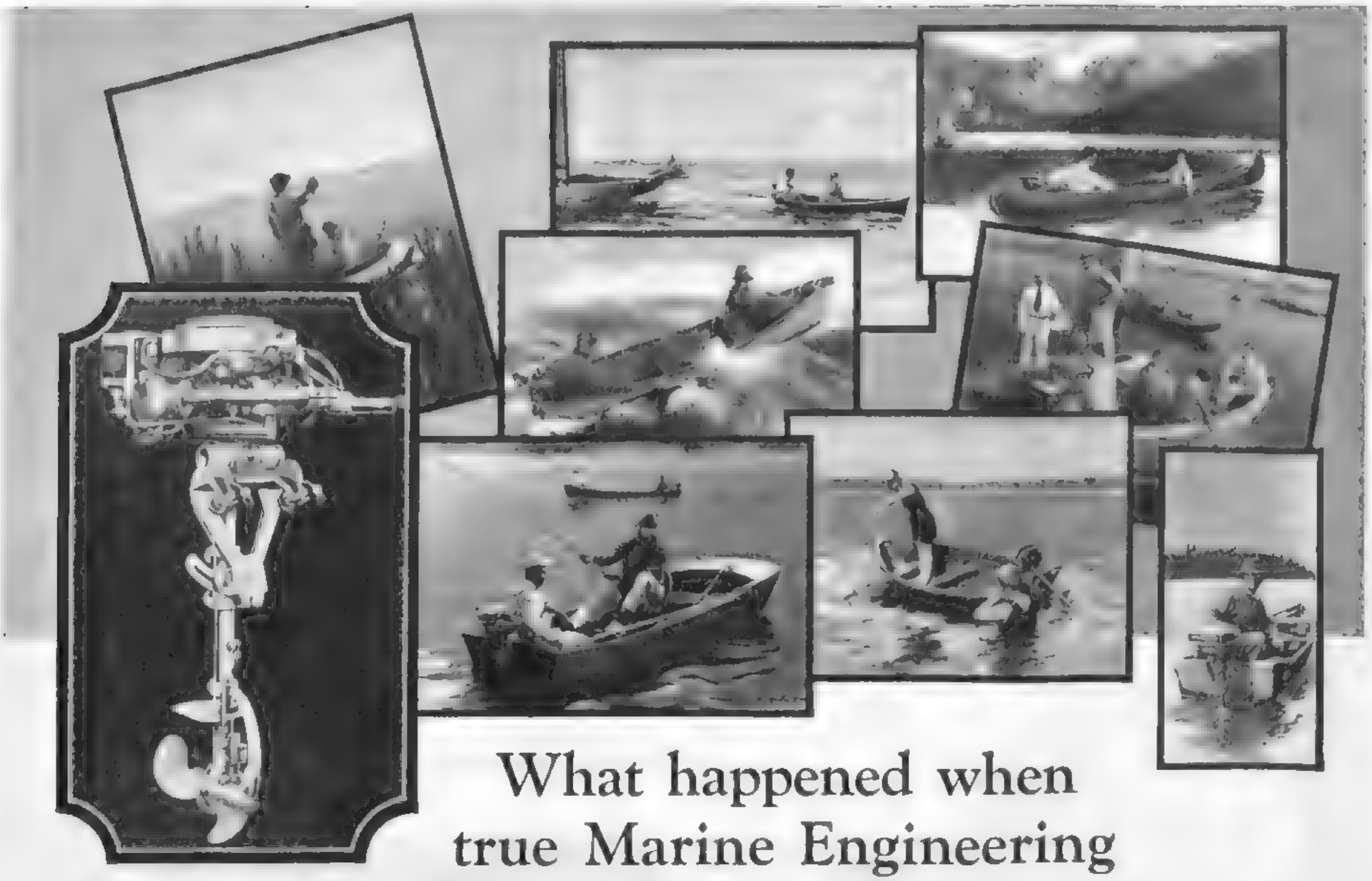
THE DOMESTIC IRON—known as "the best $5 iron made"—is also a product of this company. It is a good, serviceable iron which you may buy with the assurance it will not burn out

THE SUNBEAM TOASTER AND TABLE STOVE is a mighty handy aid to good housekeeping. A most convenient and practical appliance. Cooks 49 dishes, right on the table. Both sides toasted at once. Toasts bread flat and turns it over. Ask your Sunbeam dealer $4.50

DEALERS: The new Sunbeam Set is fixing a fast pace for sales in electrical household appliances. The women of this country have been quick to recognize its merits, because it is a combination they have been waiting for, for years. From your standpoint, the Sunbeam is far and away the most attractive proposition you have met with in irons. Sunbeam jobbers are making a very unusual introductory offer to established dealers in electrical supplies. If you can't get the details from your own jobber, write to us. Please state through what jobbing house you prefer to be supplied.

JOBBERS' SALESMEN: Write your house for the facts about the Sunbeam salesman's "velvet" deal.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
5542 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Illinois



What happened when true Marine Engineering Principles were applied to the Outboard Motor

WHEN the outboard motor idea was new, people were so taken with the thought of putting a motor on a rowboat and giving their arms a rest that they didn't look much into the motors themselves

About the time the novelty wore off, they were willing to admit that the idea was good, but there seemed to be something the matter with the way it was applied in those old motors.

• • •

About four years ago L. J. Johnson saw that the only way the outboard motor could be designed right was to approach it from a *marine engineering* standpoint.

A marine engine *must* take the boat where it is supposed to go and must *bring it back*. You can't pick up a tow twenty miles from nowhere. You can't walk home.

So L. J. Johnson went after dependability. He designed an engine that would *stand up*. He gave it a float-feed throttle-controlled carburetor to supply a perfect mixture at all speeds and temperatures.

He developed the Quick-Action Magneto to take the place of uncertain batteries.

He worked out a *positive-acting* automatic tilting device and the Johnson shock-absorber drive to prevent damage from submerged obstructions; and a universal steering and reversing mechanism to make the boat quick, easy and flexible to handle.

He kept working at a twin-cylinder design until it was absolutely vibrationless.

That he was right was demonstrated when sportsmen, fishermen and boating enthusiasts bought more Johnson Motors from dealers last year than any other make.

The Johnson Motor is the only motor that can be attached to *any* type boat or canoe without altering some styles of boats. It delivers full 2 horse-power and drives a rowboat from 7 to 9 miles per hour or a canoe from 10 to 12. And with all this power, flexibility and dependability goes real portability, for the Johnson weighs

Only 35 Pounds

It can be carried in a suitcase that fits under a Pullman berth.

Go to the nearest Johnson dealer and get a free demonstration—if you don't know him write us for FREE catalog and we will gladly send you his name.

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882 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.

Eastern Distributor and Export:
New York Johnson Motor Co., Inc.
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Canadian Distributor:
Peterborough Canoe Company, Peterborough, Ontario

What the Johnson Motor Does

Makes rowing obsolete by furnishing dependable, inexpensive water transportation.

Opens up distant and unfrequented fishing grounds for the fisherman.

Adds speed and sport to canoeing.

When used on small sail boats—even up to 25 and 30 feet—it is absolute insurance against being becalmed.

On yachts—makes every dinghy and tender a motor tender.

Runs errands at the summer cottage or camp—even if "town" is miles away.

Gives you the only really *portable* marine engine.

Johnson
OUTBOARD MOTORS

GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

THE RUM CHASERS

(Continued from Page 7)

by my government and that satisfies my conscience. One or two more trips and I can retire from the sea, and I certainly shall feel that I am entitled to a rest."

Certain it is, the masters and owners of the vessels of the rum fleet are not violators of their own laws, according to their statements, but their view of the moral or legal aspect of their operations does little to reconcile us to their presence off our coast. The dispersion of the fleet will stop the smuggling of liquors from the sea, and the sooner the fleet is disposed of the better it will be for all of us.

Previously I have referred to a vessel whose master brought her over from somewhere across the Atlantic, anchored her off Long Island, and made a false entry of her at her port of destination. Let's get back to her and see what she is doing.

Inasmuch as she will probably remain at anchor at least three months, her master will plant a good mooring for his vessel in a position well outside the limit.

There was a time, several months ago, when these vessels kept on the offshore side of the twelve-mile limit, as the control of our territorial waters to this distance was in doubt, so that in order to keep clear of any controversy the masters took no chances about anchoring inside this limit. Later, however, they edged in toward land until some of them were within five miles of the beach and therefore much more accessible to those rum runners operating out of the Long Island inlets. The definite establishment of the 12-mile limit sent the fleet farther out to sea.

In the early stages of this illicit liquor traffic from sea, all the sales of the rum fleet were made to rum runners of the motorboat type, swift little craft, approximately thirty feet long and capable of making twenty-five to thirty knots an hour when chased. Much of this traffic was carried on under the cover of darkness, and in order to enable the rum runners to locate their vessels the rum fleet presented the appearance of an amusement park at night, so brilliant were their lights; for since each vessel was a competitor of the others, the object was to make the vessel as conspicuous as possible in order that it might be the easiest one for patrons to find.

Ready for Business

As soon as a vessel has been satisfactorily moored the decks are first cleared of all unnecessary gear, after which the cases of wet goods are brought up from below and stowed on deck so as to be most accessible for loading quickly into boats made fast alongside, for detection of a rum runner made fast to a vessel of the rum fleet results in the seizure of the runner, so that speed in loading is commonly a most important factor.

After an adequate number of cases have been stowed on deck, a chute for use in rough weather is rigged so that the cases may be landed in boats when it is too rough for them to come alongside. Fenders made of old automobile tires are slung over the sides for ordinary use when boats are loading.

The vessel is now ready for business. One or two men of the ship's force are on duty constantly to stand watch over the cargo and to do duty as sentries when boats come alongside. The members of these crews are selected for their sobriety and trustworthiness when the crew is made up at her home port, these qualifications being essential, for obvious reasons.

The master takes his station in the cabin when a boat is reported approaching, and it's there that the purchasers are conducted as soon as they have clambered over the side of the rum vessel.

The rum runners are men of more or less desperate character, and the fact that the transaction is conducted strictly on a cash basis makes it most advisable on the part of the master to have his customers brought into the cabin, where he has the advantage of being in his own stronghold and also where he has sufficient light to inspect the money presented as payment for the goods obtained. Experience has taught that the latter precaution is necessary.

One night a rum runner of the swift motorboat type, containing a party of alleged Greek fishermen, glided alongside a French rum vessel and purchased a large amount of liquor and moved swiftly away into the darkness. A few nights later the party again came alongside and filled their boat, and again slipped noiselessly out of sight. The trips were repeated frequently, payment always being made in cash without any haggling concerning the price.

Treating 'em Rough

In due time the cargo having been disposed of, the vessel returned to France and the proceeds were distributed to the investors in the venture. It was not until several weeks later, after the money had gotten into general circulation, that it was discovered that much of it—the amount paid by the Greek rum runners, in fact—was counterfeit!

Of course there was absolutely no chance of recovery or even of prosecuting the members of the party who made the purchases, for, as may be imagined, rum runners are exceedingly chary about disclosing their identities. Besides, this transaction occurred on the high seas, off the coast of a country alien to the victims, where sentiment of the law is certainly not in favor of the latter, so that any attempt to take the case into the courts would have brought little more than a good hearty laugh.

The news of the occurrence traveled fast in the rum fleet, for, after all, they have a common interest in protecting themselves against such losses, and it is to their advantage to put each member of the fleet on its guard, on the principle that frequent detections will discourage practice. It is obvious why all purchasers thereafter were required to make payments in the cabin.

Some months later, a party of three men, evidently under the impression that the affair had been forgotten, offered counterfeit money in payment for the cases of liquor already loaded in their boat. It was identified at a glance by the master, and at a signal the men were surrounded, disarmed and beaten into insensibility. The engine of their boat was partially dismantled and the parts thrown overboard. The unconscious men were thrown into the boat and the latter cut adrift. It was a dark night and a storm was brewing, so the boat drifted rapidly to sea.

When this incident was related to me I inquired of the master if he ever heard of them afterward. With an oath he replied that he hoped that they had drowned, which I presume they did.

It was certainly inhuman, but neither side will

The Open-Boat Type, Which Can Make 26 Knots

$7.00 to $10.00 in One Day

W. F. Richmond of New York $7.25 in One Day

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LET us tell you about a proposition which pays literally scores of our workers—*and offers you*—up to $10.00 a day extra. You simply arrange with us to represent *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* right in your own locality. We will tell you just what to do and say to care for our renewals and send us new subscriptions. And you can do this easy and pleasant work when it best suits your convenience, daytime or evening. It makes no difference what your age or whether you live in a large city or a small town; the opportunity is waiting for *you*.

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Keep Sandwiches Fresh — Beverages Cold

Anytime—anywhere in your **Hawkeye BASKET REFRIGERATOR**

Just lift the lid—that's all—and enjoy all the delicacies of the home kitchen, anything you like. Kept fresh and tasty—your favorite drink ready for you and cold too—for 24 hours with one filling of the ice compartment

Know the pleasure of these things on motor trips—when camping, yachting, fishing, hunting—for picnics—whenever and wherever an outdoor lunch tastes good.

See the new styles at your dealers—if not in stock, send $7.50 for Everybody's delivered. $8.50 West of the Rockies and in Canada. Money back if not satisfactory.

Ask for a copy of "Where to Go and What to Eat"—an interesting booklet of touring information together with a wide array of luncheon recipes. Free on request.

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Hawkeye
Household Baskets
Decorative and useful. Send for name of nearest dealer and ask for Hamper and Fancy Basket Catalog M.

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Please send Postpaid new Book "Where to Go and What to Eat" with full particulars about different styles of **Hawkeye** Baskets
Name _____
Address _____
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My Dealer is

The Switchboard Comes to Life

Zero hour approaches. Wire chief and assistants are set for the "cut-over" that will bring a new central office into being.

In the room above operators sit at the new switchboard. Two years this equipment has been building. It embodies the developments of hundreds of engineers and incorporates the scientific research of several decades. Now it is ready, tested in its parts but unused as an implement of service.

In the terminal room men stand in line before frames of myriad wires, the connections broken by tiny insulators. Midnight comes. A handkerchief is waved. The insulators are ripped from the frames. In a second the new switchboard becomes a thing alive. Without their knowledge thousands of subscribers are transferred from the old switchboard to the new. Even a chance conversation begun through the old board is continued without interruption through the new. The new exchange provides for further growth.

This cut-over of a switchboard is but one example, one of many engineering achievements that have made possible a wider and prompter use of the telephone.

To-day, in maintaining a national telephone service, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, through its engineering and research departments, continuously makes available for its Associated Companies improvements in apparatus and in methods of operation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Do Your Sprinkling Quicker, Better

With This Superior HOSE NOZZLE

Throws more water farther—gives a fine mist-like spray or the strongest, longest stream at a slight turn—can not drip or drizzle on user. It's water tight. A slight turn and you've any degree of stream.

Strong, big, smooth working, —made of sturdy *wrought* brass

Another Sherman Product. *Buy of your local store. If they cannot supply you, send us 75 cents*

SHERMAN Diamond NOZZLE

H. B. Sherman Mfg. Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

new kind of Sprinkler

The amazing new Rain King waters any lawn better, quicker and easier. Has two nozzles—each a sprinkler with complete range of direction, distance and volume. Puts water where you want it, when you want it. Sets instantly for either stationary or whirling and for any desired spray from fine mist to drenching downpour. Even sprinkles around a corner. Non-wear bearings. A sturdy substantial sprinkler that will last for years. $3.50 at your dealer's or sent direct, postage prepaid. Descriptive folder on request.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
5553 Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Illinois
34 Years Making Quality Products
Canadian Factory and Office, 562 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Rain King

hesitate to kill, if necessary, to avoid loss or to escape capture.

I was asked the other day by a friend, and I trust that his interest arose solely from a desire for information, "Is the life of the master and crew of a rum vessel a hazardous one?"

The answer is "Yes and no," for I have had an opportunity to become more or less familiar with the lives of these men and the details of their activities.

Truly, our Eighteenth Amendment has revived the old profession of rum smuggling which prevailed on the English coast years ago, but the modern profession is vastly different, as we shall see.

The sale of rum under these conditions is veritably a rum business in every sense of the word. The rum vessel has to some extent the character of a speak-easy, for its patrons sneak through its doors, figuratively speaking, by stealth and under the cover of darkness; but there is this distinction—it is a wholesale, not a retail business. Furthermore, the proprietors are immune from arrest, for they are outside our territorial waters. It is the patrons, the rum smugglers, who are sought by the officers of the law.

The master will not permit drinks to be sold on board, for many reasons, chief of which are that crowds would accumulate and fights would be precipitated which would result in much breakage as well as drive trade from the vessel, the rum runners giving such vessels a wide berth. But, if you are possessed of such a thirst that it will not wait until you reach shore but vigorously demands instant treatment, you may buy a quart, have it opened, and drink it in your boat while it is alongside.

A Dreary Life

Ninety per cent of the sales of liquor are made at night, at many times when the weather conditions make it most difficult to load the cases in boats without breakage, but the risk is one of cash and not of life, and it may be said that the hazard incident to the mariner's life on board a vessel of the rum fleet is practically nil, after the vessel has been safely moored so as to prevent dragging during stormy weather. Given a long scope of chain, she will ride comfortably and requires practically no watching for her protection from the elements, but the monotony of an existence on a vessel anchored within plain view of the alluring lights which illuminate the beaches and resorts becomes almost unbearable after a few weeks. Many a captain has taken advantage of the opportunity to slip ashore for the night in the boat of a friendly rum runner, the risk being that if detected and identified as the master of the vessel he is liable to arrest and his vessel subject to seizure, for landing without making proper entry of his vessel. Still, the chances against him are negligible and it is frequently done, but no master would jeopardize himself and his interests to this extent unless he were sure of the loyalty of his officers and crew, for there is always the possibility that the value of the vessel and cargo may prove too much of a temptation and that when he returns there will be nothing left but the water on which she floated. But the master knows his men and I have yet to hear of a crew which betrayed the confidence of the officers.

However, the life of the sailor on one of the rum vessels is a different thing, for he cannot get ashore and must content himself with the thoughts of what he is going to do when he returns home and is paid off. The men are well fed and their quarters are comfortable. In many cases they receive double wages with a bonus upon the completion of the voyage, so though the life is monotonous it is not more so than that of the mariner on a sailing vessel who is accustomed to a six months' voyage and thinks nothing of it. It is essential that these men be abstemious as well as men of courage, since they act in the capacities of sailor, supercargo and armed guard, each being armed when on duty.

When a boat emerges from the outer darkness and glides swiftly alongside a rum vessel, only one or two of the occupants are permitted on board—there is too much danger of piratical attack.

So long as the visitors are kept in their boat there is no question about the crew of the rum vessel having the advantage. The members of the crew on guard duty stand in plain view and the sight of their weapons is sufficient to discourage any of the party from trying to board the vessel after they have been warned, for these men of the ship are instructed to shoot if necessary.

In spite of these precautions there have been cases where the officers and crew have been surprised and attacked by a force in several boats. The vessel is robbed of her cash and cargo, after much blood is shed, and she is found later adrift at sea, abandoned by her crew, with blood-stained decks and torn sails flapping in the wind.

Such attacks are so rare, however, that they might be counted on the fingers, so that it may be stated that the life of the crew on a rum vessel is deadly monotonous and isolated; but considering the amount of cash accumulated, the value of the cargo for which the demand is so great that it is as negotiable as cash, and the limited and inadequate protection against pirates, it is astonishing that these vessels, some of which carry a hundred thousand dollars in cash and have a cargo of even greater value, have not been attacked more frequently, especially those vessels lying off Long Island within easy reach of the lawless element of New York, who will take far greater risks in a crowded community or thoroughfare for a few thousand dollars.

These vessels are floating mints, isolated and poorly protected. Moreover, they are on the high seas and under a foreign flag. This is, to my mind, the great hazard which will ultimately come to the rum fleet when the criminal class awakens to its opportunity.

Recently, while passing one of the vessels of the rum fleet at anchor off Long Island, I observed the master standing on the after deck signaling by the semaphore system. We answered, and received the message, "I have important information for you. Can you come on board?"

I countered by inviting him to drop a boat and come alongside, and a few moments later I saw his men lower a small boat, into which three or four of them leaped, followed by himself. In a few minutes they were alongside and were climbing on board our craft.

I was curious to see the class of men who made up the crews of the rum vessels, and as they came on board it was apparent that they were older men than one would expect to see, all of them being thirty years of age, while some were forty.

The Skipper's Story

I found the captain of the rum vessel to be a tall well-dressed young man probably thirty-five years old, refined and well educated. It was much of a surprise to me to discover that he was as well informed and had many of the personal qualities which were so noticeable in another master of a rum vessel I had previously conversed with.

I noted that his black shoes were polished until they glistened, while his white duck trousers were snow white and creased to a razor edge, and his coat looked as though it had just come from the tailor's. As for his linen, it was starched to the stiffness of celluloid. He wore a nice yachting cap, placed at a slight angle on his head. If there had been a handsome yacht in sight and someone had said that he owned it, no one would have doubted the statement.

As soon as we were seated in the cabin and the cigars had been passed, I asked him what we could do for him.

Before answering my question he deliberated several moments, puffing lazily on his cigar, and then began:

"I suppose you are wondering how a man who can semaphore signals as well as I can comes to be master of a rum vessel. During the war I enlisted in the United States Navy, although I am a British subject—that's where I learned to signal. I remained in the Navy until after the Armistice was signed, and then took my discharge. While I was over here I ran across a fellow who is also an Englishman, and we became great pals. When vessels began to bring liquor to the United States we decided to enter the trade, as the war had ended the business I was in and I had nothing to do to earn money for my family, while he had no ties whatever; so we bought a schooner and loaded her with several thousand cases of Scotch whisky. This is our third and last trip, and I don't mind saying that we made enough to enable us to retire.

"But, just as in every other business, we have had a number of steep hills to climb, and I have to come to one which threatens to wreck me if I don't avoid it or overcome it, and this is the way of it.

(Continued on Page 180)

If My Boy Had A Million Dollars—

I'd still want him to get Curtis training— He'd need it more — STEVE'S MOTHER

LET me tell you the story of Steve—for he is like your boy.

A hand gently touched my elbow and a voice with a smile in it said: "Here's *your* copy of *The Saturday Evening Post*, Sir."

As my nickel passed to the youngster, he said: "Thank you, Sir." Then I, too, smiled. Courtesy is contagious.

After that I often talked with Steve. I found he was learning the things that count in business and in life—courtesy, insight, initiative, perseverance.

A bit of what Steve's mother, Mrs. Gulbrandsen of New Jersey, told me, I have set down here.

* * * * *

Steve, a real American boy, takes a hand at anything other boys try. He dreams of some day becoming President of his own great company. And why not?

Learning of Profits—Steve knows that business is conducted for profit. His own is! His actual earnings per hour equal those he can make at almost anything he could do.

The Lesson of Service—Failure to give an extra measure of service is what holds back most men in business. Steve knows that his customers depend upon him for *service* regularly—and they get it.

Acquiring Confidence—At times Steve has been turned down "cold," *but lived through it!* He will approach life's later problems with chest out and head high.

Increasing School Interest—Steve wants to advance in *The League of Curtis Salesmen*, an honor organization in which successful Curtis boys receive physical training through paid-up memberships in their local Y. M. C. A., or similar organizations. The Company encourages thrift in the *League* boy by opening a Building and Loan Account for him. But progress in The League requires a high average in school. Arithmetic and English have new significance in "his own business."

Winning Friends—In the Curtis game Steve is inspired by his contact and growing friendship with successful adults, the ideal customers for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

The Fun of the Game—All this sounds very serious, and to parents it *is* serious intensely serious. But the boy himself sees chiefly the *fun of the game;* the joy of matching wits and winning; the delight of new prizes, the glory of self-earned spending money; the growing pride in personal savings.

Training for Success—Such a plan for guiding boys naturally has had the endorsement of leaders like President-Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University and Judge J. Buffington of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

Below is a coupon which, when mailed by your son, will bring you a little magazine, THE COUNSELOR, describing details of the Curtis Boy Plan—a plan which, during the past twenty years, has given more than 100,000 boys a helpful introduction to a friendly world.

Boys, choose your prizes!

What boys' prizes do you want? Take your free choice of over 200—the very ones you'll need this summer for sports and camp and play—all pictured in a beautiful Book of Prizes which we will mail you.

Money, too!

And the prizes are not all! Your business will pay you *cash profits*—give you the spending money you want!

To earn both *money* and *prizes*, all you do is sell *The Saturday Evening Post* to folks in your neighborhood (in U. S. A.). You'll have plenty of time this summer. **To get started, mail this coupon *today!***

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Sales Division
851 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Dear Friends: Help me start my own business to earn my own money and prizes!

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Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

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—that juicy mellow gum with the

"good old licorice flavor"

Try it!

SEN-SEN to sweeten and perfume the breath.

Delightful flavor, aromatic and fragrant. Valuable for singers and speakers.

SEN-SEN

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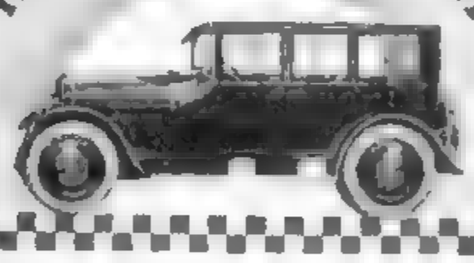

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MAKE it look like new with H L F—the automobile cleaner that gives a lustrous, lasting gloss to the surface. Stains and spots disappear and your car quickly assumes its original brilliancy. And H L F does more—it protects as well as cleans.

HIGH LUSTRE FINISH

Ask your dealer for H L F. If he does not carry it, send coupon and 10c in coin or stamps. We will forward a trial bottle together with interesting book—"YOUR CAR'S FINISH"

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Inclosed find 10c for which please send me trial bottle of H L F and booklet.

Name

Address

Dealer's Name

(Continued from Page 178)

"When my partner and I went into this trade it was agreed that I should operate the vessel, having had much more experience than he had, while he went to New York and drummed up the trade, and that is the way we are carrying on. We have been doing a thriving business, quickly disposing of our cargoes on each previous trip, but somehow or other my partner got in bad with the higher-ups and they have run him out of New York; but before he left he sent me word that it was the intention of these men with whom he had had a row to land a boat alongside my vessel some night within the next week, ostensibly for the purpose of purchasing a cargo of rum. As soon as the cashier of the party steps into my cabin he is to knock me unconscious with a blackjack, and in the meantime the rest of the party will jump over the rail and overpower the crew. The cargo is to be sold to a man in Passaic, New Jersey—there is no need to tell you his name—and the vessel will be sold in New York. There was a boat alongside my vessel the other day and several of the crew were asked to help in this attack. My men are not only loyal to me but they are far more intelligent than you would expect to find in their positions. I may add that some of them are not sailors. Those men of my crew who were approached, pretended to fall in with the scheme, and then came and told me about it, so I am forewarned; and I'm ready for them," he added grimly.

"If you will notice," he continued, "my vessel is built like two forts on separate hills, for it has a high forecastle and a poop cabin, the main deck being below each and, therefore, commanded by them. I have had rifle holes drilled through the bulkheads on the after and forward sides of these two compartments, and when the attacking party approaches my men will be stationed at these holes where they can sweep the deck with their rifles. I have one other great advantage, and that is that these pirates, for that's what they are, are counting on the assistance of some of my men, and they are going to get a grand surprise when these same men turn loose on them."

Foiling the Pirate Plot

His eyes sparkled as he outlined his plan to defeat the attack, and I could see that he had no intention of running away from it by simply sailing to another port along the coast.

"Now my scheme is," he resumed, "to be ready for the fellow who is to blackjack me, and the minute he puts his head in the door will be the last one he will remember for a long time—perhaps ever, for he is going to get it good and hard. Then we will blow a whistle and jump to our stations at the rifle holes. The whistle is a prearranged signal to be given by them to call the men in the boat on deck and to notify our part of the crew, whom they thought they had won over to their side, to jump to their assistance in overpowering the rest of us. The scheme is to kill me and as many of the crew as necessary, to overcome the balance of them, dumping our bodies overboard. Our scheme is to capture them when they leap on board, which we can do without much bloodshed, although we may have to shoot one or two to convince them that we have the upper hand, after which we will give them a good beating.

"Now, then, this is where you come in: Suppose this all happens the way I tell you—and it will, for I can't lose—and I call on you to relieve me of my prisoners to be taken to New York for trial for piracy, will you do it?"

I had begun to see what he was leading up to some time before he put the question, so I was ready for it.

"Your prisoners will be taken as such on board, and their boats seized and taken to New York, for going on board a foreign vessel on the high seas—that is, for trading foreign, as it is called. At the time these men are turned over to the United States district attorney your complaint against them for piracy will be delivered to him," I answered.

He gazed at me somewhat lugubriously, "Yes, and then what will happen?" he asked. "I can't leave my ship to press the case—I've got to dispose of this cargo. By George!" he exclaimed. "I guess I'll stow them in the hold for a while and take them back to England and lodge the complaint there. I guess that will bring some action!"

I asked him when he expected the attack, and he told me any time within the next week. Every time we passed his vessel he waved or signaled "Nothing doing yet." Whether the attempt will ever be made to dispose of him, his vessel and his cargo, only time will tell. I have no doubt concerning his veracity, however.

Now we have dealt, to some extent, with the rum fleet—that is, the noncombatants in the war which is being waged against rum smuggling from sea; so let us view the fighting force, so to speak, the rum runners, the smugglers who are violating our prohibition and customs laws, the men on whom we turn our guns.

Months ago, when the rum fleet first began to gather on the frontiers of our territorial waters, practically no drastic measures were taken by the Government to intercept the traffic between these vessels and the coast, so that the rum runners availed themselves of any kind of water craft that would float and carry a few cases of liquor, even rowboats and sailboats being impressed into service.

Shortly afterward Coast Guard cutters and customs vessels were assigned to the patrol of the rum fleet, and cases of seizures of the rum runners became daily occurrences; experience taught the smugglers that the only way to escape capture was to operate only swift motorboats having sufficient speed to outrun their pursuers.

The Dumb Auctioneer

These vessels varied in size and type, the most general in use being approximately thirty feet long and having a speed varying from twenty to thirty knots. They were painted lead color so as to be almost indiscernible at night, even when a searchlight ray fell upon them, carried no lights, had the engine exhaust muffled and a housed-in cabin extending three-quarters of their length. They would carry fifty to seventy cases of liquor and were manned by four men. I have been informed that some of these cabins were lined with steel of sufficient thickness to be impervious to a rifle or machine gun.

The hydroplane has also been used to good advantage as a rum runner, being able to make frequent trips daily, carrying ten cases at a time. They light on the water near the rum vessel and the liquor is brought to them in a small boat. We have observed such carriers at various times, but when we attempted to get near them to board and search them they were up and away long before we could even get close enough to identify the machines. We emerged suddenly from a fog one morning and found a machine floating close by one of the English vessels of the fleet and a small boat about halfway between the two. As soon as we were sighted the small boat was rowed rapidly back to her ship, while the aviators made desperate efforts to start their engine and we made preparations to try our skill with one of our guns at an airship on the wing; but the engine wouldn't start, so we thought we had her for smuggling, but a search revealed nothing in the way of contraband. There were two occupants—the mechanician and the owner. The former informed the boarding officer that the owner was deaf and dumb and that he himself would do the talking.

I afterward was told that the mute was an auctioneer, and on the active list at that, but no one would have ever surmised it that day, for he looked as dumb as he was said to be when the boarding officer tried to get some information out of him.

Speaking of hydroplanes, they have one great advantage over water craft as rum runners besides their speed, and that is that there is only one point during the trip where the aviators can be arrested, as we shall see, while the rum runner employing a boat for the purpose can be overhauled and seized any place within the three-mile limit, provided he has liquor on board.

When our vessels first started on this patrol duty, all vessels sailing under the American flag were subject to seizure, wherever found with liquor on board. Our instructions were, in addition to those relating to seizures, to capture all vessels and send them into port with a prize crew if observed communicating with vessels of the rum fleet or if tied up alongside of them.

Our procedure at the time was to patrol the fleet, intercepting, boarding and searching all motorboats bound in the vicinity, seizing those found carrying liquor, as well as those craft found alongside the rum vessels.

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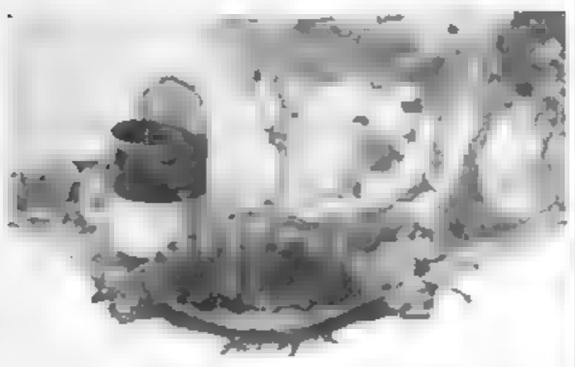

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A year ago the rum fleet was concentrated in a very small area, some eight or ten miles to the southeastward of Ambrose Light Vessel. As we approached the fleet I could see numerous small boats of all descriptions darting in and out and around vessels, all of them, apparently, keeping a vigilant eye on us. Several of the occupants hailed us boisterously from time to time, one master of a pleasure craft even having the nerve to shout to me, "Say, Cap, when are you going to start for the other end? I've got to get a load and get in before dark." We were not taken seriously at all, so we had to convince them that we were there to enforce the law.

The first thing we did was to seize several boats and arrest their occupants for being alongside vessels of the rum fleet. All of them had the same story to tell—their engines had broken down and they were forced to tie up for repairs. In each instance we had no trouble starting their engines. All these vessels were sent in with prize crews. Then we found a tug made fast to one of the larger vessels, the master claimed, delivering stores; but that, too, was against the law, so he went back as a prize.

Late that evening we stopped to take stock, and found that the prize crews sent into port in charge of the vessels we had seized had so reduced our force that there were only four men left! We made no more seizures that day, although we did chase several vessels away from the fleet.

About dark two small speed boats suddenly shot out from somewhere in the fleet and headed straight away from us for the coast of New Jersey. We started in pursuit, but they were making three knots to our one, so we swung a gun into position and fired a shot which fell well ahead of our quarry. The effect was instantaneous—both boats turned instantly and came to heel, as it were. Nothing was found in the way of contraband in either boat. I was afterwards told that these boats were decoys and that the actual load of liquor went in the opposite direction in another boat as soon as we had gotten well started on our chase of the first two boats.

This was the first shot of the rum war, and its effect was most salutary, for when daylight came the next morning the rum fleet and its vicinity looked like a morgue; there was not a rum runner in sight, nor did we see a single one all that day.

About midnight they began to arrive, but they were very wary about approaching. We sighted one an hour or so later making full speed toward shore, throwing a column of spray astern of her which looked like a cloud of steam as we played our searchlight on her. Again we brought our gun into action, with the same result. As we came up to our captive, it being pitch dark, I noted that we were passing through some queer-looking floatage, but gave it only a casual glance as it passed by.

Floating Case Goods

A rigid search of the boat revealed nothing in the way of a violation of the law, so she was allowed to proceed.

The next day I was advised that this motorboat had two hundred cases of liquor on board when she started for shore with us in pursuit. With some interest I asked, "Will a case of liquor float?"

"Sure," was the reply. "From two hours to two days, according to the way it is packed."

His statement was confirmed by others who stated that it all depended on the way the bottles were packed, the character of the straw, and the kind of wood of which the case was made. Thus I learned that the floatage I had observed the night before consisted of cases of whisky.

Some months later the Supreme Court decided that any vessel under the United States flag could carry liquor on the high seas and was not subject to seizure unless it brought its cargo within our territorial waters.

This decision added greatly to our difficulties, for the rum fleet was of course more than three miles offshore and therefore the rum runners found with liquor on board were not liable to seizure until they came within the three-mile limit. Consequently these vessels would take on their cargoes and sit tight until our duties carried us elsewhere, when they would speed for the coast.

This is where the hydroplane has the great advantage; it can load up with liquor and take to the air. It has no three-mile danger space to cross as has the rum runner's boat, so that the only chance it has of being seized is when it lands.

At the same time it can be seen and heard for miles, and there should be no difficulty about capturing it and its cargo at its usual landing place.

Our continued activities soon began to show their effect. Days passed without our seeing a single rum runner. At nights we would lie as close as possible to the fleet and never see or hear a motorboat. As time passed, the fleet began to disperse, and in a few weeks we had broken it up into three smaller rum fleets, one off Long Island, another fleet off Montauk Point, and one off the coast of New Jersey; and again the difficulties of suppressing the illicit traffic were increased.

This is the condition with which our vessels have been confronted for months and one with which we were doing our utmost to cope.

The duties of the Coast Guard cutters and the prohibition vessels are to patrol the coast inside the rum fleet and to prevent liquor from being smuggled ashore. So far as the duty is concerned, it is not particularly hard, but onerous in that there is no break in its continuity. Day and night our vessels must cruise constantly from point to point, stopping and listening for motorboats whenever the straining eyes of the officer on watch fancy they have caught the flash of a light, with guns and searchlights ready for instant use when the chase begins. This is the program twenty-four hours a day, regardless of the condition of wind and sea.

Plans for the Future

Though our vessels have accomplished much with their inadequate equipment, they are operating under disadvantages which make their efforts only partially successful. You will recall the description of the rum runner's craft, those fleet little craft which dart from ship to shore and vice versa at a speed varying from twenty to thirty knots an hour. There were hundreds of them operating several months ago, which, owing to their size and speed, could cut circles around our vessels, the latter lacking not only speed but maneuvering qualities.

The ratio of the rum-patrol vessels to the rum runners at that time was about one to a thousand, during which time it was demonstrated that if there is any special quality which a rum-runner chaser should possess it is speed.

An effort will be made to equip the Coast Guard properly with speed boats carrying machine guns, and when these are placed in commission the rum runners will be forced to seek some other occupation, while the rum fleet will wend its way homeward with cargoes of which they were unable to dispose. All bays and inlets will be patrolled and those rum runners which are successful in avoiding capture at sea will be apprehended as they attempt to run the inshore gantlet.

Our country may be considered as a fort with the bays and inlets as its gates. Supposing you were in command of a fort and were warned that an attacking army was approaching, would you send out your force to meet them on the field or would you close your gates and make use of your heavier weapons within your stronghold? The answer is obvious. Close the gates—that is, the bays and inlets along our entire coasts—so far as possible.

Not only must our bays and inlets be closed against the rum runners but each vessel of the rum fleet, no matter how remote its position, must have assigned to it a trailer consisting of a motorboat manned by several men, whose sole duty will be to prevent the particular vessel they are detailed to watch from disposing of her cargo. Such motorboats will probably be equipped with a machine gun, a good searchlight and an efficient radio set to communicate in emergency with a Coast Guard cutter on patrol, the latter acting as the mother ship to the mosquito fleet.

At the present time conditions are changing in the rum fleet. The larger vessels—the steamers and larger sailing vessels—have moved out to positions fifteen and twenty miles off the coast, while the smaller vessels are nearer shore.

It is reported that these larger carriers have their cargoes sold before they leave their home ports and that seagoing tugs and yachts are being used to land their supplies; the advantage being that the latter vessels load at isolated points at sea, then proceed north or south along the

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The principle is not only scientifically correct, and so recognized by authorities, it is the very essence of *common sense*.

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Your accessory dealer, Department Store or Druggist can supply you. Or send $1.00, [illegible] guarantee of satisfaction or refund. Address Common Sense Mfg. Co., 903 N. Whittier, St. Louis

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A BIG-BANG —with Safety for July 4th!
All the fellows are going to get BIG-BANG Cannon this year and have a real old-fashioned celebration—plenty of noise, lots of fun and no danger. Load—Ready—Flash—BANG! That's all there is to it. Never an accident, for it cannot burn or harm—but OH! BOY! what a noise!
BIG-BANG CANNON
is true in design, handsomely finished, practical, durable and *safe*. Ask your dealer to show you BIG-BANG, the safe and sane noise-maker. If he can't supply you send $1.50 for an 11" model on red wheels, or $4.00 for a 22" model on the post-paid if you prefer. Money back if not satisfied.
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(Patents applied for)
The Interstate Co., 2342 E. 9th Pl., Cleveland, O.
(Reference: Midland Bank, Cleveland)
Agents—Write. Territories going fast

coast, gradually approaching the steamer course, and thus approach harbor from a direction so remote from that of the rum fleet as to allay any suspicion that they are rum runners. It is also reported that such vessels are all operated by one syndicate. I can't vouch for the truth of it, but it sounds very practical and logical.

At one time last summer I took an inventory of the number of cases of liquor on board the vessels of the rum fleet—not a very difficult task, as I knew what they had when they arrived and could make a fairly accurate estimate of what they had left by the draft marks on their hulls. With these data I was able to calculate the number of cases the fleet brought when they first arrived and how long it took them to dispose of it.

There were originally one hundred thousand cases, and it required two months to dispose of the lot, which means that approximately two thousand cases a day were being landed at New York from the rum fleet anchored off Long Island.

"Where does it all come from then?" you demand, meaning the supply, many times the amount furnished by this fleet, which is consumed daily by New York.

From the border, of course. It is much easier to bring it in trucks than to land it in boats, and the risk is small in comparison, but the Government must maintain an efficient patrol offshore and in the bays and inlets, otherwise the supply from the rum fleet will increase by leaps and bounds until it becomes the main artery of the liquor traffic.

There are three methods by which the rum fleet can be dispersed: First, by inducing their countries to recall the vessels of which it is composed; second, by inducing the public to boycott it; third, by making the prevention of the traffic so effective that the fleet and the rum runners will die of starvation.

Obviously, only the third method is practicable.

Our Government is making strenuous efforts and taking drastic action to suppress the smuggling of liquor from sea, and it has appropriated an adequate sum to furnish the necessary equipment to throttle the traffic, now and forever—a wise procedure which will be far more economical in the end than to permit it to exist even for a few months longer than necessary, for so long as it continues there must be maintained a patrol, an expense of which the Government should be relieved as soon as possible.

It is probable that all tugs and pleasure craft will be subjected to a much more rigid inspection than heretofore, when found in the locality of the rum fleet; all motorboats will be required to take out permits to go beyond the three-mile limit, recommendations having been previously made to this effect.

When the agreement concerning the extension of our territorial waters is ratified—and this will probably be before these lines are printed—it will be most advantageous to the Coast Guard in its operations, since it will result in the withdrawal of the inshore rum fleet to a much greater distance offshore, and in consequence the rum runners will have a danger space several times as broad to cover, and the chances of their capture will be increased in the same proportion. Any motorboat of the rum-runner type found near the rum fleet at this distance offshore will find it difficult to explain satisfactorily its presence there.

Furthermore, these small boats will not be able to operate in severe weather to such a distance at sea, owing to the time it would require to make the trip, the exposure, and the danger and the difficulty of loading under such conditions where the seas are higher than in shoaler water.

Even those who are opposed to prohibition do not regard the rum fleet of foreign vessels with any great amount of favor when they realize that these are openly jeering at our laws and our flag.

What action would Great Britain, Canada, France, Norway and certain other countries of Europe take if we attempted to establish an opium fleet off their coasts?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

June 14, 1924

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Horse Sense—*Ben Ames Williams*	5
The Altar on the Hill—*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	8
Broadway and Wall—*Robert S. Winsmore*	10
At Home on the Marcel Waves—*Marjory Stoneman Douglas*	12
The Opener of Ways—*George Pattullo*	14
United States Flavor—*R. G. Kirk*	18
The Shadow on the Silhouette—*George Kibbe Turner*	20
Give and Take—*Roland Pertwee*	22

ARTICLES

The Rum Chasers—*By a Former Officer of the Patrol*	6
Deep-Sea Treasure Hunting—*David Masters*	16
Weber and Fields—*Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout*	24
The Patient Pimas—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	29
Glimpses of Our Government: The Coming Shadow—*William C. Redfield*	36

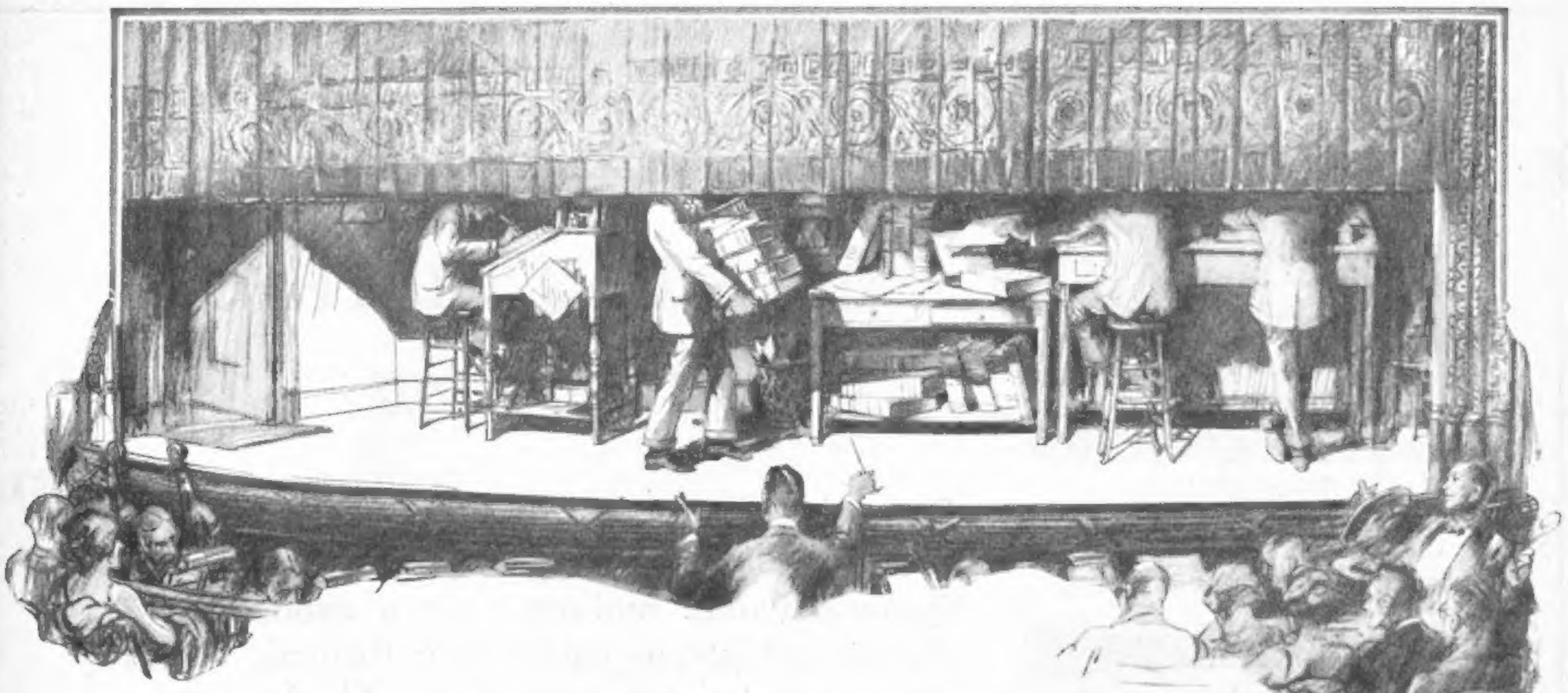
SERIALS

The Pyramid of Lead (In six parts)—*Bertram Atkey*	3
Bill the Conqueror (Fourth part)—*P. G. Wodehouse*	26
The Child in Their Midst (Conclusion)—*May Edginton*	32

MISCELLANY

Editorials	28
Short Turns and Encores	30

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



One of the follies of 1924

Date: First day of any month. *Time*: 8 p. m.
Place: Accounting Department. *Action*: Lots of it.

SOUNDS of swishing, flopping and scratching are heard. Bookkeepers are feverishly pawing the pages of the heavy ledgers in a frantic effort to complete the previous month's postings.

Baffled!

The ponderous books must be hauled down and laboriously replaced. Seemingly countless pages must be fingered before an account is found. Thumb-worn pages, with edges torn and bent, torment weary bookkeepers.

ENTER the machine posted L. B. Card ledger. The scene changes, as if by magic. The row of heavy books is replaced by L. B. Ledger trays, occupying from 20% to 50% less space. The dog-eared sheets become crisp L. B. Ledger cards.

Now the bookkeeper's fingers nimbly select the card on which the desired account is kept. This has saved so much time that overtime is an almost forgotten evil of former days and the department operates with fewer people.

PERHAPS your office in 1924 will be added to the list of business leaders who are saving time and space with the L. B. Card ledger.

If you use the coupon below, one of the possible follies of 1924 will have a happy ending; for this coupon will admit into your office—

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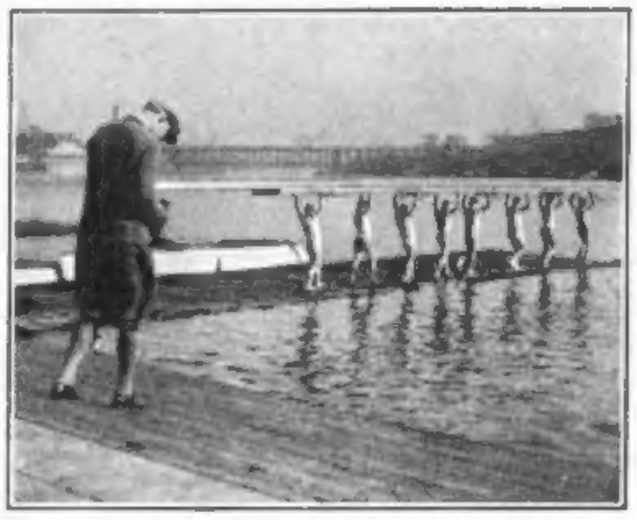

You press the button

—the motor cranks the camera

—you're making motion pictures

—the easy Kodak way

Ciné-Kodak gets the picture in *motion*

GET IT AT SHATTUCK'S

Press the button on your Ciné-Kodak, and, as the dependable little motor steadily cranks the camera, you're making sixteen exposures to the second just as easily as a Brownie would give you a single snap-shot. That's motion picture-making the Kodak way.

Eastman experts finish your film without extra charge. You thread it in the Kodascope, turn the switch, and the practice spin on the river, the race itself or some less spectacular incident around the home, is right before you in motion on your own screen, in your own home.

Besides personal "movies", professional releases for Kodascope projection are also available. Dramas starring such artists as Norma Talmadge, Alice Brady and Thomas Meighan, Charlie Chaplin comedies, animated cartoons and educational features may be rented as desired from Kodascope Libraries, Inc.

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Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Linoleum and Congoleum
Fine Kitchen Utensils

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Why, Mother, they look like new!"

IT takes Bon Am to do the trick! For all kinds of white shoes, except kid, it works wonders. Just rub them with a moist brush covered lightly with Bon Ami—cake or powder—and dirt and grass stains disappear as if by magic.

Best of all, Bon Ami takes the dirt *off*, instead of covering it with a chalky coat of whitening. Your shoes are *really* clean!

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More Than 120,000,000 Glasses

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